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NARRATIVES

OF

PERIL AND SUFFERING.

BY R. B. DAVENPORT,

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
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Charles Edward Stuart

NARRATIVES

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PERIL AND SUFFERING.

BY R. A. DAVENPORT,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF ALI PASHA," "HISTORY OF THE BASTILE," &c. &c.

"Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery."—SHAKSPEARE.

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NARRATIVES

OF

PERIL AND SUFFERING.

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS OF CAPTIVITY AND FLIGHT, CONTINUED.

THE WANDERINGS OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD.

THE venturous attempt of Prince Charles Edward to recover the throne of his ancestors, may perhaps justly be regarded as one of the most remarkable instances of the kind, when we take into account the scantiness of his means at the outset, the progress which he made, the rapid succession of events, and the final reverse of fortune which prostrated his family for ever. Landing with only nine followers, he, in the course of nine short months, gained possession of the capital and part of the kingdom of his early progenitors; utterly routed a veteran army at Preston Pans; penetrated, in the depth of winter, nearly two hundred miles into England, and to within a hundred and twenty miles of its capital; effected a retreat with his forces unbroken, in the face of two armies; won another victory at Falkirk; and, lastly, sank under outnumbering enemies at "pale, red Culloden, where his hopes were drowned."

When the battle of Culloden was irrecoverably lost, the prince, with a party of horse, chiefly composed of

his counsellors and friends, fled towards the river Nairn, which he crossed at the ford of Failie. Here, about four miles from the scene of his disaster, he rested for a short time in a cottage, and held a sort of council. The result of the deliberation was, that the routed army should be assembled at Ruthven in Badenoch, while he himself should traverse the country for the purpose of rousing those chieftains who had hitherto hung back, and prevailing on them to bring their forces into the field, in order to make another struggle against the reigning monarch. There was, indeed, some ground for believing that a stand might yet be made; in the course of a day or two a great part of the defeated troops were rallied under the Stuart banner at Ruthven, they held all the passes between Ruthven and Inverness, were more diminished in numbers than in courage, were soon reinforced by clans which had been on their march to join them before the fight of Culloden, and had the prospect of being strengthened by several clans which were absent on leave, and by others which dreaded the barbarity of the conquerors. But, influenced probably by his Irish counsellors, Charles seems to have lost all hope of accomplishing anything with his brave but irregular bands, and, accordingly, at the very moment when they were expecting his orders to take the field, he broke them up by the disheartening message that "every man must provide for his own safety in the best manner he could." This was, of course, the signal for a general flight.

From the river of Nairn, meanwhile, Charles had continued his course to Gortuleg, a seat of one of the Frasers. Wishing, in case of pursuit, to divide and mislead the enemy's parties, he is said to have directed the major part of the gentlemen around him to disperse upon different routes. At Gortuleg, Lord Lovat was then residing. This wily and unprincipled personage,

traitor alike to the cause which he really loved, and to that which he had long pretended to espouse, was driven almost to madness, when he heard that Charles was approaching as a hopeless fugitive. All the ruin which he had brought upon himself and his family now stared him in the face, and he broke out into the bitterest execrations, reproaches, and bewailings. Charles, whom, however, Lovat received with the outward tokens of respect, endeavoured to console him, by exciting a hope of better days; "they had," he said, "had two days of triumph over the elector's troops, and he did not doubt that they should yet have a third." He at last succeeded, or seemed to succeed, in calming Lovat, and a discussion was entered into respecting his own future movements. Gortuleg was deemed too near to the royal army to be a safe abode for the princely fugitive; and, therefore, after having rested for two hours, taken some trifling refreshment, and changed his dress, he continued his flight, accompanied by several of his confidential friends.

It was ten o'clock at night when the prince and his followers quitted Gortuleg, to pursue their rugged and melancholy journey along the shore of Loch Ness. Invergarry, the seat of Macdonnel of Glengarry, a few miles beyond Fort Augustus, was the refuge which they were seeking. They reached it about five in the morning, but there was no one to give them a hospitable reception. The furniture had been removed, there were no provisions, and a solitary domestic was the only person who remained in the mansion. All the fugitives were, however, so exhausted by a ride of forty miles, and the perturbed state of their minds, that they were glad to sleep upon the bare floor. They must have departed without satisfying their hunger, had not the servant of Alexander Macleod caught two salmon in Loch Garry, on which they dined; to quench their thirst they had nothing but water. This was a foretaste

of what the wanderer was destined to endure. At Invergarry he dismissed all his adherents, except Sullivan, O'Niel, and Edward Burke, the servant of Macleod. The latter individual was to serve as his guide, and the prince now disguised himself in Burke's clothes.

A wearisome journey of seven hours brought the diminished party to Loch Arkeig, to the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean, where Charles halted, so completely worn out, that he dropped asleep while Burke was loosening his spatterdashes. In the morning he resumed his flight to the westward. He stopped at Newboll, where he was liberally entertained, and, for the first time in five nights, enjoyed sound repose. He had need of it to strengthen him for the toil which he was to encounter. In expectation of hearing from some of their friends, he vainly waited for a few hours on the following day; but the fear of being overtaken by his enemies at last urged him forward. Hitherto he had travelled on horseback; he was now compelled to give up that accommodation, for the route lay over a chain of high mountains, where roads were unknown. The travellers crossed this almost inaccessible ridge, and in the evening reached the head of Loch Morrer, at a place called Oban. A miserable hut, which was situated on the verge of a wood, and was occasionally used for sheep-shearing, was their shelter for the night.

The next day, which was Sunday, was no sabbath-day for Charles. Accompanied by his three adherents, he, with infinite difficulty, made his way over another range of steep and rugged mountains, and penetrated into the district of Aresaig, where he found a temporary refuge at the village of Glenboisdale. There he spent four days, and was joined by several of his fugitive partisans, among whom were Clanronald, Lockhart the younger of Carnwath, and Æneas Macdonald. While he was staying

there, he received a message from Lord George Murray, assuring him that the cause of the Stuarts was by no means hopeless, and imploring him not to quit the country. This message was backed by Clanronald and several others, who offered to build for the prince several summer huts in various extensive woods, near which a careful watch should be kept, and from the one to the other of which he could always remove, whenever circumstances might require it. In the meanwhile, Clanronald and some of his trusty friends would visit the western islands, and secure a vessel, by which Charles might escape to France, should such a measure at last become necessary. But Charles turned a deaf ear to this advice; Sullivan had successfully laboured to impress him with a belief that he would find a more safe asylum in the western islands than on the mainland, and thither he was obstinately bent upon going.

The prince would not, perhaps, have tarried so long in Arasaig, had he not been waiting for one Donald Macleod, whom he expected from the Isle of Skye, to be his guide to the islands. He was convinced that he should meet with no mercy if he fell into the hands of his enemies, and he might reasonably fear, that the offer of thirty thousand pounds, formerly made for the seizure of him, and which was now more sedulously reproclaimed, would prove a temptation far too strong to be resisted by a weak or an avaricious mind. While he was labouring under these apprehensions, a false alarm was one day raised, that foes were approaching. An instant dispersion of the fugitives ensued. A neighbouring forest was the place to which Charles retired for security. While he was wandering there, he saw an aged Highlander coming towards him. On questioning the stranger, he found him to be the very Donald Macleod whom he was so anxiously expecting. "Then I am he who sent for you," exclaimed Charles; "You see the distress I am in, and therefore I

throw myself into your bosom; do what you please with me; I am your prince." Donald was so deeply affected, that for a while he could only reply by tears. At last, he replied that he was old, and he feared that he could be of no great use to him, but that he would do whatever was in his power. He added, that some of the hostile party were not more than ten or twelve miles off, seeking for him, and consequently it would be prudent to remove from Aresaig with as little delay as possible.

By means of Clanronald, an eight-oared open boat was speedily obtained. Four pecks of oatmeal and a pot in which to boil their victuals when they landed, formed the whole of their stores. Charles had assumed the name of Mr. St. Clair, and Sullivan passed for his father. Macleod, who had a long experience of the signs of the weather, foresaw that a storm was at hand, and endeavoured to persuade the prince to defer his voyage till the morrow. But Charles, who thought that he had more to dread from his merciless enemies than from the raging elements, was determined to put instantly to sea. The crew of the boat were willing to brave the danger, and at twilight they accordingly pushed from land. The prediction of Macleod was soon verified. Scarcely had they got out to sea, when a terrible tempest arose, and the rain poured down in a deluge. Their situation became perilous in the extreme; they had neither compass to steer by, nor pump to discharge the water, and the night was pitchy dark, so that they were in utter ignorance of the course they were taking. On one side, the waves threatened every moment to swallow them up; on the other, they ran the risk of being driven on the coast of Skye, where numbers of the militia were roaming about in quest of their proscribed passenger. The light of morning at length dawned upon them, and dispelled their terrors, by showing them a friendly shore. In nine or ten hours the wind had wafted them upwards

of a hundred miles, and they found themselves off Rossinish point, the north-east corner of Benbecula, which forms one of the group called the Hebrides. With joyful hearts the rowers ran the boat upon the beach, and landed with their passengers in safety. They took possession of a deserted cow-house without a door, and the prince helped to light a fire to warm the crew, who were almost perished with wet and cold. He also purchased a cow for thirty shillings, a part of which, and some meal, was put into the pot, to relieve their hunger. When he had partaken of this rude refreshment, he lay down upon the floor, covered by an old sail-cloth, and slept soundly. The storm, painful and alarming as it had proved, had, nevertheless, been beneficial to them; as it had driven into harbour all the boats and small vessels, which were upon the look out for the wanderer, it being impossible, they thought, for any frail skiff to live in such a tremendous sea.

The storm continued to rage for fourteen hours after the prince's landing, and it was not till the third day that they could safely put to sea. They were now bound to Stornoway, in the island of Lewis, where they meant to represent themselves as Orkney men, who had been wrecked upon the isle of Tiree, and wanted to hire a vessel, to convey them to their own country. Once being masters of the vessel, there would be nothing to prevent them from steering for France. Taking with them part of the cow which they had purchased, they set sail, on the 29th of April, for Stornoway, a voyage of about seventy miles. But they had not gone more than halfway when they were overtaken by a storm, which compelled them to put into the little island that bears the double name of Glass and Scalpa. This island belonged to a hostile laird, and they were consequently obliged to appear under their borrowed character of shipwrecked merchantmen. They fortunately fell in with

one Donald Campbell, a farmer, a partisan of the Stuarts, who hospitably entertained them, and lent his own boat to Donald Macleod, that he might proceed to Stornoway, and hire a vessel for the prince. Charles, meanwhile, remained in the farmer's house.

In the course of a few days, Donald having sent word that he had engaged a vessel, the prince and his friends set sail for Stornoway. Stress of weather, however, soon compelled them to land in Loch Seaforth, whence they had to travel thirty miles, over a wet and trackless moor. The distance was increased by the stupidity of their guide, who led them several miles out of their way. It was not till the next day at noon that they reached Arnish, about half-a-mile from the town. From that place Charles sent a messenger, to desire that Donald would send them some food, as they were almost starving. Donald himself came with the provisions, and then took the prince to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, where he was to take up his abode for the night. He then went back to Stornoway, to prepare for their embarkation.

When Donald returned to Stornoway, he found it all in commotion. The townsmen were fully convinced that the prince was at hand with five hundred men, and meant to burn the town, take away their cattle, and seize upon a vessel, to carry him to France. The origin of this commotion is variously related; by some the cause of it is said to have been a letter, sent from South Uist by a presbyterian clergyman, communicating the terrible intelligence of the wanderer's design; by others it is ascribed to want of prudence in Donald, who had behaved in a manner to excite suspicion, and had confirmed that suspicion, by offering to purchase the vessel at a high price, on the owner refusing to abide by his original agreement. Be that as it may, it is certain that the townsmen were in a violent state of excitement. Had

the prince been among them, which he would have been but for his having been delayed, there can be no doubt that they would have proceeded to extremities against him. It was in vain that Donald protested the prince had no forces, nor any wish to injure them if he had the means. All he could gain by his eloquence was a declaration that they had no desire to hurt the prince, provided he would depart; but they positively refused to furnish him with a pilot, or to lend him any assistance whatever.

With this disagreeable intelligence Donald went back to Kildun. Some advised the prince to fly to the mountains; but, being wisely of opinion that flight would tempt pursuit, he rejected this advice. To set off immediately by water was impossible, for two of the boatmen, in a fit of panic, had fled into the country, and the other two had put out to sea with the boat. The remainder of the day they were therefore compelled to spend at Mrs. Mackenzie's, in momentary expectation that some sinister occurrence would happen. Their fears were relieved in the morning, by the return of the two men with the boat, and they delayed not a moment in making ready for their flight. They had part of a cow, which they had purchased at Kildun, and this, with two pecks of oatmeal, a lump of butter, and some brandy and sugar, formed the stores for their voyage. The hasty meal which they took before their departure was prepared by the prince himself; it consisted of a cake, made of oatmeal, and the brains of the cow, and baked upon a stone before the fire.

On the morning of the 6th of May they left this inhospitable shore. It was the wish of the prince to steer for the Orkneys, but the boatmen were averse from venturing to such a distance, and it was resolved to take a southerly course. Danger was on all sides of them. The government was aware that Charles was wandering

among the Hebrides, and the coast was consequently swarming with English ships, in wait to intercept him. Before they had proceeded far, the sight of four vessels drove them to take shelter in the small island of Eiurn or Iffurb, a little to the north of Scalpa. This island was inhabited by a few fishermen, who, seeing the vessels and the boat, concluded that the latter was conveying a pressgang, and were so alarmed that they made the best of their way into the interior. Here Charles staid for four days, lodging in a wretched hovel, the dilapidated roof of which they covered with a sail-cloth, and partly subsisting on the fish which the fishermen had spread upon the rocks to dry. Charles would have left some money in payment for the fish, had not the politic Donald suggested that this would prove they were not a pressgang, and excite an idea that persons of consequence had been there. An attempt to land on Scalpa was frustrated by four fellows laying hands upon the boat the moment it touched the beach; a circumstance which induced them to push out to sea. The wind fell, and they had to row all night, though almost fainting for want of food. In the morning they again hoisted their sail. During this day they had nothing to eat but a mixture called drammock, made of oatmeal and salt water, for of fresh water they had none. This unpalatable composition the prince is said to have eaten with apparent relish. It was washed down with a glass of brandy. Twice, in their way to Benbecula, they were chased for miles by English ships, from one of which they could escape only by running among the rocks, near Roundil point, on the island of Harris. Soon after the prince had landed a storm arose, which blew his pursuers off the coast; on which he exultingly exclaimed, that Providence protected him, and would baffle all the designs of his enemies.

Subsistence being a primary object, the boatmen im-

mediately began to search among the rocks for shell-fish. One of them caught a crab, and joyfully held it up to the prince, who seized a bucket and joined in the hunt. The bucket was filled by their conjoint exertions, and Charles, in spite of the remonstrances of his followers, persisted in carrying it for two miles, till they came to the hut where they were to reside. The door-way of this small and dirty hovel was so low, that they were obliged to creep in on their hands and knees. This mode of entrance being by no means pleasant, Charles ordered that a part of the soil round the door should be dug out. From this goodly abode the prince despatched Donald to the mainland, with letters to Lochiel and secretary Murray, desiring a supply of money, and information as to the state of affairs.

The arrival of Charles being made known to the old laird of Clanronald, who had taken no part in the outbreak, that gentleman hastened to him, with wine, provisions, shoes, stockings, and shirts; the last was not the least acceptable of these articles, the linen of the prince having by this time become "as dingy as a dish-clout." The wearer himself was in very indifferent plight; his spirits were good, but he had begun to suffer corporeally from his toils and privations; his frame was emaciated, his countenance was haggard. To better in some small degree the condition of his guest, Clanronald removed him to a secluded hut, called the forest-house of Glencorrodale, in the island of South Uist, so situated that, in case of alarm, its inmate could take either to the mountains or the sea. Thither Charles was accompanied by several of his friends; and twelve of Clanronald's dependants were stationed near his retreat, to serve as guards, guides, or messengers. In this place Charles enjoyed the luxury of having two cow-hides, stretched upon four sticks, suspended over his couch, to shield him from the weather. Here he remained for three weeks,

amusing himself with hunting, shooting, and fishing, and sometimes enjoying the society of old Clanronald and his brother Boisdale. While the prince was here, Donald returned empty-handed, as far as regarded money; Murray having told him that he had only sixty louis-d'or for himself, and could spare nothing for his master. Donald, however, had not forgotten to purchase and bring back a couple of ankers of brandy.

The situation of the prince in South Uist was one of comparative comfort. But it was too pleasant to last. His indefatigable pursuers were dogging him closely, and he had no alternative but flight or destruction. They had girdled the whole coast of the Hebrides with vessels of all sizes, and the military had orders to sweep the chain of islands from end to end, and leave no corner unexamined. Even the remote island of St. Kilda, whose inhabitants lived in a profound ignorance of war and politics, had been rigorously searched. Already, troops had been landed in Barra and other neighbouring isles, and were preparing to overrun South Uist. Charles, therefore, sought refuge in the petty islet of Wia, was scared from thence by his advancing foes, and found shelter for a few days on the banks of Loch Boisdale, after having encountered a storm and some hostile cruisers. At Loch Boisdale he parted from all his friends, except Colonel O'Niel; after which he removed to a hut near the sea-shore, about a mile from Clanronald's mansion.

The moment at length arrived when to remain on South Uist was impossible, the king's troops being on the advance from both extremities of it. Yet how were the means of escape to be procured? They were furnished by a woman; one whose memory will be honoured as long as courage and compassionate feeling can claim the respect of mankind. There was then visiting at Clanronald's seat a lady, nearly related to him, named Flora Macdonald, whose father-in-law commanded one of

the militia detachments which were searching South Uist. "She was about twenty-four years of age, of a middle stature, and a very pretty, agreeable person, of great sprightliness in her looks, and abounded with good sense, modesty, gentleness, and humanity." In the hope that she might render them service, O'Niel narrated to her the sufferings and imminent danger of the prince, and her womanly pity was excited by the mournful tale. She had an interview with Charles, and consented to convey him to Skye, dressed as her female servant. Under pretence of wishing to see her mother, who was in Skye, she next obtained from her unsuspecting father-in-law a passport, for herself, her male attendant Mac Echan, and her Irish maid Betty Burke. Flora seems to have felt a mischievous pleasure in trying how far she could play upon her step-father; for, on the plea of her mother having a large quantity of flax in store, she actually prevailed upon him to give her a letter, recommending the supposititious Betty Burke as an admirable spinner.

The plan was communicated to Lady Clanronald, who cordially concurred in it. Attire suitable for the assumed character of the prince was provided by the two ladies. It consisted of a coarse cotton gown, with purple flowers upon a white ground, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a hood to it. These articles they carried to the hut where Charles was hidden. When they entered, they found him busied in roasting the liver and heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit, and were much affected by seeing him reduced to this necessity. The prince, who felt that his dignity was not at all compromised, made light of the matter, and remarked that "the wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow." He added, in a more serious tone, that "it would be well if all who were born to greatness had a little of the same experience that he had." They then sat down to dinner;

the prince placing Lady Clanronald on his left hand, and Flora on his right. While they were at their meal, a servant came in haste, to warn Lady Clanronald that Captain Ferguson, with a party of soldiers, was at her house, in quest of the prince. She therefore returned to her home.

A boat had been secured, to convey Charles to Skye, and he now began to prepare for his voyage, by putting on his female apparel. This being completed, he proceeded with Flora towards the beach, and joined the boat's crew. Being wet, and having to wait some time before they could depart, a fire was lighted to dry them. But they had not been long there, when they were startled by the sight of four cutters, full of armed men, sailing along near the shore. The fire was hastily extinguished; they concealed themselves among the heather; and their enemies passed by without being aware of them.

About eight in the evening, on the 28th of June, they quitted South Uist. After they had sailed some distance, the wind rose, and the sea began to swell. Charles, who saw that his companions were ill at ease, did his best to enliven them, by singing pleasant songs, and telling merry stories. At day-break, a wide expanse of water alone was visible, and, the wind having often veered about in the course of the night, they knew not where they were. In a short time, however, the hills of Skye came in sight; and, unconscious of the danger which awaited them there, they made for the point of Waternish, which projects from the north-west corner of that island. They had come within musket-shot of the land, before they perceived that it was covered with soldiers. Hastily reversing their course, they plied their oars vigorously, regardless of the threats of the soldiers. The threats were followed by volleys of musketry; the balls whizzing around the boat on all sides. In this critical

situation the courage and coolness of the prince remained unshaken. He had but one fear, and that was for his deliverer. He earnestly entreated Miss Macdonald to lie down in the bottom of the boat to avoid the bullets; but, with a Spartan firmness, she replied, that she came there to save his life, not to look to her own, and that she should blush to shrink from danger, and leave him exposed to it. Nor, though the shots were thickly falling about them, could he prevail on her to follow his advice, till he himself consented to take the precaution which he recommended. By dint of strenuous exertion they at length got to a safe distance, and, happily, no one was hurt. Flora, however, was so worn out by fatigue and anxiety, that she dropped asleep in the bottom of the boat. The prince covered her up carefully, and sat by to watch, lest any of the crew should chance to disturb or hurt her.

Their landing was effected at Kilbride, near Magestad*, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald. It was to Magestad that the prince and his guide were bound. Sir Alexander, and most of the other lairds of Skye, were, indeed, ostensibly well affected to the existing government, and seemed to lend it a cordial support; but their prejudices, and perhaps their affections, were on the side of the Stuarts. Sir Alexander himself was with the Duke of Cumberland; yet it was to his wife, Lady Margaret, that Flora had confided her secret, and looked for assistance.

Having placed Charles in safety, Flora proceeded, with her attendant Mac Echan, to Magestad. The house was full of British officers. She contrived, nevertheless, to have a private interview with Lady Margaret,

* The name of this place is spelt in various ways—Mogstod, Mungestod, Mugstot, Mugstat, Moydhstat, and Magestad. It appears under the latter form in Faden's Map of Scotland. I suspect, nevertheless, that Moydhstat is the correct spelling.

in which it was settled that the prince should go, for the present, to the house of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the steward of Sir Alexander, who chanced to be then at the family mansion. Kingsburgh was speedily despatched to the prince, who, on hearing his approach, rushed out from his concealment with a large knotted stick, and stood on the defensive till Kingsburgh explained the purport of his mission. Charles and his conductor then journeyed on towards the house of the latter, which was several miles off. Unaccustomed as yet to his disguise, the prince was more than once in danger of betraying his sex. "I never saw such a tall impudent jaud in my life," exclaimed a girl; "see what lang strides she takes, and how her coats wamble about her! I daur say she's an Irish woman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Sometimes, instead of curtsying, he bowed to those who greeted them on the road. In fording a stream, he raised his petticoats far higher than was seemly in a woman, and when this error was pointed out to him, he remedied it by the still worse mistake of allowing them to float on the water. "Your enemies call you a pretender," said Kingsburgh, "but if you are one, I must say that you are the worst at your trade I ever met with."

On the road they were joined by Flora, who at first had taken another route on horseback, and the party reached Kingsburgh's house at eleven at night. His wife was gone to bed, and she sent down a welcome to the guests, and an apology for not rising. She little thought who one of her guests was. Her daughter, who was seven years old, now ran up to her, declaring that her father "had brought a very muckle ill shaken up wife as ever she had seen; ay, and had ta'en her into the hall too." The child was followed by Kingsburgh, who told his wife that she must get up and entertain the company. The lady obeyed, and in the mean time sent

her daughter to fetch the keys, which had been left in the hall; but the timid girl returned without them, saying, that she could not go in, "because the muckle woman was walkin' up and down the hall, and she was afraid of her." The mother was obliged to go for them herself, received from the formidable guest the customary salute on entering the room, and was sadly discomposed by feeling the roughness of a male cheek. Suspecting that it was some distressed gentleman in disguise, she questioned her husband as to the name of the person, and whether he was likely to know what was become of the prince. "It is the prince himself, my dear," replied Kingsburgh. Warm as her feelings were towards Charles, this abrupt intelligence alarmed her. "The prince!" exclaimed she, "then we are ruined; we will a' be hanged noo!" Kingsburgh succeeded in quieting her fears, and desired her to bring some eggs, and butter and cheese, for supper. The idea of presenting such a supper quite overthrew her again; for she could not imagine the possibility of a prince condescending to sup upon anything so homely as butter, cheese, and eggs. This difficulty being removed, by an assurance that Charles had lately lived upon much worse fare, another arose out of his telling her that she must come to table. "*I* come!" said the astonished dame; "I ken naething of how to behave before Majesty!" At last her terrors and scruples were dispelled, and the party sat down to their repast; the prince placing her on his left and Flora on his right. When the ladies had withdrawn, Charles took out a short dingy pipe, and began to smoke; a practice to which, he said, the toothache had compelled him to have recourse in his wanderings. This pipe was known among his friends by the name of "the cutty;" an Irishman would call it a dudeen. While the prince was enjoying his cutty, Kingsburgh brought forth a small china bowl, in which he mixed

some toddy; and so palatable was the liquor that bowl followed bowl, and the host and his guest sat quaffing and familiarly conversing for several hours. Though loth to seem inhospitable, Kingsburgh was at last obliged to hint at the necessity there was that the prince should retire to rest, in order to be prepared for the fatigue of the morrow. Charles, however, good-humouredly insisted on another supply of toddy, and, seeing Kingsburgh take up the bowl to put it away, he seized upon it to prevent him. Both held the bowl fast, and in their amicable scuffle it broke asunder, each of them retaining a portion of it. The destruction of the bowl put an end to the debate, and they retired to their beds*.

Charles, who, as he himself said, had almost forgotten what a good bed was, enjoyed his couch so much, that he slept for ten hours, and would have slumbered longer had not his host roused him up. It was necessary that he should depart without delay. A change of dress was also requisite, and accordingly "a short coat and waistcoat, a philibeg and short hose, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet," were provided for him. As, however, it would not be prudent to shift his attire in Kingsburgh's house, no other alteration was at present made than substituting a new pair of shoes for those which he wore, and through which his toes were peeping. Kingsburgh carefully tied the cast-off shoes together, and hung them up, declaring that they might yet be of great service to him. "How so?" asked the prince; to which his host replied, that he would come, when his guest was firmly settled in St. James's, and shake them at him, to bring himself to his recollection.

Raasay, an island between the mainland and Skye,

* The habit of inebriety, which was a stain upon the latter years of this unfortunate prince, originated, perhaps, in the necessity of resorting to the use of spirits, when he was worn with toil, and suffering from wet and cold, during his wanderings in Scotland.

was the place which was chosen for the prince's asylum, and he was to proceed thither from Portree, a small town on the eastern shore of Skye. To procure a seaworthy boat was a matter of some difficulty; it would not be prudent to confide in a Portree crew, and all the boats in Raasay had been destroyed, except two, which were in the possession of Malcolm Macleod, a partisan of the Stuarts. This obstacle was, however, surmounted by the contrivance of one Donald Macleod. Knowing that there was a little boat in a neighbouring lake, he procured assistance, dragged it across a highland mile of land, which was half bog, half precipice, and ventured in it to Raasay. He returned speedily, bringing with him Malcolm Macleod, his boat, and two stout boatmen.

At parting from his hostess, who had lost all her dread of being hanged, and who was full of enthusiasm for him, Charles received her mull, or snuff-box, as a keepsake, and allowed Flora to cut off a lock of his hair, which the ladies shared between them. The prince, Flora, and Kingsburgh, now set off for Portree. When they had gone far enough from the house, Kingsburgh took the prince into a wood; there Charles resumed his masculine appearance, and was himself again. They then went on to Portree, and found that the boat was waiting for them within half a mile of the town. Here, at the inn, Charles took a grateful and affectionate leave of the high-minded Flora, to whom he presented his miniature, with a request that she would ever preserve it for his sake. Kingsburgh attended him to the waterside, and they embraced and wept when they parted*.

Charles landed in Raasay early in the morning of

* Miss Macdonald, Macleod, and Kingsburgh, were arrested soon after: the lady and Malcolm were conveyed to London; and Kingsburgh was taken first to Fort Augustus, and subsequently to Edinburgh Castle. After having been imprisoned for more than twelve months, they were all set at liberty.

the first of July. There was but sorry accommodation for him in his new place of abode. Nearly all the houses had been burned by the soldiery, and he was obliged to put up with a poor hovel, which some shepherds had lately built. A bed was made for him of heath, with the bloom uppermost. For provisions they were tolerably well off, as the young laird of Raasay brought them a kid and a lamb, concealed in his plaid. Cause for apprehension soon arose. There was a man in the island who had come there a fortnight before, for the purpose of selling a roll of tobacco. The tobacco had long been sold, and yet he continued to stray about, without any apparent business to detain him. In such times, the natural conclusion was that he was a spy. He having chanced to approach the hovel, Malcolm, Murdoch, and young Raasay determined, without hesitation or inquiry, to shoot him. The prince was shocked, and he strongly remonstrated against murdering a person who probably was innocent. John Mackenzie, who was on watch at the door, heard him, and remarked, in the Erse language, "He must be shot—you are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do as we please." On the remark being translated to Charles, he laughed heartily, and called him a clever fellow. The stranger, meanwhile, went on without noticing them, and thus escaped an otherwise inevitable death.

It is probable that this incident induced the prince to remove from Raasay, after having been there only two days. He desired to be conveyed back to Skye, and the whole party consequently set sail, on the evening of the third. The wind soon rose alarmingly, and the boat shipped so much water, that his companions declared they had better return. Charles, however, opposed their wish; telling them that Providence, which had brought them through so many perils, would preserve him for a nobler end than being drowned. To divert

their attention from the gale, he sang them a merry Erse song, and then took his turn in assisting Malcolm to bale out the water, which often threatened to swamp the boat. It was eleven at night when they arrived at Scorebreck, in the Isle of Skye. To reach the land they were obliged to jump into the sea, and the prince was one of the first to make the plunge, and help to haul the boat ashore. Wet and hungry, they spent the night in a cow-house, without food, or fire.

In the morning, Charles parted from all his companions but Malcolm. As soon as they were alone, he told him that he wished to be conducted to that part of Skye which belonged to the laird of Mackinnon. Malcolm represented the danger, but Charles replied, that there was nothing now to be done without danger. "You," added he, "shall be the master, and I the man;" and he immediately began to assume the character, by strapping their linen bag over his shoulders, and changing his own vest, which was of scarlet tartan with gold twist buttons, for Malcolm's, which was of a plainer kind. Thinking this not sufficient, he afterwards took off his wig, tied a dirty napkin round his head, under his bonnet, stripped the ruffles from his shirt, removed the buckles from his feet, and made his friend fasten his shoes with strings. He was also careful to touch his bonnet when his nominal master spoke to him while any one was passing by. They set out in the evening, and travelled all night. The journey was long and wearisome; more than thirty miles, over hill, heath, and morass. In walking, Charles was more than a match for his companion, and he declared that, provided he was not within musket-shot, he would have no fear of being captured by English soldiers. Malcolm asked him what they should do if they were taken by surprise. "Fight, to be sure," replied the prince. Malcolm said that, if their assailants did not exceed four in number, he thought

he could manage two of them, and Charles promised to be answerable for the two that fell to his share. Yet they were in no favourable condition for fighting, wearied as they were, and having had no food for several hours; their only refreshment had been a little brandy, with water from the spring, the last glass of which Charles insisted that Malcolm should drink, as he himself could do without it.

Their tedious journey ended at Ellagol, near Kilmarie, in the south-west corner of the island. Malcolm had a sister living there, whose husband, John Mackinnon, had been a captain in the prince's army, and might therefore be trusted. Mackinnon was from home, but his wife received them kindly. Charles was introduced to her as his servant Louis Caw, who had fallen ill on the road. At table, Malcolm desired Louis to sit down with them, as there was no company; an invitation which the seeming servant accepted, with a well-acted show of thankfulness and humility. According to Highland custom, water was brought in after dinner, to wash the feet of the guests. The old crone who brought it, having washed Malcolm's feet, he requested her to perform the same office for his attendant. Her Highland blood was fired by what she thought an insult, and she warmly exclaimed, with a Gaelic redundancy of speech, "Though I have washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" She was at last prevailed on to do it as an act of humanity, but her humanity was displayed with a very ill grace. She rubbed Charles so roughly that he complained. Instead of an apology, however, he was greeted with, "Filthy fellow, it ill becomes the like of you to murmur at anything my father's daughter could do to you!" The next morning he gave her fresh offence. Having taken but two hours' rest, he had long been up, and was dandling Mrs. Mackinnon's infant, when Malcolm, who had only just risen, came

into the room, and expressed his surprise at seeing him so actively engaged, and so little affected by the previous fatigue. "Who knows," said the prince, "but this boy may hereafter be a captain in my service?" This remark must, under the apparent circumstances, have sounded strangely to the testy dame, and it is no wonder that she corrected him, by saying "Or you rather an old serjeant in his company!"

Mackinnon now returned, and was delighted to hear that the prince was under his roof. Charles was resolved to go to the mainland, and it was settled that Mackinnon should go to his chief, and hire a boat for that purpose; without, however, letting him into the secret. But John had not the retentive faculty, and, in the fulness of his heart, he made everything known to the laird. The old chief, who was a warm friend of the Stuarts, directly ordered out his boat, and set off with his wife to welcome the prince. He carried with him some wine and provisions, and the whole party partook of them in a neighbouring cave. There it was arranged, that the old laird and Mackinnon should conduct Charles to the mainland; Malcolm being left behind to mislead the enemies in case of their pursuing. After smoking a pipe with Malcolm, giving him a silver stock-buckle, and "the cutty" as tokens of remembrance, and compelling him to receive ten guineas to bear his expenses while hiding, Charles bade him an affectionate farewell, and departed, late in the evening, from Skye. Two English ships were in sight, bearing down in this direction; but he insisted on proceeding; being convinced, he said, that Providence would protect him. The wind soon veering round, the ships stood upon another tack, and he passed unseen. The voyage, which was of thirty miles, was tempestuous. The roughness of the weather proved eventually to be a favourable circumstance; for it prevented them from being stopped by a boatful of soldiers,

who hailed them. Charles landed, on the morning of the 5th of July, at Little Mallag, on the southern shore of Loch Nevish.

The coast of the western part of Inverness-shire, on which the prince landed, is intersected by several lochs or inlets of the sea, which indent the country deeply; thus forming a series of alternate inlets and peninsulas. Passing from north to south, we find the lochs of Duich, Hourn, Nevish, Morrer, Aylort, and Ranach, of which the last two are united, and Moydart and Sheil, which also communicate with each other. Taken in the same order, the peninsular districts between them are denominated Glenelg, Knoydart, Morrer, Arasaig, and Moydart. They are wild and mountainous, varying in breadth from five to ten miles, and the hills which compose them join, or rather are ramifications from, a mountainous chain, which runs north and south, from Loch Shiel into Ross-shire. Over this chain pass the roads, which in those days were merely paths, from the sea-coast to Glengarry, Glenmorrison, and other glens, terminating to the eastward at the great line of lakes which insulates the north of Scotland.

The return of Charles to the mainland was speedily known by his enemies, and measures were taken to hunt him down, before he could quit the circumscribed district which has just been described. If they could confine him within its limits, there was a great probability that he would fall into their hands; or, if he again sought shelter in the neighbouring islands, that he would be captured by the British cruisers. To prevent his escape from the circle, a chain of strong posts was formed along the mountain range, extending from the head of Loch Hourn to the head of Loch Sheil. The posts were connected by sentinels, stationed within sight of each other. Not a traveller was suffered to pass during the day without a rigid examination. At night, large

fires were lighted at the posts, and the sentinels were kept in constant motion, crossing from one fire to the other, so as to leave no space untraversed throughout the whole extent of the line.

For three nights after his return to the mainland, Charles and his party slept in the open fields. Two of the fugitives were then sent in search of a cave, for an abode, and, in the meanwhile, the prince, with four companions, rowed up Loch Nevish. As they were rounding a point, they were discovered and pursued by a boat, which was full of militia. The fugitives, however, plied their oars so vigorously, that their pursuers were soon left too far behind to think of continuing the chase. After a short stay at Mallag, they crossed the hills between the Lochs of Nevish and Morrer, with the purpose of procuring an asylum at Morrer-house, the seat of Lieutenant-colonel Macdonald. On their way they came to a hut, in which as they were approaching it they saw some people; and Charles, who feared that he might be known, desired Mackinnon to fold his plaid for him in the true Highland manner, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it. He then tied a handkerchief round his head, settled his features to the character which he assumed, and declared that he was a servant again. At the hut he was not recognised, and he and his companions were refreshed with a draught of milk. When they arrived at Morrer-house, they found that it was reduced to a pile of scorched and blackened ruins, and its master was living in a neighbouring hut. Macdonald, nevertheless, gave them a hospitable welcome, and sheltered them in a cave, where they enjoyed ten hours' sleep.

As Macdonald of Morrer was not in a condition to succour him, the prince resolved to cross the loch, into Arasaig, and throw himself upon Macdonald of Borodale, from whom he doubted not of meeting with a cordial re-

ception. But, when he reached Borodale, he found that the mansion had been consumed, and that the laird, like his namesake, was abiding in a hut. This wretched dwelling Macdonald willingly shared with his dangerous guest. Having received intelligence, which gave reason to believe that the hut would be an unsafe residence for Charles, his host removed him to an almost unknown and inaccessible cave, about four miles to the eastward. There the prince remained till the coming of Glenaladale, one of his most attached followers, to whom he had sent a message to join him.

The departure of Charles was hastened by a letter from a gentleman in the peninsula of Morrer, who stated that the prince's place of concealment began to be known, and offered one which was more secure. Charles sent Ronald Macdonald, to ascertain whether the new spot was really preferable, but he did not wait his return; for, an alarm being given, that an English tender was hovering on the coast, he thought it prudent to proceed without loss of time to Glen Morrer. On his way thither, he was met by a messenger, who informed him that Clanronald was a few miles off, and had prepared a safe asylum for him. Charles, however, who was near Glen Morrer, determined to rest there for the night, and proceed to meet Clanronald in the morning.

The prince was not destined to avail himself of Clanronald's services. In the course of the night, tidings were brought to the laird of Borodale, that General Campbell, with several men-of-war, and a large body of troops, had cast anchor in Loch Nevish, and also that Captain Scott had advanced with five hundred men into the lower part of Arasaig. This was a heavy blow to the prince; he was now completely surrounded, and must either break through the net which enveloped him, or inevitably perish. Not a moment was to be lost, for every moment would contract the circle which inclosed

him. It was indeed doubtful whether, even now, with his best diligence and skill, he would be able to find a penetrable point in the line of posts and sentinels by which every outlet was watched. Leaving behind him all his attendants, save Glenaladale and two other Macdonalds, he set out early, and halted at noon, to take refreshment on the hill of Scoorveig, in the eastern extremity of Arasaig, whence he proceeded to the top of a hill called Fruighvain. From the summit of the latter hill, they perceived some men driving cattle. They proved to be Glenaladale's tenants, removing the cattle out of the reach of several hundred of the king's troops, who had come to the head of Loch Arkeig, for the purpose of shutting in Charles upon that side. On their setting out from Morrer, they had intended to reach in the evening a hill, named Swerninck Corrichan, near Loch Arkeig, and Glenaladale's brother had been sent to Glenfinnen, to direct two men to join the prince on that eminence. A messenger was now despatched to recall the brother, and a second to summon Donald Cameron, who was in the neighbourhood, and was excellently qualified to act as guide.

While the perplexed and weary fugitives were waiting for the return of these men, a wife of one of Glenaladale's tenants, in pity to her landlord, brought some milk for him up the hill. The weather was sultry, and they were suffering from thirst, yet welcome as this refreshment was, Glenaladale would rather that the donor had been less kind, as he dreaded the chance of the prince being recognised. But Charles did not lose his presence of mind; as she approached, he covered his head with a handkerchief, and played the part of a servant who was tormented by headache. A trifling circumstance prolonged her stay. Glenaladale, who wished to preserve some of the milk for the prince, was obliged to retain the pail, and he found it rather difficult to persuade her to

depart without a utensil which was indispensable in her domestic economy.

The man who had been sent to recall Glenaladale's brother now came back. He had seen neither that gentleman nor the two men; they were gone to the place which the prince named. But, though he had missed seeing them, he had fallen in with something which alarmed his hearers beyond measure. He informed them, that upwards of a hundred of the Argyle militia were approaching the foot of the hill on which the fugitives now stood. This news rendered it necessary to take flight, without waiting for Cameron. The sun was setting when they began their hurried march. About eleven o'clock, as they were stealing through a hollow way between two hills, a man was seen descending towards them. Glenaladale stepped forward, to ascertain whether the stranger was an enemy, and was delighted to find that it was Donald Cameron. Under the guidance of Donald, they travelled all night, through wild and gloomy paths, which even in open day would have been difficult to traverse; and, at four in the morning, they reached the summit of the mountain, called Mamryn Callum, in the braes of Loch Arkeig. In the prospect which lay before them their sight rested upon one offensive object; at scarcely the distance of a mile from them there was a camp of the royal forces. Danger from the proximity of the enemy was, however, at present, rather apparent than real; Cameron knew that the mountain had been narrowly searched the day before, and he rationally concluded, that the search would not immediately be repeated. A sharp look out was, nevertheless, kept. Here they remained during the day, obtained two hours' sleep, and had the pleasure of being rejoined by Glenaladale's brother, whom they had given up for lost.

Bending their course to the southward, they set out at

nine in the evening, and, after four hours' march, reached Corrinangaul, between Knoydart and Loch Arkeig. Here Cameron expected that he should be able to purchase provisions from some of the country-people who had driven their cattle hither, that they might save them from the soldiery. The party had fared but scantily during their wearisome journey, and all their present stock of food consisted of a little butter and oatmeal, which they could not prepare for eating, because they could not venture to kindle a fire while their enemies were within eye-shot. When, however, in search of supplies, Glenaladale and Cameron went down to the huts, they found them deserted, and were obliged to go back empty-handed. The place where they were not appearing to be quite secure, they removed to a fastness on the brow of the hill, at the head of Loch Naigh. There they resolved to pass the day, and to sleep for a while, that they might be in a better condition to make the perilous attempt of penetrating through the hostile line—an attempt which could no longer be delayed. Within the distance of a mile there was an English encampment. While the rest of the party were slumbering, Cameron and Glenaladale's brother again went in quest of food. It was three in the afternoon before they returned, and two small cheeses were all that they procured. The tidings which they brought were discomfortable; on the opposite side of the hill there were upwards of a hundred soldiers, busily employed in searching for the country-people who had hidden themselves. This made them keep closely concealed for the rest of the day, and they remained undiscovered, though the troops were roaming all around them.

Towards night-fall, the soldiers being withdrawn, the coast was left clear for the retreat of the prince and his followers. They quitted their hiding-place at eight in the evening, and pressed forward at their best speed, to

the rugged eminence of Drumachosi, up which they climbed. Directly before them the fires of an English camp were burning. In reconnoitring this post, they advanced so nigh to it, that the voices of the soldiers were distinctly audible. They then ascended a neighbouring hill, and beheld from it the fires of another camp. It was between the Scylla and Charybdis of these two posts that they must steer their hazardous course.

With a devotedness which, in his situation, was doubly praiseworthy, Cameron volunteered to go forward alone, to ascertain whether there was a possibility of effecting a passage at this point. "If," said he, "I get back, you may venture with more confidence, and I shall be better able to guide you." It is probable that, when he made this offer, he looked upon himself as going to certain death. Highlanders were at that period peculiarly subject to superstitious feelings, and, at that moment, Cameron was under the influence of one of those feelings. He had been complaining that his nose was itchy, and he considered that itchiness to be an infallible indication that they were in extreme danger. Yet, such was his native bravery, and his affection for the son of the man whom he regarded as his sovereign, that he was proof against omens. We may pity his weakness, but we must admire the courage and fidelity which overcame it.

There are moments when the mind transiently feels the power of ideas which it holds in utter contempt. Charles had smiled at Cameron's absurd forebodings; but, though he thought them ridiculous, his anxiety to see him return was perhaps increased by them. The daring explorer did return, however, in spite of all sinister auguries, and he made an encouraging report. Two circumstances were favourable to the party. While the patroles were alternately passing between the posts, they necessarily turned their backs on each other during

a part of the time, and a chance was thus offered of eluding their vigilance. It was another advantage to the fugitives that, where they purposed to break through, there was a deep and narrow ravine, hollowed out by the floods which, in winter, converted an insignificant mountain-stream into a furious torrent. About two o'clock in the morning, when the patroles were supposed to be receding on either hand, the fugitives silently entered the ravine. Crawling on their hands and knees, and scarcely daring to breathe, they toiled up it, and at length, to their inexpressible joy, they emerged beyond the line of posts and sentinels. In a few minutes they arrived at a spot where they were safe from being seen. The magic circle, which had so long held them bound, was broken, and they had at least regained the power of choosing to what quarter they would direct their flight.

Charles now laughingly asked Cameron how his nose felt, to which the Highlander replied that it was much better, but was still rather uncomfortable. As the best mode to complete its cure was to get out of danger, they walked on for about two miles, till they came to Corriscorridil, on the Glenelg side of Loch Hourn. There, having found a secluded spot, they sat down to refresh themselves. The repast was a humble one; it consisted of a slice of cheese, which, as they had no bread, they covered with oatmeal. Their drink was procured from a neighbouring spring. They remained on this spot the rest of the day, debating upon their future movements, and it was finally decided that they should direct their course northward, to a part of the Mackenzies' country, which was not infested by the military. They set out at eight o'clock in the evening, and discovered that they had passed the whole day within cannon-shot of two English camps, into one of which they could see a company of soldiers driving a flock of sheep for slaughter.

Quickening their pace, they pursued their journey till three in the morning, when they entered Glenshiel, a solitary vale in the Earl of Seaforth's estate.

The party having no provisions, Glenaladale and one of the Macdonalds went to seek for a supply. They also meant to find a guide to conduct them to Pollew, on the sea-coast, off which place some French vessels had recently been seen. While they were on this quest, they fell in with a Glengarry man, whom the soldiers, who had killed his father the day before, had hunted out of his own country that morning. This man had served in the prince's army; and, knowing that he was brave and faithful, Glenaladale retained him, to act as their conductor, in case they should be disappointed in their new design of proceeding to Pollew. It was well that he did so; for he was soon informed that the only French ship which had appeared was gone, and that, even if it had staid, no person could have been procured to lead them to the coast. After having partaken of some food, which Glenaladale had obtained, they laid themselves down in a safe spot, on the side of a hill, and enjoyed a few hours' sleep. As the services of Donald Cameron could no longer be useful, he now bade them farewell.

Late at night they set out, under the guidance of the Glengarry man, and bent their course in the direction of Glenmorisson. They had not gone more than half a mile before Glenaladale discovered that he had lost his purse, containing forty guineas, which belonged to the prince, and was all the money they possessed. Charles wished to dissuade Glenaladale from going back in search of it, but the latter pointed out the straits to which they would be reduced by the want of it, and his arguments prevailed. Glenaladale with one of the Macdonalds went to seek for the purse, and Charles, the other Macdonald, and the guide, made a halt to wait for their return. Charles and his companions stepped aside from the path

and, in a short time, perceived an officer and two soldiers who were armed advancing along it. They hid themselves behind a rock, and the military passed by without seeing them. Had Glenaladale not gone back, the fugitives would have come full upon their enemies. Thanking Providence for his own narrow escape, the prince felt considerable anxiety with respect to the safety of his absent friends. Glenaladale and Macdonald, however, came back unhurt. They had taken another road on their return, and consequently not been met by the English party. The purse, too, was regained. It had been found by a little boy, who had brought them some milk to their former resting place. Charles was so elated by this deliverance from peril, that he declared "he did not believe that he should be taken, even though he had a mind to be so."

The march was continued through the remainder of the night; and next morning, they paused in Strathcluanie, a small vale, which forms the western extremity of Glenmorisson. There they selected a safe spot, on a hill side, and rested till three in the afternoon, when they pursued their way. Scarcely had they travelled a mile before feelings of grief and anger, not unmixed with apprehension, were excited in their minds, by hearing the troops firing on the hill above them. The military ruffians were wantonly shooting the poor peasants, who had fled to these mountain fastnesses with their cattle. The mental gloom which was thus thrown over the prince and his followers was deepened by the personal discomfort which they were enduring. They were famished and toil-worn, and the rain poured down without intermission during the whole of their journey. It was late at night when the wanderers halted, on the top of a hill, between Glenmorisson and Strathglass, and their situation there was no better than it had been throughout the day. Drenched with wet, and unable

to procure a fire, they were obliged to huddle into an open cave, where they could neither lie down nor sleep, and where their only solace was a pipe of tobacco.

In pursuance of the plan for taking shelter among the Mackenzies, they continued their route towards Rossshire. By the time they reached the braes of Kintail they were almost sinking for want of food. The district in which they were travelling was inhabited by an uncivilised clan, called the Macraws, among whom there were few gentlemen. As, however, it was indispensable to obtain provisions, Glenaladale went to the house of one Christopher Macraw, and desired that he would supply them with some, as he and two of his friends were almost dying with hunger. Macraw insisted upon knowing who the friends were, to which Glenaladale prudently replied that they were the young Clanronald and a relation of his own. Upon this, the churl consented to furnish them with some victuals, for which he took care to make them pay an extravagant price. The liberal remuneration seems to have opened his heart a little, and he accordingly invited them to pass the night at his house. His invitation was accepted. It was fortunate indeed that Glenaladale had concealed the prince's name; for "in the course of conversation, Macraw exclaimed against the highlanders who had taken up arms for Charles, and said that they and those who still protected him were fools and madmen, and that they ought to deliver themselves and their country from distress, by giving him up and taking the reward which the government had offered."

That evening, a Macdonald, who had served in the prince's army, came to Macraw's house, knew Charles, and earnestly cautioned Glenaladale to take care that Christopher did not discover the quality of his guest—a caution which was kindly meant, but which Macraw himself had unconsciously rendered needless. Finding

that this man was warmly attached to the prince, and that he had traversed the country in various directions, Glenaladale made known to him their scheme of seeking an asylum among the Mackenzies, and desired him to give his opinion, as to the course which it would be safest to pursue. The plan of journeying into Ross-shire, Macdonald considered to be fraught with danger, some of the royal troops having got among the Mackenzies, and he suggested a more eligible place of refuge. He had, he said, spent the preceding night on the great mountain of Corado, which lies between Kintail and Glenmorisson, in the most remote part of which hill, called Corambiam, there dwelt seven men, upon whom the prince might implicitly depend, they being brave and faithful, and most of them having borne arms in his cause.

Charles had long been anxiously wishing to join, or, if that could not be effected, at least to get nearer to, his friends Lochiel and Clunie, who were secreted in that part of Inverness-shire which comprises the districts of Lochaber and Badenoch. To remove into Ross-shire would separate him more widely from them, and he therefore gladly acceded to a project which, on the contrary, had the merit of bringing him closer to his trusty partisans. The persons with whom he was going to trust himself were in fact robbers, but this circumstance afforded no reason for suspecting that they would betray him; they were men proscribed for their fidelity to the Stuart race; men whom hard necessity, not vice, had driven into the highland solitudes, and deprived of all means of subsistence but such as they could seize upon in their predatory excursions.

After having been forty-eight hours without food, Charles and his fellows approached the spot where their new hosts resided. It was a rocky cave, in the side of the most wild and craggy part of the mountain. Glenaladale and the guide went on to the cave, leaving Charles

and the two Macdonalds at a little distance. Six of the men were just sitting down to dine upon a sheep, which they had killed that day. Glenaladale congratulated them on their good cheer, and they hospitably invited him to partake of it. He had, he said, another friend, for whom he must request the same favour. They inquired who his friend was, and he told them that it was his chief, young Clanronald. Heartily welcome should Clanronald be, they replied; they would gain food for him at the points of their swords. Charles was now introduced, and, notwithstanding his deplorable appearance, was instantly recognised by his humble friends, who threw themselves on their knees to do homage. The ceremony being over, the prince gladly shared in their repast, and afterwards resigned himself to sleep, of which he stood in great need.

With respect to attire, Charles was, perhaps, at this moment, in a worse plight than any of his adherents in the cave. Hugh Chisholm, who was one of them, thus describes the prince's garb:—"He had a bonnet on his head, and a wretched yellow wig; a clouted handkerchief about his neck. He had a coat of coarse dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan waistcoat, much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues, tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he had not another, was of the colour of saffron." The defects of his dress, as far as regarded linen, were speedily remedied by his active and zealous associates. Having obtained information, that a detachment of the royal troops, headed by Lord George Sackville, was ordered to march from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, and must pass not far from their abode, they laid an ambuscade to plunder the baggage. Allowing the troops to get out of sight, they sallied forth upon the servants, who were lagging behind, and made themselves masters of some port-

manteaus, the contents of which relieved Charles, for the present, from the necessity of wearing a saffron-coloured shirt.

With these men the prince remained above three weeks, in which time they more than once changed their habitation. In one instance he lodged for three days in a sheep-cote, having a bed made for him of turf, with the grassy side upward, and a pillow of the same material. As they never removed beyond a few miles from Fort Augustus, some of them used frequently to go thither at night, to procure intelligence from the villagers, and occasionally they brought the newspapers for his perusal. But, kindly as he was treated by them, Charles, either from restlessness, or a desire of better society, expressed to Glenaladale his wish "to put himself into the hands of some of the neighbouring gentlemen, and desired him to inquire about them, and learn who was the most proper person for him to apply to." Glenaladale began to execute his commission by talking of the gentlemen in the vicinity, and inquiring their characters. The shrewd Highlanders at once guessed what was meant by the questions, and entreated him to dissuade the prince from carrying his purpose into effect. "No reward," they said, "could be any temptation to them; for if they betrayed the prince they must leave the country, as nobody would speak to them, except to curse them; whereas thirty thousand pounds was a great reward to a poor gentleman, who could go to Edinburgh or London with his money, where he would find people enough to live with him, and eat his meat and drink his wine."

About this time an event took place, which contributed greatly to relax the hot pursuit after the princely fugitive. There had fled for shelter to the hills of Glenmorisson a young gentleman of Edinburgh, named Roderick McKenzie, who had been in the Scottish army.

He was tall and genteel, well dressed, nearly the size and age of Charles, and bore that distant resemblance to him in features which might easily cause persons who had seldom seen them to be mistaken as to their identity. One day he was fallen in with by a party of soldiers. Having vainly tried to escape, and knowing that he had no mercy to expect, he resolved, not only to sell his life as dearly as possible, but also to render his fall beneficial to the prince, under whose standard he had combated. The heroic feeling and presence of mind which, at such a moment, could inspire such an idea, cannot be too much admired. His dress, his manners, and his desperate resistance, all combined to make them believe that he was the man whom they were seeking. To secure at once their own safety and their valuable prize, they fired, and the victim fell. With his last breath he exclaimed "You have killed your prince," and this completed their delusion. They cut off the head, and hastened with it to Fort Augustus, where many persons pronounced it to be that of Charles. It was not till the head had been carried to London, and examined by one of the prince's imprisoned body servants, that the truth was discovered. In the meanwhile, a considerable portion of the troops had been withdrawn from the Highlands, and the remainder, being no longer animated by the prospect of gaining thirty thousand pounds, became less vigilant than heretofore.

Of this comparative quiet, Charles availed himself to make an effort to join his friends in Lochaber or Badenoch. Peter Grant, the most active of his seven companions, was accordingly despatched, on the 18th of August, to confer with Clunes Cameron, who was in the vicinity of Loch Arkeig. Grant returned the next day with a message from Cameron, offering to meet the prince at the head of Glencoich, where he had a hut in a secure place. Charles set out in a thick fog, accom-

panied by ten persons, forded the water of Garry, which was up to his middle, and at length was compelled, by storm and darkness, to halt on the side of Drumnadial, a high mountain near Loch Lochie. It rained excessively throughout the night, and they had neither shelter nor food of any kind. Next morning, Grant was sent to see whether Clunes was at the place appointed; the prince and his attendants remained upon the hill, destitute of victuals, and not daring to seek for any. Grant came back with tidings that Cameron had been to the place of meeting, and had gone away on not finding them. He had, however, better news to communicate; he had shot a deer as he was returning, and had hidden it in a secure spot. At night the hungry wanderers joyfully hastened to where the deer was concealed, and though they had neither bread nor salt, they made a hearty meal. Clunes joined them on the following morning, and conducted them to a hut in a wood at the further end of Loch Arkeig. Here the robbers took leave of the prince with the exception of Grant and Chisholm, who staid with him for a while. In and about this hut, Charles and Clunes continued for several days; they lodged in it when the weather was bad and no troops were out, but at other times they kept in the mountain.

Eager as Charles was for a junction with Lochiel and Clunie, he was compelled to postpone it for the present, as Clunes assured him that all the ferries were so carefully watched, that it would be impossible for him, at this moment, to reach the countries of Rannoch and Badenoch. His friends in Badenoch were equally eager to obtain some information respecting him. They accordingly despatched McDonald of Lochgarry, and Dr. Cameron, Lochiel's brother, to make inquiries on the north side of the lakes. These messengers speedily fell in with Clunes, who offered to take them to the prince.

The prince was then sleeping on the hill, with one of Clunes's sons, and Peter Grant was keeping watch over them. Grant himself was overcome with fatigue, and could not help nodding; and, while his senses were thus obscured, Clunes, Lochgarry, and Dr. Cameron, with two servants, all armed, had approached within a short distance. Believing that the strangers were militia, Grant roused the sleepers, and proposed that they should all retreat to the top of the hill. Charles was of opinion that this would be an impolitic step. It was, he said, too late to fly; their enemies would either overtake them, or come near enough to bring them down with fire-arms; the best thing they could do was to get behind the stones, take deliberate aim, and fire upon them when they advanced. As Grant and he were excellent marksmen, they would, he thought, be certain of doing some execution; and he had in reserve a pair of pocket-pistols, which he now produced for the first time. Grant, who was not fond of running away, willingly acquiesced in this scheme. Their muskets were already levelled on the stones, and they were just going to fire, when they recognised Clunes, and the sight of him convinced them that they were not in danger. A minute more, and Charles would probably have destroyed some of his most devoted partisans. The joy which Charles felt at having avoided killing his friends was enhanced by the news of Lochiel having recovered from his wounds.

At the moment when the false alarm was given, the prince's companions were dressing part of a cow, which they had killed the day before. The new-comers now shared in the repast. Charles ate heartily, and was much delighted with some bread which had been procured for him at Fort Augustus; it was a luxury to which he had long been a stranger. Though for months he had not slept in a bed, and had been exposed to all

weathers, he was cheerful and healthy. For his personal appearance, indeed, little could be said; it was scarcely equal to that of Robinson Crusoe in the solitary island. His stock of plundered linen seems to have been exhausted, for his shirt is described as being extremely soiled; his dress consisted of an old black coat, a plaid, and a philabeg; his feet were bare, his beard was long, a dirk and a pistol hung by his side, and he carried a musket in his hand.

The time was not yet come for Charles to carry into effect his design of joining Lochiel. Dr. Cameron and Lochgarry advised its postponement. There was, they told him, a report afloat that Charles and Lochiel had gone over Corryarrick with thirty men; and this report could not fail to rouse the slumbering vigilance of the king's troops. It was therefore advisable for him to remain yet awhile with Clunes. They then arranged that Dr. Cameron should return among his brother's people, in Lochaber, to collect intelligence, and that Lochgarry should be posted between Loch Lochie and Loch Oich to watch the movements of the troops. Glenaladale was at the same time sent to the western coast, to wait for the arrival of the French vessels, and give notice of their coming.

A few days after the separation of the party, Charles was again placed in jeopardy. He had passed the night upon the mountain, with Peter Grant and one of Clunes's sons, and early in the morning he was awoke by a child, who told him that she saw a body of red-coats. On looking down into the vale he saw a number of soldiers destroying the hut, and making a search in the neighbouring woods. Information of the abode of the fugitives in that quarter had been carried to Fort Augustus. There was no time to be lost. In the face of the hill there was a deep channel, the bed of a winter torrent, the bottom of which was not visible to the enemy. Up

this they ascended, and then made their way to another extremely high, precipitous, and craggy hill, called Mullantagart. There they remained all day without a morsel of food. In the evening another son of Clunes came, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place in the hills, somewhat distant, with provisions. Clunes's son soon returned to let his father know that he might expect them. At night, Charles with his attendants set out, and travelled through most dreadful ways, passing amongst rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs. At one time the guides proposed they should halt and stay all night; but Charles, though exhausted to the greatest degree, insisted on going to meet Clunes. At last, worn out with fatigue and want of food, he was not able to go on without help, and the two guides, holding each of them one of his arms, supported him through the last part of this laborious journey. When they came to the place appointed, they found Clunes and his son, who had a cow killed, and part of it dressed for them. In this remote place Charles remained with Clunes till Lochgarry and Dr. Cameron came there, who informed him that the passes were not so strictly guarded now as formerly, and that he might safely cross Loch Arkeig, and get to the great fir-wood belonging to Lochiel, on the west side of the lake, near Auchnacarie, where he might stay, and correspond with Lochiel and Clunes till it was settled when and where he should meet them.

At this place of refuge, Charles received a letter from Lochiel and Clunie, stating that they were in Badenoch, and appointing a day for the latter chief to meet him, and conduct him to their habitation. The prince was, however, so impatient to see his friends, that he would not wait for Clunie's arrival, but taking the first guide he could procure, set out immediately with Dr. Cameron, Lochgarry, and two servants, on his journey to Badenoch.

They travelled all night, reached on the following day a place called Corineuir, passed the great glen of Albyn unmolested, and came to Mallanuir, where Lochiel was residing in a wretched hut, which had been his abode for a considerable time.

Charles was at this moment in danger of falling by the hands of his most devoted partisans. When his party, all of whom were armed, was seen at a distance, it excited no small alarm in the mind of Lochiel, who mistook it for a detachment of militia, from a body which was stationed about five miles off. As his wounds would not allow of his walking without assistance, flight was out of the question, and he therefore determined to have a struggle with his enemies. He had reason to hope that he should be the victor, for he had four companions, and twelve loaded muskets, besides pistols. The guns were already levelled, and a volley was on the point of being fired at the intruders, when, fortunately, some of them were recognised. Perceiving that the prince himself was among them, Lochiel proceeded, as nimbly as his lameness would permit, to give him a hearty welcome. The joy was mutual. Lochiel would fain have kneeled to him, but the prince laid his hand upon the chief's shoulder, and said, "No, no, my dear Lochiel; we know not who may be looking upon us from yonder hills, and should they see any such motions, they will directly conclude that I am here."

In spite of his fatigue, the prince was gay and in high spirits. The habitation into which he was conducted by Lochiel was an exceedingly humble one; but, besides that it contained his faithful friends, it had one great charm in the eyes of a hungry wanderer, who had long been used to scanty meals. It contained a plentiful stock of provisions; there was abundance of mutton, some good beef sausages, a large quantity of butter and cheese, an excellent and ample ham, and an anker of

whisky. The merit of the latter article was speedily tried by the prince, who drank to the health of all his followers. Some minced collops were then dressed for him with butter in a large saucepan, which was their only cooking utensil. Charles ate them out of the saucepan with a silver spoon, and smiling said, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince!" When he had dined, he asked whether Lochiel had always fared so well, since he had been compelled to hide himself. "Yes, sir," answered Lochiel; "for nearly these three months that I have been hereabouts with my cousin Clunie, he has so well provided me, that I have always had plenty of such as you see; and I thank Heaven that your highness has got through so many dangers to partake of it."

Two days after the prince had joined Lochiel, Clunie came back from Auchnacarie, whither he had gone in search of him. Clunie was about to kneel on entering the hut, but Charles stopped this ceremony by giving him a warm embrace. "Clunie," said he, "I regret that you and your regiment were not at the battle of Culloden. It was not till very lately that I knew you were so near on that day."

Fearing that Charles might be endangered by too long a stay in one place, Clunie, the day after his return, conducted the prince about two miles further, to a little shieling or hut, called Uiskchibra. This new abode was smoky and uncomfortable in the highest degree. Charles, nevertheless, continued there for two days and nights without murmuring. At the end of that time he was removed to a habitation somewhat less inconvenient, and much more romantic, which Clunie had fitted up for him in a secluded spot.

This asylum, which bore the name of The Cage, was well adapted for concealment. "It was situated," says its contriver, "within a small thick bush of wood, in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called

Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made with heath and birch-twigs, up to the top of the cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with moss. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two small stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking."

Charles now breathed more freely. The pursuit of him was much slackened, and, at all events, he was no longer hemmed round within a narrow circle, but could direct his flight either to the north or the south, with the certainty of being received and concealed by some of his partisans. His perils, toils, and wanderings were, indeed, nearly at an end. The Cage was the last refuge to which he was driven in Scotland. The French vessels, to watch for the arrival of which Glenaladale had been sent to the coast, at length made their appearance. Glenaladale promptly set out to communicate to the

prince the joyful information. But he found that Charles was gone; nor was Clunes at hand, who had been left behind to apprise Glenaladale of the prince's movements. The approach of a party of soldiers had compelled Clunes himself to shift his quarters. While Glenaladale was entirely at a loss what step to take, and was sorely grieved by the idea that this opportunity would be lost, he accidentally met with a poor woman who directed him to the place where Clunes was hiding. That gentleman delayed not a moment in sending off a despatch to Charles; and Glenaladale, meanwhile, returned to the coast to make known to the French officers that the prince was on his way to embark.

Charles received the glad tidings on the 13th of September, the twelfth day of his residence in The Cage. He began his journey without delay in company with Lochiel, Lochgarry, and other faithful adherents, resting in the day and travelling by night, and reached Moydart on the 19th. On his arrival he found a great number of his partisans collected together. Expresses had been sent to all the fugitive partisans of the Stuarts who were within reach, that they might take this chance of escaping, and more than a hundred persons had availed themselves of it. The embarkation of Charles took place on the 20th at Borodale, the spot where, fourteen months before, he landed to commence his daring and ill-starred enterprise; and, after a voyage of nine days, the baffled but not disgraced prince landed in safety with his exiled friends at Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the coast of Brittany.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE CHEVALIER JOHNSTONE.

By the final overthrow of Prince Charles Edward, at Culloden, multitudes of his misguided followers were plunged into utter misery and ruin. Fear is almost always cruel and revengeful, and the British government had been too seriously alarmed to allow of its acting with generous clemency towards the vanquished. Its pride, too, had been wounded by its defeats. The victory of Culloden was, therefore, shamefully misused. The prisons and scaffolds were crowded with victims, the fugitives were perseveringly hunted down, and the country was widely ravaged by an angry and licentious soldiery. Offended justice required that the most culpable of the leaders should suffer for their crimes; but policy as well as humanity ought to have dissuaded from indiscriminate slaughter and wanton devastation.

In striving to elude their merciless pursuers, the routed Jacobites endured, and often in vain, innumerable perils and privations. We have seen what was suffered by their chief; as a specimen of the whole, let us now see what was the fate of one of his partisans. The Chevalier Johnstone, who has left a narrative of his adventures, was the son of a merchant in Edinburgh, and, by descent and alliance, was connected with several noble families in Scotland. Jacobite principles had, from his earliest years, been instilled into his mind, and his disposition was daring and high-spirited. It is, therefore, no wonder that, as soon as he heard of the prince's landing, he escaped from Edinburgh, and joined the standard of the Stuarts. Lord George Murray made him his aide-de-camp, and, for a considerable time, he acted in that capa-

city, and occasionally as assistant aide-de-camp to Charles Edward himself. After the battle of Preston Pans, Johnstone received a captain's commission, and he raised a company, with which he took part in the subsequent operations, till all the hopes of his party were wrecked on the field of Culloden.

On the morning of the battle, Johnstone took his station on the left wing of the rebel army, that he might act in company with Macdonald of Stenhouse, a friend to whom he was strongly attached. Macdonald was killed by his side, when they were within twenty or thirty paces of the enemy; and now the panic, which had originated in the centre and right, took possession of the left also. Seeing that his companions were all beginning to fly, Johnstone fired his blunderbuss and pistols at the English, and followed their example. But his situation prevented him from displaying equal agility. He was in cumbrous boots, and the ground where he stood was so swampy, that the water reached to the middle of his legs. He looked towards the eminence, where he had left his servant and horse; they were gone; nothing was to be seen in all directions but flying friends and pursuing foes, and all hope of escape seemed to be lost. For a moment he hesitated between flight and surrender. As, however, the latter would be inevitable death, he wisely determined to attempt the former. Fortunately for him, the English line advanced very slowly, firing on the fugitives, and there was no hostile cavalry in this part of the field. About thirty yards before him, he discovered a horse without a rider, and hastened to seize it. This was not to be so easily done as he imagined. The bridle was firmly grasped by a man, apparently a servant, whom neither threats, entreaties, nor force, could induce to let go his hold. While Johnstone was contending with this obstinate person, a discharge of grape-shot fell at their feet, and

covered them with mud. The fellow, nevertheless, retained his grasp of the bridle. On looking round, Johnstone luckily saw Finlay Cameron, a brother officer, passing near him. He called to him, and the good-natured Cameron, who was a fine athletic youth, six feet high, generously came to his assistance. By dint of holding a pistol to the head of the servant, and threatening to use it effectually, the Highlander at last made him let go. Johnstone tried to mount, but was too much exhausted to effect it, and he was again obliged to apply to Cameron for help. Cameron came back, took him up in his arms as he would have taken a child, "threw him on his horse like a loaded sack," started the beast by a heavy blow, wished him the good luck to escape, and then bounded off like a deer.

As soon as he was out of reach of the English musketry, Johnstone stopped to breathe, and deliberated as to the route which he should follow. In the valley of the Spey, at Rothiemurchus, he had a friend, Mr. Grant, who had promised him a secure asylum, in case of any misfortune occurring. Mountainous, and in part woody, the country round Rothiemurchus was well calculated for a refuge. But, on turning his horse in that direction, he discovered that the road was closed against him by a body of English cavalry. He then, after some hesitation, was moving towards Inverness, when he met a Highlander, who told him that the town was in the possession of the conquerors. He consequently accepted the man's offer to conduct him to Fort Augustus. They reached the neighbourhood of the fort at midnight, and he obtained a scanty meal of oaten bread and whisky, and a slumber of two or three hours on a seat near the fire. In the morning, he procured another guide, who led him over the hills to Garviemore, in Badenoch, whence he proceeded to Ruthven. At Ruthven, to his great joy, he found a considerable part of the routed

army; and the spirit which it manifested induced him to hope that the Stuart party might still be able to make head against the victors. "I was delighted," says he, "to see the gaiety of the Highlanders, who seemed to have returned from a ball rather than from a defeat." An aide-de-camp had been sent to Prince Charles Edward, to receive his orders, and he was hourly expected to return with directions for them to recommence hostilities. In the meanwhile, Johnstone went on to the mansion of his friend Mr. Gordon, at Killihuntly, in the vicinity of Ruthven. Good cheer, and an unbroken sleep of eighteen hours, reinvigorated him, and he was eager to take the field. When, however, he revisited Ruthven, his castles in the air were abruptly annihilated. The Highlanders were in despair; for the aide-de-camp was come back with an answer which reduced them at once to the condition of proscribed and insulated fugitives, with scarcely any other prospect than that of death by famine and fatigue, or by the hand of the executioner. "Let every one seek the means of escape as well as he can," was the disheartening reply which Charles Edward had given to their messenger.

With a heart full of grief, Johnstone retraced his steps to Killihuntly. His purpose was only to thank and take leave of the Gordons: but a proposition was made to him which, for a short time, suspended his departure. Mrs. Gordon represented to him, that the surrounding mountains were solitary and difficult of access. A hut, she said, should be constructed for him in the most secluded part of them, and, as a blind, he should have the care of seven or eight sheep. Books, and a stock of provisions of every kind, should be provided for him; he could amuse himself by angling for trout in a stream which ran nigh; and the family would often take a walk to see their pretended shepherd. There was something so romantic in the idea, and, now that

summer was at hand, the scenery among which he would be placed was becoming so beautiful, that Johnstone was strongly tempted to adopt the project. Still, he was desirous, if possible, to procure "a passage to a foreign country, that he might not remain eternally between life and death;" and he therefore resolved that he would not come to a decision with respect to the pastoral scheme, till he had learned what could be done for him by his friend Grant of Rothiemurchus.

When Johnstone arrived at Rothiemurchus, he found that the elder Grant, who had taken no active part in the contest, was gone to Inverness, to compliment the victorious general; "Rather," says his visiter, "from fear of mischief which this barbarous duke might do to him than from any attachment to the house of Hanover." That he had little attachment of that kind was convincingly proved, by the fact of his having at that moment under his roof three Gordons, who had recently fought for the Stuarts. He had left at home his son, who, unlike the father, seems to have been at least a very cold-blooded personage, if not absolutely treacherous. He laboured hard to persuade Johnstone to surrender himself to the duke; and he urged, as his reason for so doing, that it was impossible to escape, and that those who surrendered earliest could scarcely fail of being pardoned. He was, he said, but lately come back from Inverness, whither he had conducted Lord Balmerino, to whom he had given the same advice. This goodly advice brought the brave peer to the scaffold, and would probably have brought Johnstone to the gibbet had he followed it. But the fugitive had no confidence in the mercy of the government. He replied, that he trembled at the very idea of being ironed in a dungeon, that he would preserve his liberty as long as he could, and that, when he could no longer keep out of the Duke of Cumberland's clutches, that general might do what-

ever he liked to him, and he would then meet his fate with due resignation.

Though the visit to Rothiemurchus failed in its object, it produced a change in the plans of Johnstone. The Gordons had resolved to go to their estates in Banffshire, and they proposed that he should accompany them. He acceded to their proposition, for two reasons. The shepherd scheme had already begun to appear unfeasible, because it would keep him in perpetual suspense, and because he was entirely ignorant of the language of the Highlands—a circumstance which might lead to his being detected. On the other hand, by accompanying the Gordons, he would have an opportunity of consulting with his brother-in-law, Rollo, who was settled in the town of Banff, as government inspector of merchant vessels, and who, he hoped, would find him the means of escaping from Scotland.

The travellers halted for the first night, and the next day, at a friend's house near the mountain of Cairngorm. That mountain is celebrated for producing a variety of beautiful rock crystals, particularly a species of topaz. Johnstone had formerly made a collection of these, but had never been on the spot whence they came, and he now resolved to explore the mountain, and search for crystals. Having succeeded in finding several topazes, he returned to dinner. "When my friends," says he, saw me enter with a large bag of flints, they burst into a loud laugh; and Gordon of Park exhorted me, very seriously, to think rather of saving myself from the gallows, than of collecting pebbles: my mind was, however, as much occupied as theirs with our unfortunate situation, and the scaffold was as deeply imprinted on my imagination; but I knew, at the same time, that the possession of a few stones could not hasten my destiny, if it were my fate to be hanged; whilst the search after them dissipated, for a moment, those ideas which entirely engrossed my companions in misfortune."

On the fourth day after their departure from Rothiemurchus, the fugitives entered the county of Banff. The people of Banffshire being all rigid presbyterians, and consequently hostile to the Jacobites, it became necessary for the party to separate, and for each to disguise himself. At the house where they slept on the third night, Johnstone exchanged his laced Highland clothes with the servant, "for an old labourer's dress, quite ragged, and exhaling a pestilential odour, which, according to all appearance, had only been used for several years, when he cleaned the stables of his master; for it smelt so strongly of dung as to be absolutely infectious at a distance." The shoes and stockings were of a piece with the rest of this foul and tattered equipment. The new wearer, however, wisely comforted himself with the idea that "these rags were to contribute to save his life."

At night, in pursuance of an invitation which he had received at parting, Johnstone went to the house of Gordon of Park, which was conveniently situated for an interview with his brother-in-law, Rollo, it being only about four miles from the town of Banff. There he was strongly dissuaded from venturing into the town, which was occupied by four hundred English soldiers. But, as he thought that everything depended upon seeing Rollo, he resolved to run the risk. He had soon the satisfaction to find that his disguise was complete; he met a number of soldiers, but not one of them took the slightest notice of him. It was well that his own ireful feelings did not betray him, for he owns that his blood boiled in his veins at the sight of the troops, and that, as he went on his way, he was employed in earnestly praying to God to give but a single opportunity of taking vengeance on them for their cruelties at Culloden, after which he "should die tranquil and contented."

In this mood he reached the house of Mr. Duff, a

secret partisan of the Stuarts, whom prudence had kept from joining in the recent enterprise. Duff did not at first know him, and when he did recognise him he was so much affected that he burst into tears. He sent immediately to Rollo, but that gentleman was absent, and Johnstone was consequently obliged to stay at Banff till the next morning. He had passed a sleepless night, and risen at dawn, and was sitting in his rags, gloomily meditating, when the servant-maid rushed in, declaring that he was undone, for the court-yard was full of soldiers, who were come to seize him. He ran to the window, and saw that the soldiers were really below. The maid, he instantly supposed, had a soldier for her sweetheart, and had betrayed him. Seating himself again in his chair, he considered himself as lost, but was, nevertheless, determined not to be lost without a struggle to prevent it. Holding a pistol in each hand, he kept his eyes fixed upon the door, intending to dart upon his enemies when they entered, and endeavour to break through. For a quarter of an hour he sat in a state of violent agitation. At length the door was opened, and he sprang forward. To his great surprise, and greater delight, no enemy met his gaze, but only the youngest Miss Duff, a beautiful girl of eighteen, who came, out of breath, to tell him that he was in no danger, the soldiers having entered the court-yard only to settle a quarrel by a boxing-match, after which they had all gone off together. So overjoyed was he at this welcome intelligence, that he seized her in his arms, and almost smothered her with kisses.

The alarm was scarcely over before his brother-in-law, Rollo, came to see him. Independent of the relationship between them, Rollo was under obligations to Johnstone, and was perhaps indebted to him for his life, Johnstone having dissuaded him from taking a part in the rebellion. Yet, regardless of gratitude, and even of common hu-

manity, he now proved recreant to his relative and friend. Profuse of barren protestations and good wishes, he positively refused to act. It was, he said, impossible to procure a passage to a foreign country, all the vessels being strictly scarched, and he therefore advised his brother-in-law to go back to the Highlands, that being the only course which was left for him to take. To this recommendation Johnstone indignantly replied, that he did not want his advice, but his assistance. After having staid with him about a quarter of an hour, during which time he seemed to be sitting upon thorns, Rollo went away, and Johnstone never more saw or heard from him. This selfish and cowardly creature soon after succeeded to the title and estates of Lord Rollo, his father.

In the evening, Johnstone returned to the house of his friend Gordon, of Park. There he sat up all night, conversing on his affairs with Mrs. Menzies, the cousin of Mr. Gordon. To have gone to bed would have been imprudent, as fears were entertained that a party of English soldiers might arrive in search of his host. On his telling Mrs. Menzies that he had made up his mind to gain the low country, and approach Edinburgh, so as to be able to receive succour from his kindred, she earnestly entreated him not to attempt such a desperate undertaking. She reminded him that he was at a great distance from the Scottish capital; that all the counties through which he must pass were inhabited by fanatical presbyterians, who made it a sport to go in chase of fugitives; and that it was not practicable to cross two intervening arms of the sea without a passport, the shores being constantly patrolled, and the neighbouring villages searched, by parties of English cavalry. But her arguments and remonstrances were in vain; he firmly persisted in his intention. "I resolved," says he, "to consider myself in future as a lost man, against whom there were a

thousand chances to one that he would end his days on a scaffold; but in favour of whom there was still one chance remaining; and I determined, therefore, to abandon myself wholly to Providence, and trust rather to accident than to any certain resource; to preserve, on all occasions, the coolness and presence of mind which were absolutely necessary to extricate me from the troublesome encounters to which I should be exposed, and to enable me to avail myself of the favourable opportunities which might present themselves. Such were my resolutions, and I was determined to carry them into execution, and to think of nothing which might divert me from my purpose." His design was daring, perhaps rash, but the spirit in which it was to be executed is marked by good sense and considerate courage.

Finding that nothing could shake his resolve, Mrs. Menzies furnished Johnstone with a letter of recommendation to a Mr. Gordon, who resided about twelve miles from Park, and gave him a guide to conduct him within sight of the mansion. Gordon was gone out, but was expected back shortly, and the fugitive was superciliously told that he might go into the kitchen, and warm himself. He found a number of servants near the fire, whom his ragged appearance by no means prepossessed in his favour. These actors of high life below stairs kept him standing for a long while, before they admitted him to the honour of a seat, and then, for two hours, tormented him by incessant questions and remarks. "One lackey," says he, "asked me if I had been long in the service of Mrs. Menzies? I answered, with an air of the utmost humility and submission, that I had not yet been two months. A chambermaid whispered to a lackey sufficiently loud to allow me to hear her, that Mrs. Menzies ought to be ashamed to send a servant with commissions to her master so shabbily dressed." He was at last delivered from their impertinence by the re-

turn of Mr. Gordon. That gentleman was much affected by the situation of his new guest, brought him refreshment secretly, and then supplied him with a guide to his estate of Kildrummy, which was sixteen miles further on the road to the Frith of Tay. He also sent an order to Kildrummy, to provide the fugitive with another guide, to pilot him across the Grampians, as far as Cortachy, on the right bank of the South Esk. At the miserable village of Kildrummy, Johnstone supped on a roasted fowl, which he relished so well that he ordered another to be prepared for his next day's repast, and for these, and his straw-bed, the cottager's wife considered sixpence to be a magnificent remuneration.

At Cortachy Johnstone had little to fear from treachery, nearly the whole of the inhabitants having been in Prince Charles Edward's army, with Lord Ogilvie, their chief. He accordingly entered a public-house, and fearlessly made himself known to the landlady. She informed him, that two of his companions in misfortune were at that moment concealed in Glen Prossen. This glen is a long, narrow, and retired valley, between two ramifications from the Grampian chain, and is watered by a small stream which gives name to it. Johnstone proceeded towards the glen, and, about two miles from Cortachy, he reached the house of a peasant named Samuel, where he found the two officers, Messieurs Brown and Gordon, who had made their escape from Carlisle. By them he was told that every point on the Frith of Tay was so diligently watched as to render the passage impossible, and they mentioned the names of several friends who had been seized at the nearest ferry. This had induced them to desist from their purpose of going to Edinburgh; and they earnestly entreated them to follow their example, and remain for a while in Glen Prossen. "However desirous I was to reach Edinburgh," says he, "I did not

wish to throw away my life with blind precipitancy. My situation was then so critical, that the least false step or error of judgment, was sure to cost me my life. I therefore took their advice, and consented to remain with them at Samuel's."

Samuel, though exceedingly honest, was exceedingly poor, and the fare which he set before his guests was not of a nature to pamper their appetites. The only food of the family was oatmeal; the only drink was drawn from the rivulet which flowed past their door. Breakfast consisted of oatmeal bread, washed down with the pure element; dinner was oatmeal, boiled to a consistency, and eaten with horn spoons; and for supper, boiling water was poured upon the meal in a dish. Such was the invariable routine. Some palatable addition might, indeed, have been procured from Cortachy; but to send for it would have been dangerous, as any change in Samuel's well-known mode of living would have excited suspicion, and might have come to the knowledge of some of the numerous cavalry detachments which passed through the village. These detachments were a fertile source of alarm to the fugitives, who were occasionally obliged to fly to the mountains, and spend the night in the open air, even during violent tempests of wind and rain. Their sentinel was a married daughter of Samuel's, who lived at the entrance of the glen, and to her credit it must be said that she was for ever on the alert.

When the party had been seventeen days at Samuel's, their female sentinel came with the painful intelligence that various detachments were hovering round the place, that they had seized several eminent Jacobites, and had searched the castle and village of Cortachy in the hope of finding Lord Ogilvie. In fact, though the fugitives did not know it till a later period, the English parties had been informed of their having taken refuge in the glen,

and intended to hunt them down. What they had heard was, however, sufficient to make them change their quarters. A consultation was held, and it was unanimously resolved, that they would set off from Samuel's at three the next morning, take shelter in the highlands, and dwell for some time among the rocks. As they would for one while have no chance of sleeping under a roof, they retired to bed at eight o'clock, that, as Johnstone jocosely says, they might "lay in a stock of sleep before their departure."

The abandonment of Johnstone's recent resolution, and his reverting to his original plan, were the result of that night's sleep. He shall himself give his reason for the change, if reason it can be called. The statement is curious, and will show by what airy trifles the mind can be influenced when it is in a disturbed state. "I never gave credit to the stories of supernatural interference, which abound in every country, and with which men are deceived from their infancy. These stories are generally the creation of overheated imaginations, of superstitious old women, or of disordered intellects. This night, however, I had so extraordinary and so incomprehensible a dream, that if any other person had related it to me I should have treated him as a visionary. However, it was verified afterwards to the letter; and I owe my life to the circumstance of my having been so struck with it, incredulous as I was, that I could not resist the impressions which it left upon my mind. I dreamed that having escaped the pursuits of my enemies, and being in the complete enjoyment of seeing myself out of danger, and in a situation of the most perfect security, with a serene and quiet mind—in short the happiest of men, having escaped death on the scaffold, and being at the end of my troubles and sufferings—I happened to be at Edinburgh, in the company of Lady Jane Douglas, sister of the Duke of Douglas, to whom I was relating everything that had

occurred to me since the battle of Culloden, and detailing all that had taken place in our army since our retreat from Stirling, with the dangers to which I had been personally exposed in endeavouring to escape a death on the scaffold, the idea of which haunted me incessantly up to that happy moment which poured into my soul the salutary balm of the sweetest tranquillity.

"When I awoke, at six o'clock in the morning, this dream had left such a strong impression upon my mind, that I thought I still heard the soft voice of Lady Jane Douglas, vibrating in my ears. All my senses were lulled in a state of profound calm, while I felt, at the same time, a serenity of soul, and tranquillity of mind, to which I had been a stranger since the fatal epoch of our misfortunes. All the particulars of my dream were present in my imagination, and deeply engraven in my memory; and my mind remained a long time in that state of flattering, sweet, and mild repose, in which my dream had left it, from the idea of having effected my escape."

Johnstone was lying motionless in this state of reverie when his host entered, to say that the two officers had set off to the mountains at three o'clock, leaving for him a direction to their hiding-place. Samuel had been twice to awake him, and had forborne to disturb his sound sleep, which he rationally thought would help him to bear the subsequent fatigue; but now it was necessary that his guest should depart, as, imagining them all to be gone, his daughter, he said, might, perhaps, be less punctual in announcing the arrival of detachments.

"I am going to Edinburgh, Samuel," replied Johnstone, with the utmost gravity. This speech made Samuel stare, and entertain strong doubts of the speaker's sanity. "My good sir, excuse me," said he, "but are you right in your head?" Johnstone assured him that his brains were in perfect order, though he certainly intended to

set out for Edinburgh that very evening; and he requested him to give notice to his daughter, that she might continue her watch. Samuel ventured to argue and remonstrate, but was silenced by his guest peremptorily declaring that his resolution was unchangeable.

The day seemed insufferably long to the fugitive. His mind was in a perpetual whirl. All the perils of his undertaking presented themselves clearly to his mental sight, yet nothing could shake his determination that he would go to Edinburgh or perish in the trial. His idea of the fanatical population through which he must pass, of the numerous English parties which he might encounter, and of the risk which he ran of being detected in his attempt to cross the frith, was extremely vivid, but it was overpowered by the remembrance of his dream. "My mind," says he, "was so filled with my dream, that if all the world had endeavoured to dissuade me from my purpose it would have been unavailing."

Though he thoroughly disapproved of the enterprise, Samuel consented to be Johnstone's guide as far as Broughty, about twenty miles distant, on the Frith of Tay. On their way thither they would have to pass through Forfar, a town which the fugitive stigmatises as execrable and infernal, and its inhabitants as worthless, because they were remarkable for their fiery zeal in the cause of the government. That these worthless folks might be fast asleep when he passed through their town, Johnstone did not set out from Cortachy till late in the evening. He was well mounted on a horse, once belonging to a Jacobite, which he had luckily found deserted some time before, and Samuel was seated behind him. Among Samuel's merits, courage was certainly not to be numbered. The moment they entered that "abominable place" called Forfar, a dog began to bark, and Samuel began to manifest unequivocal signs of panic terror. He endeavoured to throw himself off the horse that he might

run away, but his companion kept fast hold of him by the skirts of his coat. He continued to struggle violently without being able to break loose. It was to no purpose that Johnstone by turns reasoned with, reproached, and threatened him. Fear had wholly overcome the poor highlander, and he perspired at every pore, and trembled as though he had an ague fit. That Johnstone should retain his grasp of him was of the utmost importance; for he knew not a single step of the road, and could not even have found his way back to Cortachy, without making inquiries at the villages, and thus exposing himself to be captured. "I now clapped spurs to my horse," says he, "and gallopped through Forfar at full speed, to extricate myself as soon as possible from this troublesome crisis, retaining, always, fast hold of his coat. As soon as we were fairly out of the town, as no persons had come out of their houses, poor Samuel began to breathe again. When he came to himself, he made a thousand apologies for his fears, and promised me, upon his word, that he would never allow himself to get into such a plight again, whatever might happen."

Day broke when they came within four miles of the ferry at Broughty. As it would be impossible to convey the horse over the frith, Johnstone offered it to his guide. The wary Samuel, however, refused to accept the dangerous gift. He judiciously remarked, that his neighbours would suspect him of having received it from some rebel whom he had assisted, and that, if he were informed against, the horse would infallibly be sufficient evidence to hang him. This being the case, Johnstone threw the saddle and bridle into a draw-well, and turned the beast into a field at some distance, that he might be supposed to have strayed. They had some trouble in getting rid of the good-natured animal, for he persisted in following them like a dog.

Before they had walked onward a quarter of an hour,

they met with a friend of Samuel, who poured forth a volley of questions as to his destination, business, and companion. Remembering Samuel's recent display of poltroonery, Johnstone was in no small alarm, lest he should unwittingly peril him on the present occasion. His fears were groundless; Samuel now had his wits about him; and, with exemplary coolness and seeming verity, he unhesitatingly replied, "I am going to bring home a calf, which I left to winter in the Low Country last autumn; and, as to the young man with me, as he was without bread, I have taken him out of charity, and he serves me for his victuals. I intend sending him back with the calf, whilst I go myself to Dundee to buy a cow, to help to support my family during the summer." An alehouse being at hand, the two friends adjourned to it, and Johnstone was obliged to accompany them. He did not offer to sit down till his pretended master invited him. Samuel extolled his servant so highly, that the friend showed a great inclination to seduce the youth into his own service. When they had swallowed a considerable quántity of beer, during the drinking of which they lavished on each other the warmest assurances of friendship and mutual esteem, they separated, and, as soon as the friend was out of hearing, Samuel, to Johnstone's after astonishment, informed him that this man was one of the greatest knaves and cheats in the country, and that, if he had found out who the stranger was, he would undoubtedly have sold him to the gallows.

They had now come within two miles of the ferry, and the fugitive knew not as yet how he should cross it, or where he should apply for succour. At last, he asked Samuel whether there was any neighbouring gentleman, who was favourable to the Stuarts, but who had not openly declared himself in the present contest. His guide immediately pointed out Mr. Graham of Duntroon, whose castle was nigh at hand, and who answered precisely to

the description. Though Johnstone had never seen him, he had often heard his sister Rollo mention him, and he ventured to despatch Samuel to the mansion, to say that an unfortunate person wished to speak with him. Graham joined him without delay, in an inclosure filled with high broom, in which he had directed Samuel to conceal him. He readily promised to procure a boat for his visiter, apologised for not inviting him to the house, as he could not trust the servants, and begged him to say what he would prefer for breakfast. Johnstone laughing replied that, after having been dieted for seventeen days upon oatmeal and water, nothing that could be sent would come amiss to him. A copious breakfast was soon brought by the gardener, who was in Mr. Graham's confidence, and ample justice was done to it by the hungry guest.

Samuel was now dismissed, with a remuneration which far surpassed his hopes, and the wanderer stretched himself among the broom, and slept comfortably for two hours, at the expiration of which time Mr. Graham woke him up, with the cheering intelligence that boatmen were engaged to row him over the frith, about nine o'clock in the evening. The good news contributed to sharpen his appetite for an abundant dinner. After that meal was over, his host came with a bottle of excellent old claret, which they drank together, and the fugitive "then felt himself sufficiently strong and courageous to attempt anything." Mr. Graham next proceeded to explain the arrangements which he had made. Exactly at five o'clock his guest was to climb over the inclosure, at a certain spot, when he would see the gardener with a sack of corn upon his back, and was to follow him at a distance, till he entered a windmill; the place of the gardener would then be taken by an old woman, whom he was to follow in like manner to the village of Broughty, where the boatmen would be in readiness to convey him

over the frith. Johnstone set his watch by Mr. Gordon's, that no mistake might occur, and, after having wished him success, his host departed.

Johnstone kept the watch in his hand, counting the minutes, and thinking them intolerably long, till the appointed moment, when he scaled the wall, and followed in the track of the gardener. But, just as he reached the mill, he was puzzled by the appearance of three or four old women at once. His intended conductress, however, saw his embarrassment, and made a sign with her head, which he readily comprehended. They went on till, just as the sun was setting, they came to the top of the hill which looks down on the village of Broughty. There the old woman desired him to stop, while she went forward to see if all was prepared for his reception, and she charged him on no account to quit the spot where she left him. After having impatiently walked about for half an hour, he stepped into an adjacent ploughed field, and laid himself down in a furrow, on the brink of the hill, that he might see her as soon as she began to ascend. His removal saved his life. He had not been looking down more than five minutes, when the trampling of horses called his attention towards the road; and, on raising his head, he saw eight or ten horsemen pass by. The old woman came up shortly after; she was out of breath, screamed with joy when she saw him, and trembled all over like an aspen leaf. The horsemen, she said, were English dragoons, who had been strictly searching the village, and had so terrified the boatmen by their threats, that they now refused to carry him over. She owned that, on entering the public-house to speak to the boatmen, and finding it filled with soldiers, she had herself been so frightened that she knew not what she was about, and consequently forgot to hasten and warn him of the danger; a circumstance which doubtless would

have proved fatal to him had he not chanced to leave the road and stretch himself in the furrow.

The refusal of the boatmen to convey him was a severe blow to the hopes of the fugitive. He, however, resolved to proceed to the village, and endeavour to prevail on them to perform their contract, and he accordingly desired his companion to accompany him to the public-house where they were drinking. The old woman remonstrated, and suggested that it would be the wisest plan to return to Mr. Graham's. Her counsel was thrown away; Johnstone was inflexibly determined to go on, and at length she consented to accompany him, though with manifest repugnance.

The first words which Johnstone heard on entering the public-house seemed of favourable omen. Mrs. Burn, the landlady, whispered to him that he had nothing to fear in her dwelling, as her son had served, under Lord Ogilvie, in the Prince's army. She then pointed out to him the boatmen. Johnstone tried his eloquence, backed by tempting offers of reward, for a considerable time, without producing any effect; they were still in a tremble from the threats of the dragoons. Conjecturing, from certain glances, and other tokens, that the daughters of Mrs. Burn, two very beautiful girls, were objects of the boatmen's affection, he exerted himself in all possible ways to win them over to his interest. His efforts were successful, and the girls used all their influence to make their lovers aid the fugitive. The dastardly loons were, however, deaf to the pleadings and reproaches of the fair orators. At last, Mally Burn, the eldest of the girls, who was hardly eighteen, was so disgusted and irritated, that she exclaimed to her sister, "O Jenny! they are all despicable cowards and poltroons. I would not for the world that this unfortunate gentleman was taken in our house. I pity his situation. Will you take an oar? I will take another, and we will row him over ourselves, to the

eternal shame of these pitiful and heartless cowards." Jenny had no less spirit and humanity than her sister, and she readily agreed to the proposal. The pitiful and heartless cowards, as Mally very justly called them, heard all this, and yet remained rooted on their seats.

After having warmly clasped the two noble girls to his bosom, Johnstone took the oars on his shoulder, and proceeded to the boat with his deliverers. Taking one oar himself, he gave the other to one of the girls, who was to be relieved by her sister when she became fatigued. It was ten o'clock in the evening when they left Broughty, and before midnight they had effected their passage over the frith, which in that part has a width of between two and three miles. On their landing in Fife, the sisters put him into the road to St. Andrew's, and then bade him farewell; they obstinately refused to receive any reward for their services, but, while he was giving her a parting embrace, Johnstone "contrived to slip ten or twelve shillings into the pocket of the charming Mally."

He had now left behind him the first and smaller of the friths, but he still had to make his way through Fife, and to cross the wide frith of Forth; and at this moment he could not recollect the name of any gentleman in all Fife to whom he could appeal for assistance. At length, he thought of applying to Mrs. Spence, a relation, who lived at St. Andrew's, in the neighbourhood of which she had an estate. It was a fine star-light night, and he could easily discern his road. From the shore to St. Andrew's is only twelve miles, but, short as the distance was, it proved a terrible trial to him. Having hitherto travelled on horseback, he had not felt much inconvenience from his coarse stockings, and his heavy shoes, which had been clouted till the upper leather was as thick and as hard as the sole; but they now began to torture him almost beyond endurance. After having hobbled along till day-break, he sat down by the side of

a stream to bathe his feet, and found that his shoes were filled with blood, and his toes bruised and cut to the bone. He kept his feet for two hours in the water, during which time his mind was agitated by a multitude of contending emotions, and he was almost tempted to lay down the burthen of life. When he rose to continue his journey, he could hardly stand upright; the shoes and stockings were still rougher with hardened blood, and, when he attempted to stir, the pain went to his heart. Having, however, again bathed his feet, and softened the shoes and stockings by soaking them for half an hour, he was at last enabled to reach St. Andrew's. As soon as she recognised him through his disguise, Mrs. Spence gave him a warm reception, though she could not help regretting that he had come to a place where he was in so much danger, her house being watched with an eye of suspicion by her neighbours.

When she had recovered from her surprise and alarm, Mrs. Spence wrote a letter to the farmer who rented her estate in the neighbourhood, desiring that he would furnish the bearer with a horse, to proceed to Wemyss, that he might cross over to Edinburgh, with important papers, which were urgently required for a pending law-suit. Johnstone instantly set off. He was, however, woefully disappointed, and, as he says, "petrified," by the farmer's answer. "Mrs. Spence," said the godly husbandman, "may take her farm from me, and give it to whom she pleases, but she cannot make me profane the Lord's day, by giving my horse to one who means to travel upon the sabbath." It was labour lost for the fugitive to enlarge upon the great injury which the delay in sending the papers would probably inflict upon Mrs. Spence; the clodpole was deaf to reasons and remonstrances, and he was obliged to retire, without knowing whither to direct his course. After limping a little way, he came to a stream, by the side of which he stopped, to

rest himself, and bathe his feet, which were now covered with wounds, and streaming with blood. His mind, too, was on the rack. He had meditated for a long while, without being able to find any resource, when the thought came into his head, that Lord Rollo's castle might afford him an asylum. That castle was, indeed, twenty-five miles to the west of St. Andrew's, and, in his wretched plight, he would be several days in reaching it, as he must make short marches, sleep in the fields, and avoid towns and villages. He was about to proceed on this tedious journey, when, all of a sudden, he recollected that at Balfour, about two miles from Wemyss, there dwelt a chambermaid of his mother's, who had been treated very kindly by the family, and was married to George Lillie, gardener of Mr. Beaton, of Balfour. George, it is true, was a zealous presbyterian, eternally inveighing against the Pope and the Pretender; but Johnstone felt certain that, even should the gardener refuse to aid, he was not capable of betraying him. This recollection dispelled for a moment all his pains. He had eaten nothing since he left Duntroon, nor, in truth, had been disposed to eat; he now drew some bread and cheese from his pocket, and made a hearty meal. Wrapping his wounded toes in paper, and putting on his wet shoes and stockings, he proceeded on his way, and walked six miles without stopping. He was then compelled once more to bathe his bruised and lacerated feet in a brook. With much difficulty he went on for the remaining four miles, and reached Lillie's door at the moment when his strength was all but gone. He grasped the door with both hands, and could scarcely keep on his legs while he leaned against it.

The door was opened by Lillie, who did not recognise his visiter, put several hurried questions to him, and evidently had serious doubts as to his designs. Johnstone stepped over the threshold, lest he should be shut

out, and this movement made the gardener tremble. When he spoke again, the wife caught the sound of his voice, and exclaimed "Good God, I know him! quick! shut the door!" When he discovered who it was, Lillie clasped his hands, and lifted up his eyes; declaring, however, that he was by no means astonished, for he had been saying, the night before, that he was sure the person whom he now saw was along with "that accursed race," for so he uncourteously denominated the followers of the prince. "It is even so," replied Johnstone, "but at present, my good George, you must aid me in escaping the gallows!"

Though he abhorred the political principles of Johnstone, the worthy gardener did not suffer his humanity to be stifled by his hatred of jacobitism. He expressed much sorrow for the delinquent's situation, and promised to do all in his power to save him. He and his wife then dressed his hurts, and provided him with a supper, after which Lillie undressed and carried him to bed. Lillie also went to Mr. Beaton, with a message from the fugitive, and that gentleman desired that Johnstone would freely send for whatever he wanted. Lillie, however, prudently refused to take some articles which were offered, because he feared that, if they were seen by Mr. Beaton's servants, suspicion might be excited.

So exhausted was the fugitive that he slept an unbroken sleep of nearly twenty-four hours. He awoke much refreshed; and a roasted fowl, which the goodwife put down to the fire as soon as he opened his eyes, and then served up to him in bed, contributed to recruit his strength. Lillie dressed his wounds, and Mrs. Lillie gave him his stockings in a very improved state, she having cut off the coarse feet, and replaced them by others of a softer material. They now began to consult as to the means of his escape. The mother-in-law of Lillie kept a public-house in the village of Wemyss,

which was much frequented by fishermen, and he was of opinion that she might find some one among them who would convey the fugitive over the frith. They set out, therefore, for Wemyss, about half-past ten at night, Lillie supporting Johnstone, whom hope alone could have induced to put his crippled feet to the ground. The mother-in-law told them, that there was only one of the fishermen who could be relied upon, and he was a zealous Presbyterian, and an inveterate enemy of the Stuarts; she made, however, the consoling addition, that he might safely be applied to, as at all events he was too honest to betray them.

To the residence of this man, who, like Lillie's mother-in-law, was a public-house keeper, they accordingly proceeded. Poor Lillie, who feared to be reprobated for his apparent falling off from the right cause, was in a state of pitiable confusion. He hesitated, faltered, and looked extremely foolish. At length he recovered confidence enough to make known the case, and to represent, in really plaintive accents, that the father and mother of the youth, who was their only son, would certainly die of grief if he were taken, which he must be, should the fisherman decline to succour him. Salmon sternly replied, that none of "the accursed race of rebels" must expect assistance from him, but that he would do the youth no harm. Johnstone having offered him six guineas for a passage, the sturdy fisherman gave him a peremptory negative, and desired that he might hear no more upon the subject. Johnstone was not disheartened; he saw that he had to deal with an honest and disinterested man, and he could not believe him to be devoid of humanity. He requested that Salmon would drink a bottle of beer with them, and mine host complied with the request. Carefully avoiding even to hint a wish to obtain help from him, the fugitive managed so well as to excite the pity of Salmon, who lamented that "so fine a lad should

have been debauched and perverted by the worthless rebel crew." At last his kindly feelings completely overcame his abhorrence of rebels, and he offered to give Johnstone a passage in his boat the next morning; for which important service he declined to receive any reward whatever.

As Salmon was not the sole owner of the boat in which the fugitive was to cross the frith, he explained to him the manner in which it would be necessary for him to act when he came in the morning to the beach to ask for a passage. In the meanwhile he advised him to conceal himself in an extensive cavern near the sea-side, which bears the name of the Court Cave, in consequence of an adventure which happened in it to King James the Fourth of Scotland. Johnstone threw himself on the ground with a pistol in each hand, and dropped asleep. He had slumbered about an hour, when he was abruptly roused by a variety of incomprehensible and alarming sounds, which were sometimes remote and sometimes close at hand, and seemed to be produced by objects that moved with extreme velocity. Sleep was effectually banished by them, and after a fruitless attempt to discover the cause, he went to the mouth of the cave and watched for the boat. It came at length, and he proceeded to the beach. It unfortunately happened, that so few fish had been caught, that Salmon's companions, not thinking it worth while to take them to Leith, had sold them to another boat. Johnstone, as he had been instructed to do, asked if they would take him to Leith on being paid for their trouble, to which Salmon replied, that they would willingly do it, and he joined his companions in settling the fare, which was finally fixed at the moderate sum of half-a-crown.

But just at the moment when Johnstone, with his heart full of joy, was about to step into the boat, he met with a terrible disappointment. Swearing and bawling

at the top of her breath, Salmon's wife came running to the water's edge, and declared that her husband should not go to Leith that day. He had sold his fish, she said, and had no business there; and as to the stranger, there was something very mysterious in the business, which was beyond her comprehension. The brutal termagant threw out so many hints and surmises about Johnstone, that he thought it best, with seeming indifference, to relinquish his purpose. Salmon proposed that they should take a bottle of beer together, to which he agreed. The honest fellow made this proposal only that he might have an opportunity of returning a guinea, which Johnstone had in a manner forced upon him when they parted at the cave the night before. Slipping it into his hand, he said, "You see, sir, I am not the master. I wish, with all my heart, that you may have the good-fortune to escape, and I am extremely sorry that I have not the means of contributing to it."

Fearing that the language which the shrew had used might induce some person to watch him, Johnstone, instead of returning directly to the house of Mrs. Lillie's mother, proceeded along the sea-shore, and having first satisfied himself that no one saw him, he again entered the cavern. Curiosity, too, had a share in prompting this second visit; he wished to discover the origin of the strange sounds which he had heard. "I advanced," says he, "about thirty or forty paces in the dark, having even lost sight of the entrance, when the same loud noise was renewed. On clapping my hands and shouting, the noise increased a thousand-fold, and absolutely stunned me. I even felt the wind caused by the rapid movement of these unknown objects, which incessantly approached quite close to me, as if with an intention to attack me. I drew back till I could see the light from the entrance of the cavern, when I began to clap my hands and redouble my shouts, and then I saw numberless owls

and other birds fly out. The terrible noise of these birds cannot be compared to any sounds which I have ever heard. Their screams, and the noise of their wings while flying, were confounded together by the echo of the cavern, and formed together a noise that pierced my very ears; and the impetuosity of their flight resembled a tempest."

Returning to the house of Mrs. Lillie's mother, Johnstone related to her his misadventures, and begged her to find some other person to assist him. Without answering a word, she went out, and came back with a stranger, whom she introduced as one of King George's custom-house officers, and whom she immediately informed that her guest had been with Prince Charles. Johnstone stared, and was in doubt whether he ought to ascribe her conduct to madness or treachery; but she quickly set him at ease by telling him that the gentleman had fought for the Stuarts in 1715, and was still devoted to them, though the loss of his property had compelled him to take an humble employment under the present government. This gentleman, on hearing Johnstone's wishes, fetched a non-juring sexton, named Cousselain, who said that he would willingly take an oar, if anybody could be found to join him, and he offered to conduct Johnstone to Dubbieside, about two miles from Wemyss, to the house of Mr. Robertson, a Jacobite, who he thought would lend his boat. They set off accordingly. As they had to pass through "two bad villages," Johnstone, in case of being questioned, was to call himself John Cousselain, a weaver of Culross. The fugitive was much disconcerted by the new character which was assigned to him; he had acted the part of a servant with tolerable success, but he feared that, if put to the proof, he should fail in that of a weaver. He, however, was not reduced to the necessity of playing it, as no one accosted them. When Mr. Robertson was asked for the loan of his boat,

he smiling replied, that, though he would not lend it, he would allow Cousselain to carry it off, if another rower could be found; and, on the subject of getting one, he advised them to apply to Mr. Seton, a neighbour, whose eldest son had been in Prince Edward's army, and intimate with Johnstone.

Mr. Seton's son was at that time concealed in his father's house, and having peeped through a hole in the wainscot, he recognised his friend, and invited him to remain there till he could find means to cross the frith. Eight days passed away without Cousselain being able to procure a comrade. On the eighth day a circumstance occurred which compelled both the fugitives to decamp. While cheapening fish, Miss Seton happened to ask the fishwoman whether there was any news. The woman answered, that there was great talk about a rebel, who was daily seen hovering along the coast, and offering the boatmen a large sum of money for a passage, and that, some day or other, he would certainly be caught. As it was probable that Mr. Seton's house would be searched, the two companions in misfortune thought it wise to depart; young Seton took refuge at a friend's, and Johnstone, loath to retreat instead of advancing, determined to make one strenuous effort to get over the water that night, and to return to Lillie's should that effort be unavailing. Cousselain was hastily sent for, but he had not yet found an associate. Johnstone was so exceedingly chagrined by the disappointment, that his friend Seton's younger brother, who was only eighteen, but had been at sea, kindly offered to assist in rowing him over the frith. The offer was gratefully accepted. At nine o'clock, Johnstone, Cousselain, and Seton, proceeded to the beach. Unluckily, the noise which Cousselain made in helping to launch the boat alarmed the villagers, and a cry was raised that a rebel was escaping. They contrived, however, to retreat unseen; Johnstone all the

while furiously reproaching Cousselain for his stupidity and carelessness. Still he was resolved not to desist, though all the Seton family urged him to postpone his attempt till the following night. He appeared to be possessed with an idea that now or never the business must be done. He gave Cousselain some money to purchase refreshments, and told him to be in readiness at ten o'clock. Cousselain came back punctually, but in such a state that he was a nuisance instead of a help; he had contrived to get so drunk that he could hardly stand.

An insurmountable obstacle seemed thus to be thrown in the way of Johnstone's project. He was, nevertheless, bent upon persevering. He would, he said, take one of the oars himself, and, as Cousselain's aid was wanted only to bring the boat back, he might sleep and become sober during the passage. Thus saying, he took the drunken man on his back, and stretched him on the bottom of the boat. He and Seton then silently launched the skiff, and began to row with all their might. "As soon as we were about fifty paces from the shore," says Johnstone, "and safe from any disturbance on the part of the inhabitants, I began to breathe again, and felt as though my heart were relieved from a heavy load." So overjoyed was he at having carried his point, that he was almost insensible to the peril of his situation, which was not inconsiderable. A strong easterly wind arose, and a heavy swell rolled into the frith, from the German Ocean. Every wave threatened to ingulf their fragile bark, and it was only by dint of the utmost care that they could prevent her from being swamped. Their danger was fearfully increased by their drunken companion. He was incessantly trying to rise from his recumbent position, and was several times within a hair's breadth of oversetting them. In self-defence they were at last obliged to kick him unmercifully, and threaten to throw

him overboard, if he persisted in being unruly. By this means they succeeded in quieting him for the remainder of the voyage. Though they "rowed like galley-slaves," the gale and the swell were so powerful, that it was six o'clock in the morning before they reached the southern side of the frith, in the neighbourhood of Preston Pans. The direct course from Dubbieside was about fifteen miles; the course which the wind and the ebbing tide obliged them to take must have been much more. Johnstone landed in high spirits; he had safely got over both friths, and all his remaining difficulties seemed in comparison light. "I tenderly embraced young Seton," says he, "thanking him, from the bottom of my soul, for the essential services he had rendered me; and I gave Cousselain, who began to become sober, a gratification beyond his hopes. They reimbarked immediately, to return to Dubbieside, whilst I made all the haste I could from the sea-shore, lest some countryman should have seen me land."

Johnstone's feet were by this time pretty well recovered; but, swelled and bleeding from the unaccustomed exertion of rowing, his hands were nearly as bad as his feet had been. He, however, did not much mind being lame in his hands for a few days, as he had not so much occasion for them. He was at this moment on the spot where the victory of Preston Pans was gained; and, as he dared not move towards Edinburgh till it was dark, he resolved to pass the whole day on the field of battle, "in order to tranquillise his mind, and soften a little the rigours of fate, by reflections on the past." To this shadowy gratification he added the more substantial one of dining on bread and cheese, and a bottle of Canary wine, which Mr. Seton had made him take at parting; and, to give his repast a greater zest, he ate it on the very place where he had enjoyed the pleasure of seeing several hundred English prisoners guarded by eighty

Highlanders—a pleasure which the partisans of the Stuarts were doomed to enjoy no more.

Fearing to be recognised if he ventured into Edinburgh, Johnstone resolved to seek an asylum in Leith, at the house of his old governess, Mrs. Blythe, who had been twenty-two years in the family, received him from his nurse when he was only twelve months old, and loved him with the warmest affection. She was now the wife of a man who had been master of a small coasting vessel, and acquired a tolerable fortune by smuggling. He was a presbyterian, and a determined anti-jacobite, but too kind-hearted to be treacherous. On the fugitive entering her house, Mrs. Blythe sprang to his neck, clasped him in her arms, and shed a flood of tears. As none of his family knew what had become of him since the battle of Culloden—for Rollo had never mentioned his interview with him—the worthy woman, when she was somewhat recovered from her agitation, hastened to his father and mother, to make known his arrival. While she was gone, her husband showed him the hiding-places in which he had formerly stowed contraband goods, and told his guest that, now he had seen them, he would know where to take refuge, in case of the house being searched. Mrs. Blythe soon returned loaded with articles of clothing, and Johnstone joyfully threw off the filthy rags which had so long disguised him.

In the morning his father came to see him. The young man had feared that he should meet with severe censure from his parent, in opposition to whose will he had clandestinely left his home, and joined the prince. The fond father was, however, too happy to see again his lost child to think of reproaching him. But Johnstone had the grief to learn that his mother, who had always doted upon him, was dangerously ill; and, though his father concealed the fact, he learned from Mrs. Blythe that his mother's malady was brought on by

anxiety about his fate. He was eager to fly to her, but his father would not hear of it: his son, he said, would run great risk of being discovered, and, if he should unfortunately chance to be arrested, it would bring both his parents to the grave. Johnstone, therefore, reluctantly abandoned his design.

Though comfortably housed, and comparatively safe, Johnstone was not free from alarms. Leith was then full of English and Hessian troops, who were about to embark for Flanders. This was not a pleasant circumstance. One day two English serjeants called on Mr. Blythe, with billets for lodging. Blythe claimed an exemption from receiving them, and the serjeants remained in the house for an hour, wrangling upon the subject, before they would admit the validity of his claim. Johnstone was all the while watching them through a hole, which had been bored in a partition, and he could see Mrs. Blythe frequently change colour, turn pale, and tremble; a sight which was exceedingly annoying to him, as he feared that her anxiety might excite the suspicions of the soldiers, and thus lead to a search.

In the course of a day or two, he received a visit from Lady Jane Douglas, whom he designates as "his protectress from infancy." This amiable sister of the mad and malignant Duke of Douglas, came incognita, accompanied by another lady, and by Mr. Stewart, who subsequently became her husband. She made him relate all his adventures since the rout of Culloden. He was about to describe his dream to her, when he was stopped short by the consideration that it was "so supernatural and incredible," that she would perhaps "imagine he wished to palm fictions upon her." He therefore would not mention it, though he continued to be as fully convinced as ever that it was of no common kind. In truth, his situation at that moment was well calculated to

confirm his belief. When Lady Jane was told the affair of the two serjeants, she declared that he was no longer safe, and she offered him an asylum in her own house, which no one would dare to search upon mere suspicion. She desired that he would come that very night, dressed in the same rags that he had recently thrown off, as she wished to prevent him from being known on the road, as well as to gratify a wish to see him in his disguise.

About eleven at night, Johnstone reached Lady Jane's house, at Drumsheugh, a mile and a half from Leith. The gardener, who was the only one of the servants whom she could trust with the secret, was waiting for him. After having had an interview with his noble hostess, he was conducted to a remote room, which was never visited by any of the household. The first thing he did was to make his rags into a bundle, and beg the gardener to burn them in the garden, that he might be delivered from all fear of ever wearing them again. In this asylum Johnstone remained day after day, beguiling the time by reading, for which he contracted a taste, that was subsequently beneficial to him. He moved about the room without shoes till eleven in the evening, and then, the servants having retired to bed, he took a walk in the garden. He saw no one but the gardener, who brought his meals, and sometimes Lady Jane, but he could seldom enjoy the pleasure of her society, because she was in dread of the servants, especially of her inquisitive lady's-maid, who suspected a mystery, and rendered herself very troublesome by her impertinent curiosity. Yet he was not at all wearied by this monotonous existence.

Lady Jane and his father now consulted together, and agreed that it would be the safest plan for him to proceed to London, as there would be less chance of his detection in that immense labyrinth than in any other place. He

was on the point of departing, when intelligence arrived that France was fitting out a formidable expedition, under the Duke d'Anville, which was generally supposed to be meant for Scotland. The journey to London was consequently suspended, that he might be at hand to join the Prince and the French auxiliaries. The real destination of this unfortunate armament was America, where it met with nothing but disasters. In Scotland it might have done infinite mischief, for the cruelties which followed upon the success of Culloden had excited in thousands of hearts a spirit of deadly hatred and revenge.

After the fugitive had quietly spent two months under Lady Jane's hospitable roof, an event occurred which compelled him to resume his wanderings. A servant, who had been to Edinburgh to buy provisions, told her companions, when she returned, that, in the market, a footman, belonging to a commissioner of customs, had whispered to her, that "Johnstone was known to be hidden at Lady Jane's, and there was no doubt an instant search would be made for him." This unpleasant intelligence was immediately conveyed to Lady Jane by the gardener. How to dispose of the fugitive now became the question. There was no place in the house where he would be safe from a rigid search, and to go out of the house by the front door was impossible, as all the servants would see him. On his expressing to Lady Jane his regret, that she should be exposed to danger on his account, she spiritedly replied, "if there were no risk, you would be under no obligation to me." A refuge for him was at last found; he was taken into a recently mown field, and hidden in one of the large haycocks. A bottle of water and a bottle of wine were left with him, and Mr. Stewart occasionally came to him. From ten in the morning till nine at night, he continued pent up in the haycock. The weather was hot, and his

prison felt like an oven; he was bathed in sweat, intolerably cramped, and almost deprived of breath. So great were his sufferings that he was often tempted to throw off the hay, and run the chance of being seen, and he was deterred only by the dread of causing injury to the benevolent Lady Jane. When he was relieved at night, he was obliged to be supported into the house on the arm of Mr. Stewart.

Johnstone was now anxious to set off for London without delay. His father came to bid him farewell; but, to the great grief of the fugitive, he could not enjoy the happiness of being clasped in his mother's arms. His father and friends would not allow him to encounter the peril of being seen in Edinburgh. A stout pony was purchased for his journey to London, and also the garb of a pedlar, and a respectable stock of handkerchiefs to be produced upon occasion. A black wig, which hung down his shoulders, was put upon his head, and Lady Jane carefully blackened his eyebrows. His disguise was not a bad one, but was by no means so complete a metamorphosis as the beggar's dress, which he had consigned to the flames. Thus equipped, Johnstone departed from Drumsheugh, about eleven at night, accompanied by one of Lady Jane's servants, who was to travel with him for the first two leagues, in order to bring back word how the adventurer sped at his outset.

After sending back the servant, Johnstone pushed forward nearly twenty miles without stopping. He then drew up at a village inn, for the purpose of taking rest and refreshment. The landlady urged him to dine in the next room, with a gentleman, who had just arrived; and, suspecting that she had not the means of serving up separate dinners, he consented. When, however, he entered the room, he was startled to find that the gentleman was a violent partisan of the government,

one Mr. Scott, an Edinburgh banker, to whom he was well known by sight. Trusting to his disguise, he continued to play the part of a pedlar, till Mr. Scott addressed him by his name, and thus convinced him that his acting was fruitless. He therefore changed his plan, and endeavoured to mislead him as to the route he meant to take; for there were suspicious circumstances in the behaviour of Scott, which justified the fugitive in believing that, though he had nothing to fear at the moment, the banker would inform against him at Edinburgh. He consequently led him to suppose that he meant to sleep at Jedburgh, and he actually proceeded for some distance towards that town, after which he struck into a by-road, and regained the London road at Kelso. In Kelso he slept at a private house, and spent a melancholy day, "his mind being oppressed with and absorbed in the most distressing reflections." All the misery of for ever quitting his native land was overpoweringly present to him.

On the fourth day of his journey, when he was within two miles of Stamford, his alarm was again excited. A week before he left Lady Jane's house, he had been told that several waggons, filled with soldiers wounded at Culloden, had set off for London. He imagined, however, that they would be too far on their way for him to have a chance of coming up with them. It was, indeed, not desirable that he should encounter them, as they might contain individuals to whom he was known; it having been a usual trick for English prisoners to enlist in Jacobite regiments, that they might more easily escape to their own army. The weather being exceedingly hot, Johnstone had taken off his voluminous black wig, and his face was only partially concealed by his hat. At this moment he came suddenly upon some covered waggons, and heard a voice in one of them call out, "See! see! if there isn't a man on horseback as like

our rebel captain as one pea is like another!" Not appearing to hear them, he prudently kept on at the same pace till he was through Stamford, and then put spurs to his horse and galloped eight miles further, before he ventured to stop for the night. But his day's troubles were not yet ended. On arriving at the inn, his exhausted horse threw himself down in the stable, would neither eat nor drink, and seemed on the point of death. The fugitive began to entertain terrible fears that he should not have the means of proceeding, and that the waggons would overtake him. After a lapse of two hours, however, he had the satisfaction to find that his pony had recovered his vigour and appetite.

Under pretence of avoiding the heat, Johnstone took his departure at half-past two in the morning. It seemed as though he were destined to meet with alarms in his progress towards the metropolis. Just as the sun was rising, he saw a well-mounted man coming towards him across the fields, and clearing hedges and ditches with a boldness and facility which proved that he was accustomed to such work. On reaching the highway, he joined the fugitive, and endeavoured to enter into conversation with him; he had a wild and disturbed countenance, and kept glancing round him on all sides, as though he were apprehensive of pursuers. Johnstone suspected him, and no doubt justly, to be one of those "gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon," called highwaymen, who at that period swarmed upon the English roads. He was confirmed in this suspicion by the stranger's unconnected talk, and, still more, by his perpetually trying to get behind him — a manœuvre which the wary Scot took especial care to foil, keeping at the same time his right hand upon a pistol in his breeches' pocket, and looking with a determined aspect at his unwelcome companion. Apparently the pre-

sumed highwayman did not abound in courage, or, perhaps, he thought the value of the prey would not compensate for the danger, for, after having harassed the fugitive more than half an hour, he bade him good morning, and galloped off, over hedge and ditch, in the same style as he came. Johnstone was rejoiced to have avoided a contest which must inevitably have been disastrous to him; had he succeeded in shooting the robber, he could not have dared to appear before a magistrate, and had he been robbed, he would have lost the power of proceeding on his journey.

Johnstone had yet another trial of his patience to go through before his arrival in London. While he was dining at an inn, a person, who seemed to be an exciseman, came in, and unceremoniously seated himself at the same table. As soon as the stranger had satisfied his appetite, which was none of the smallest, he inquired about the rebels, asked if the fugitive had not slept at Stamford on the night before, told him he knew from seeing the pony, which was not of English breed, that the owner was from Scotland, and then went on to praise the mildness and moderation of the reigning monarch, and to inveigh against the Scots, for their folly in not being sensible of the blessing, and for their "hereditary spirit of rebellion." Johnstone, who was sorely afraid that this person was sent by the magistrates of Stamford, to keep him in sight till he could be conveniently arrested, had the prudence not to resent the attack upon his countrymen. He came from Annandale, he said, where they knew little about what was going on in the north of Scotland, and he had enough to do in minding his linen-drapery business, and did not trouble his head with state affairs. His persecutor then desired to see his goods, and the fugitive took the handkerchiefs out of the portmanteau, observing, at the same time, that he had sent his linen and other stock to London by sea. The sup-

posed exciseman chose a piece of the handkerchiefs, and, as Johnstone's friends had forgotten to mark any price on the article, (a forgetfulness which might, under some circumstances, have been of fatal consequence,) he was obliged to put a value on them at a venture. "On paying for them," says Johnstone, "he praised my probity, telling me that I was a conscientious young man, and that all the other Scots pedlars, who passed that road every day, were a set of arrant knaves, they having lately obliged him to pay, for the same goods, nearly the double of what I had demanded. He also made me take down the addresses of his friends in London, in order that they might obtain goods from me at the same price."

In the evening of the seventh day, after his departure from Edinburgh, Johnstone entered the British metropolis. His first adventure in London was not of an encouraging kind. He had a letter of introduction to a person, from whom all the service he desired was, to obtain for him furnished lodgings, that he might not run the risk of sleeping at the inn. This person declined to oblige him; and he rendered his refusal more painful, by telling the fugitive that the waiters at the inn where he had put up, were suspected of being employed as spies by the government, to give intelligence of all Scotchmen who arrived in London. This alarming news effectually spoiled Johnstone's repose for that night, and, when morning came, he sallied forth to look for lodgings. While he was occupied on this somewhat dangerous search, he "bethought himself of a female who kept a shop, who had had a great kindness for him," when he was formerly in London. Her affection, he thought, would be a sufficient guarantee for his life being safe in her keeping. To her abode he accordingly went, was instantly recognised, though he had been absent for six years, and was received

with undissembled pleasure. In her house he found the refuge which he so greatly needed.

This poor faithful female was, however, only one of his casual conquests; she possessed elevated sentiments and great gentleness of disposition, and consequently he could not help feeling a regard for her, but she had not his heart, that was given to another. In his former visit to London, he had been introduced to a young, beautiful, and accomplished girl, the niece of one of his friends. "This adorable beauty," says he, "reduced me, in a moment, to a situation which language cannot express. I could not tear my eyes from this charming object; and the more I admired her, the more the subtle poison entered into my soul. I was as in a fever; my respiration failed me; the rapid movement of my blood suffocated me, and my tongue could scarce pronounce a single monosyllable." This violent passion was gradually deadened by six years' absence from its object, but it was not extinguished, the fire still glowed beneath the embers. No sooner did he reach London than her image immediately presented itself to his mind, and his love revived with such ardour, that "the certainty of the consequence of a visit being death on the scaffold would not have prevented him from attempting to see her." He did see her, was invited by her uncle to be a constant guest at his house, joyfully availed himself of the invitation, and, ere long, had the happiness to learn that the heart of the beautiful Margaret was entirely his own. The humble female who had sheltered him was soon convinced by his coldness that gratitude was all he felt for her, and her worst fears were realised by a sight of the beautiful Margaret, whom a curious or jealous desire to see what kind of a woman his hostess was, induced to call unexpectedly at his lodgings. "My landlady," says he, "immediately reproached me, but without bitterness, observing that she was no longer astonished at my indif-

ference, now that she had seen the cause of it; that she could not blame me, as the lady was the most beautiful person she had ever seen; with the most engaging manners, and an affable air, full of goodness; adding, that she was certain no man could resist her charms."

This tribute to the fascinating power of her rival was sincerely paid by the luckless fair one; but, though the fugitive had great reliance on the sweetness of her disposition, he thought there was a chance that, in some moment of irritation, she might betray him, and he consequently resolved to shift his quarters. A new lodging was soon found, in the house of a hair-dresser, which had the merit of being near to the dwelling of his Margaret. He did not, however, wound the forsaken female by an avowal of his reason for departing, but assured her that he had found an opportunity of escaping beyond sea. "I immediately quitted my lodgings," says Johnstone, "after taking leave of this amiable woman, giving her all possible assurances of my gratitude and my eternal remembrance of the services she had rendered me. She embraced me with tears in her eyes, truly afflicted at our separation; and as my heart was not sufficiently hard to resist a beautiful woman in tears, I was very sensibly touched with her sentiments for me."

The pleasure which the fugitive enjoyed in the society of his beloved was now and then alloyed by painful sights and tidings. One morning, hearing a noise in the street, he approached the window, and witnessed a scene which was well calculated to shake his nerves. Twelve of his former companions were proceeding to Kennington Common, to meet death on the scaffold. A severer blow was given to him shortly after. A relation having just come up from Scotland, Johnstone went to visit him. This person began, in a very cool and common-place manner, to condole with him on the loss he had sus-

tained. Thinking that this referred to what he had suffered for joining the Prince's standard, he paid little attention to what the speaker said. His relative, however, startled him from his apathy, by abruptly telling him, that his mother and his sister Rollo had both died since his flight from Scotland. His mother's last words were, "I now die contented and happy, since I know that my poor dear son is safe." The sudden shock was too much for Johnstone. He rushed down stairs, and into the coach which was waiting for him, and fainted before he reached home. On recovering from his fit, he burst into a flood of tears, which somewhat relieved him. When he returned home, his landlord, a good-natured but an unintelligent man, so perseveringly tormented him, with those trite and vulgar topics of consolation which are more qualified to irritate than console, that Johnstone entirely lost his patience, and thrust him out of the room. Without taking off his clothes, he threw himself on the bed, and spent a sleepless night, in tears and sighs, lamenting his fate, and accusing himself of having, though innocently, been the cause of his mother's death. The morning brought a comforter; he was visited by his Margaret, and her tenderness and her judicious reasoning succeeded in calming his agitated mind. A day or two after this, the landlord, to atone for his late error, and amuse his lodger, invited him to join "a party of pleasure," which was going to a house on Tower Hill, to see the beheading of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. It will easily be imagined, that this friendly invitation was declined by the fugitive.

Enamoured to excess, Johnstone became insensible to the danger that surrounded him; he could not endure the thought of parting from Margaret. A safe opportunity of quitting the country was offered to him, and he rejected it. He would probably have lingered till he was lost, had he not been prevented by her disinterested

affection and firmness. A terrible alarm, which they both experienced, contributed to hasten his departure. While they were one day together alone, she suddenly became restless and embarrassed, and continually went in and out of the room, or kept her eyes turned towards the window. After having been repeatedly questioned as to the cause of her emotion, she told him that a man had for some time been walking backward and forward before the house, with his eyes fixed on the door, and that he had all the appearance of an officer of justice, commissioned to apprehend him. She had, she said, examined the house, from the cellar to the garret, and had found no place where her lover could possibly be concealed. Johnstone looked out of the window, saw the man watching, and agreed with Margaret that he had a most villanous countenance. While he was hesitating, as to whether he should remain in the house and wait the result, or instantly quit it, and trust to his sword and his heels, she clasped him tenderly round the neck, and exclaimed, "No, you shall not die on the scaffold! If I cannot succeed in saving you, through the interest of my friends, who are in favour at court, I will visit you in prison, the evening before the day of execution, with two doses of poison, and I will take one to set you an example how to make use of the other." The certainty of being thus snatched from public exposure on the scaffold would have been a consolation to him, but the bare idea of his Margaret expiring in the pangs of poison made him shudder. To avoid, if possible, such a catastrophe for either of them, he requested her to go with him, and examine the house once more. The survey ended in his finding a garret-window, through which he could pass to a neighbouring house. That he might not slip upon the slates, he took off his shoes, and put them into his pocket, and then grasped the window with both hands, in readiness to spring out

on hearing the signal, which Margaret was to give by ringing a small bell, as soon as the supposed enemy approached to knock at the door. He had been standing for a quarter of an hour in this awkward situation, when Margaret entered with a smiling face, and said, "Plague take them both! it is, I suppose, my chambermaid's sweetheart. She has just asked my leave to go out to walk, and the moment she was in the street she familiarly took hold of his arm."

Notwithstanding this fright, Johnstone would gladly have protracted his stay in England. Like the lover, in a poem which Coleridge many years ago repeated to me, he seems to have said, "I have heart enough to die, but O! not half enough to leave thee!" But Margaret loved him too well to indulge in the selfish pleasure of enjoying his society at the risk of his existence, and she was, therefore, anxious that he should get beyond the reach of his enemies. A favourable opportunity was soon offered for escaping. Having resolved to take up her abode in France, Lady Jane Douglas had procured a passport to Holland, for herself and servants. The passport contained the name of one servant more than she actually had, and under that name she intended to cover the flight of Johnstone. From Huntingdon, at which town she had stopped on her road to Harwich, she sent a messenger, to desire that the fugitive would join her there in the course of three days. So infatuated was he by his passion, that he declined her offer, on the false plea that his friends had provided him with several means of reaching the Continent, and that he was reluctant to expose her a second time to embarrassment, and perhaps to danger. When he informed Margaret of the proposal, she wept so bitterly, that, with the waywardness of a lover, he accused her of being either inconstant or indifferent. This pettish and unmerited reproach drew from the warm-hearted girl an avowal, that she was

willing to relinquish all her brilliant prospects, and share the ruined fortunes of an exile. She would, she said, disguise herself as a man, and take her passage in the same packet-boat with Lady Jane, without appearing to know him. Johnstone, however, was too honourable to expose her to such a severe trial. He hoped that, at no distant period, he should be able to obtain powerful patronage and advancement on the Continent, which would enable him to receive her hand without destroying her comfort; but he knew also, that there would be much to undergo before he could realise his expectations, and that there was a chance of failure; and he shrunk from the idea of plunging her into toil, want, and sorrow. He consequently met her proposal with a peremptory negative. A second attempt which she made, to win his assent, had no better success. But with Margaret his safety was the primary object; and, though she was precluded from going with him, she steadily insisted that he should go. Willingly would she sacrifice her happiness and tranquillity, she said, to see him out of danger. He yielded, but with almost invincible reluctance, to her arguments and entreaties.

They met once more—and it was for the last time! "I took leave of her uncle immediately after dinner, and went to meet my charming Peggy at a rendezvous which we had agreed on, to pass the few precious moments that were left us in some solitary walk out of town. This was the more necessary, as so affecting a separation would not admit of witnesses; and especially of her uncle, who had not the least suspicion of our sentiments. The afternoon, which was the most melancholy we ever knew, was spent in reciprocal vows and promises of eternal fidelity and constancy; nevertheless, it passed with the velocity of lightning. A hundred times I was tempted to renounce my intention of departing; and I had occasion for all the fortitude of my charming Peggy

to confirm me in my resolution. She accompanied me to the coach-office, where having remained together till half-past eight o'clock, she called a coach, and entered it more dead than alive.

"I followed her coach with my eyes, and when it altogether disappeared, my resolution then became weak and wavering. My first movement was to run to the room assigned me at the coach-office, with the intention of having my luggage carried back to my lodgings at the hair-dresser's, and feeling it impossible for me to support a separation, I renounced for ever the idea of it. Fortunately reflection came to my aid before my luggage was taken away, and I became sensible that such a singular step would open the eyes of her uncle, betray us, and involve us in the most unpleasant embarrassments. I therefore returned to my room, and threw myself down on my bed to wait for the departure of the diligence, giving myself wholly up to despair, and ready to sink under the load of my affliction. I passed in review, at the same time, all my various misfortunes, which crowded on my troubled mind painted in the most powerful colours. If I could have foreseen that this was the last time I should ever see her, no consideration on earth should have torn me from her, and rather than have left her, I should have coolly awaited the ignominious death with which I was every day threatened. Vain hopes! vain illusions! My life has been one continued and uninterrupted series, a perpetual concatenation of the effects of adverse fortune. The Supreme Being has assigned a fixed period for the dissolution of everything that is created of matter; but, if there be such a thing as immortality, our two souls will be eternally united."

With an aching heart, Johnstone set off at two in the morning for Huntingdon, which he did not reach till eight in the evening—for in those days the diligence, as

it was almost ludicrously called, was eighteen hours in performing a journey of less than sixty miles. His labour was lost; Lady Jane, who had received his rejection of her offer, had departed in the evening before his arrival. He posted after her, but it was not until sunset on the second day that he reached the shore of the estuary opposite to Harwich. A forty gun frigate was riding at anchor in the middle of the estuary. Johnstone endeavoured to get a passage over to Harwich, but was told that, to prevent smuggling, all crossing was strictly prohibited after sunset, that the frigate was stationed there to enforce the prohibition, and that disobedience would be punished by imprisonment. The captain of the frigate, who was drinking in the tavern, heard the dispute, and came out to inquire what was the matter. The fugitive stated, that he was the servant of Mrs. Gray (Gray was Lady Jane's travelling name), that he had been sent on business, and was alarmed lest she should sail before his return. As the captain had been in company with Mrs. Gray on the preceding evening, and been much pleased with her, he offered to take her servant on board the frigate, and forward him from thence to Harwich by the ship's boat. They had not got forty yards from the shore, when the captain pointed out in the boat a midshipman named Lockhart, and asked Johnstone if he knew the family in Scotland. This question excited no small terror in the fugitive, who imagined that young Lockhart, whom he happened to know, had recognised and betrayed him, and that the moment they reached the ship he would be seized and put in irons. Every yard that they neared the ship seemed to bring him nearer to the scaffold; but luckily he preserved his presence of mind, and answered all the captain's questions without any appearance of being disconcerted. His fears were at last dispelled. On reaching the ship, the captain invited him on board to drink a glass of wine; to

which he replied, that he had very important intelligence for his mistress, and that, if he staid to drink, he feared that she would be gone to bed. The captain admitted the excuse, ordered the sailors to land him in the town, and Johnstone with a lightened heart proceeded on his way.

After having been detained for two days at Harwich by the wind, the voyagers reached Helvoetsluys on the 3rd, and Johnstone could at length feel himself in safety. His subsequent life was a busy one, and clouded by misfortune. He entered the French service, endured many sufferings in it, was ill-treated by the ministry, and appears to have died in a state which bordered upon penury.

THE ESCAPE OF J. J. CASANOVA FROM THE STATE PRISON OF VENICE.

THE narrative of Casanova's incarceration in the state prison of Venice, and of his escape from thence, is, perhaps, one of the most interesting that has ever been made public. Remarkable as a man of talent, Casanova was at least as remarkable for his unbridled and unblushing libertinism. He seems to have been incapable of feeling shame for his misdeeds. The account which he has left of his own career, witty and animated as that account invariably is, almost tempts us to wish that the writer had found his Venetian jail impervious to his persevering efforts. He was, however, nŏt without some redeeming qualities; and we must bear in mind, as a palliation of his faults, that he lived in a corrupt age, and among a licentious people. He has been characterised, and not unaptly, as "a sort of Gil Blas of the eighteenth century."

Casanova, whose Christian name was John James, and who thought proper to add "de Seingalt" to his surname, was by birth a Venetian, but claimed to be descended from the ancient Spanish house of Palafox. Talent seems to have been largely bestowed upon his family; his two younger brothers, Francis and John Baptist, attained a high reputation as painters, and the latter is also advantageously known as a writer upon the pictorial art. John James was born at Venice in 1725, studied at Padua, and distinguished himself by his precocious abilities, and his rapid progress in learning. His wit and conversational powers made him a favourite guest among the patricians of his native city. He was designed for the church, and had the prospect of rising in it, but his amorous intrigues marred his fortune, and even brought imprisonment upon him. After a

variety of adventures, he embarked in 1743 for Constantinople, where he formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Bonneval. A quarrel at Corfu compelled him to return to Venice. There, for a while, he gained subsistence as a violin player. By a lucky chance he acquired the friendship of a rich and powerful Venetian. He happened to be present one day when the senator Bragadino was struck by a fit. Casanova boldly prohibited the use of the medicine which the physicians had prescribed, and by his own skill succeeded in recovering the patient. The grateful Bragadino took him into his house, and thenceforth seems to have almost considered him as a son. But the licentiousness of Casanova stood in the way of his permanent happiness. He was anew under the necessity of quitting his native place, and successively other cities which he visited, and he spent some years in wandering over Italy, and to Paris, devoting his time chiefly to gaming and to women.

Again Casanova found his way back to Venice, where his converse and his social powers procured for him a hearty welcome. But he did not long remain in safety. The malice of an enemy, aided by his own flagrant imprudence, at length brought him under the severe lash of the Venetian government. His dissolute character undoubtedly justified suspicion; he confesses, with a shameless candour, that "he was anything but pious, and that there was not a more determined libertine in Venice." It was, however, no love of morality that prompted the proceedings against him. Among the many individuals whom he had offended by his tongue, his pen, and his rivalry, there happened to be one of the state inquisitors, and that worthy personage availed himself of his office to take vengeance on the offender. Convenient witnesses were not difficult to be found in Venice. Three men came forward as Casanova's accusers, and in their depositions they mingled a small

portion of truth with much absurd falsehood. They swore that he ate meat on the prohibited days, and that he went to mass only to hear the music; two charges which no doubt were true. Their inventions were, however, more formidable than their facts. They swore that he was vehemently suspected of freemasonry; that the large sums lost by him in gaming he obtained by selling to foreign ambassadors the state secrets which he artfully wormed out of his patrician friends; and that he believed only in the devil—in proof of which last accusation they urged, that, when he lost his money at play, he never, as all good Christians did, gave vent to execrations against his satanic majesty. His addiction to magical and cabalistical studies was also adduced as evidence of his heretical guilt.

On the morning of the 25th of July 1755, the head of the Venetian police entered the chamber of Casanova, roused him from sleep, demanded his books and papers, and bade the astonished prisoner rise and follow him. When he was told that he was arrested by order of the tribunal of the State Inquisition, he acknowledges that, on hearing the name of the formidable tribunal, he was overpowered, and that his wonted courage gave place to the most implicit obedience. While the officer was securing the manuscripts and books, Casanova had his hair dressed, and put on a silken suit, as though he had been going to a ball instead of a prison. The papers and volumes, among the latter of which were his cabalistic books, being collected, he quitted the chamber with the head of the police, and was surprised to find that more than thirty policemen were in waiting. "Is it not," he sarcastically observes, "extraordinary that in England, where courage is innate, one man is considered sufficient to arrest another, while in my country, where cowardice has set up her home, thirty are required for the purpose? Probably a coward is still more one when

he attacks, than when he is attacked, and that makes the person assaulted bolder; the truth is, in Venice one man is often seen opposing twenty sbirri: he gives them a good beating, and escapes."

Four only of the officers were retained by the chief, who proceeded in a gondola to his dwelling with the prisoner, and locked him up in a room, where he remained for four hours. On his return, he informed Casanova that he was directed to convey him to the Camerotti; cells, which are known also by the name of I Piombi, from their being immediately under the leaden roof of the state prison*. This prison was

* A very graphic description of this edifice is given, in his "Crudities," by that strange compound of shrewdness and absurdity, Tom Coryate. "There is near unto the duke's palace a very faire prison, the fairest absolutely that ever I saw, being divided from the palace by a little channel of water, and again joined unto it by a marvellously faire little gallery, (the Bridge of Sighs,) that is inserted aloft into the middest of the palace wall eastward. I think there is not a fairer prison in all Christendome: it was built with very fine white ashler stone, having a little walke without the roomes of the prison, which is forty paces long and seven broad; for I meted it; which walk is fairly vaulted over head, and adorned with seven goodly arches, each whereof is supported with a great square stone pillar. The outside of these pillars is curiously wrought with pointed diamonde work. In the higher part of the front, towards the water, there are eight pretty pillars of freestone, between which are seventeen windows for the prisoners above to look through. In the lower part of the prison, where the prisoners do usually remaine, there are six windows, three on each side of the doore; whereof each hath two rowes of great iron barres, one without and the other within; each row containing ten barres, that ascend in height to the toppe of the window, and eighteen more that crosse these tenne: so that it is altogether impossible for the prisoners to get forth. Betwixt the first row of windows in the outside, and another within, there is a little spare entry, for people to stand in that will talke with the prisoners who lie within the inner windows that are but single barred. The west side of the prison, which is near the duke's palace, is very curiously wrought with pointed diamond worke, with three rows of crosse-barred iron windows in it, whereof each row containeth eleven particulars. It is reported that this prison is so contrived that there

opposite to the ducal palace, on the canal called Rio di Palazzo, and was connected with it by a covered bridge, which was emphatically denominated the Bridge of Sighs.

On reaching his destination, Casanova was presented to the secretary of the Inquisitors, who merely cast a

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are a dozen roomes under the water, and that the water doth oftentimes distil into them from above, to the great annoyance of the prisoners that lodge there."

The subterraneous cells, to which Coryate alludes, are nineteen in number. "They are, in reality, graves," says Casanova; "but they are called 'wells,' because they are always two feet deep in water, the sea penetrating through the gratings that supply the wretched light that is allowed to them. The prisoner, who will not stand all day long in salt water, must sit on a trestle, that serves him at night for a bedstead; on that is placed his mattress, and each morning his bread, water, and soup, which he must swallow immediately if he do not wish to contend for it with large water rats, that infest these wretched abodes. In these fearful dungeons, where the prisoner remains for life, some have, notwithstanding the misery of their situation, and the meagreness of their food, attained a considerable age. I knew of a man of the name of Beguelin, a Frenchman, who having served as a spy for the republic in a war with the Turks, had sold himself as an agent also to them; he was condemned to death, but his sentence was changed to perpetual imprisonment in 'the wells.' He was four-and-forty years of age when he was first immured, yet he lived seven-and-thirty years in them; he could have known only hunger and misery, yet thought 'dum vita superest, bene est.'"

"On the first arrival of the French," says Lord Byron, "the Venetians hastily blocked or broke up the deeper of these dungeons. You may still, however, descend by a trap-door, and crawl down through holes, half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there. Scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A small hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner's food. A wooden pallet, raised a foot from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you that a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width,

glance on him, and said, "It is he; secure him well." He was then led up into a dirty garret, about six yards long and two broad, lighted through a hole in the roof. He supposed that he was to be confined here, but he was not to be so leniently dealt with. The jailor applied a large key to a strong iron-bound door, about three feet and a half high, in the centre of which was a grated hole, eight inches square. While the jailor was doing this, the prisoner's attention was engaged upon a singular machine of iron, which was fixed in the wall. Its use was explained to him, in a tone of levity, accompanied by laughter, as though there had been some excellent joke in the matter. It was an instrument, similar to the Spanish garotte, for strangling those who were condemned by the illustrious inquisitors. After having received this consolatory explanation, he was ushered into his cell, which he could not enter without stooping till he was nearly bent double. The door was closed on him, and he was asked through the grating what he would have to eat. The sudden calamity which had befallen him had deadened his appetite, and soured his temper, and he sullenly replied, that he had not yet thought about what he would have. The question was not repeated; he was left alone, listened to the keeper locking door after door, and then leaned against the grating in confused and gloomy meditation.

When he was a little recovered from the first shock, Casanova began to explore his dungeon. It was so low,

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and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years. But the inmates of the dungeons beneath had left traces of their repentance, or of their despair, which are still visible, and may, perhaps, owe something to recent ingenuity. Some of the detained appear to have offended against, and others to have belonged to, the sacred body."

that he was obliged to stoop as he groped along, and there was neither bed, chair, nor table, in it. There was nothing but a shelf, on which he deposited the silk mantle, hat, and plume, and other finery, in which he had so unseasonably arrayed himself. The place was involved in all but utter darkness. There was, indeed, a window, or rather aperture, of two feet square, but it was ingeniously contrived to admit the smallest possible quantity of light. Not only was it thickly checkered by broad iron bars, but immediately above it was a beam, of eighteen inches diameter, which crossed before the opening in the roof.

The heat now became so intolerable, that it drove him to the grating in the door, where he could also rest by leaning on his elbows. From this loophole he could see droves of rats, as large as rabbits, running about the garret, and even coming up close to the grating. The sight made him shudder—for rats were his aversion —and he hastily shut the wicket. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came near him. He began to feel the misery of solitude, and, though he had no desire for food, he was pained by the neglect which left him without it. As the day advanced, his passions rose almost to madness; he howled, stamped, cursed, and screamed, for more than an hour. No notice whatever was taken of him; and at length, it being pitch-dark, he tied a handkerchief round his head, and stretched himself on the floor. There he lay for some time, his mind distracted with contending thoughts and emotions, till sleep brought him a welcome relief. He had slept for three hours, when he was aroused by the midnight bell. Stretching out his hand for a handkerchief, it met another, which was of icy stiffness and coldness. His hair stood on end, all his faculties were palsied by fear, and for some minutes he was unable to move. Recovering himself a little, he thought that his imagination might

have deceived him. He extended his hand once more, and still the frozen hand was there. The idea now occurred to him, that a corpse had been placed by his side while he slept. A third time he stretched out his hand, to ascertain whether his conjecture was right, and in doing this he moved his left arm, and discovered that he had been terrified by his own hand, which was rendered cold and rigid by his having lain on it for some hours. "In itself," says he, "the discovery was laughable enough; but, instead of enlivening me, it rather suggested the gloomiest reflections. I saw myself in a place, where if what was false seemed true, truth itself became a dream; where reason lost half her powers, and where the fancy fell a prey to delusive hopes, or fearful despondencies. I began to be distrustful of the reality of everything which presents itself to our senses, or our mind."

With the return of day, hope revived in the breast of Casanova. He anticipated his immediate liberation; and, with a spirit which proved that he was scarcely worthy of freedom, he meditated sanguinary schemes of revenge. His cogitations were interrupted by the coming of the jailor, who sneeringly asked him whether he had had time enough to decide upon what he should eat. This time, seemingly out of bravado, he ordered an ample supply of different articles of food. In a short time the jailor came again, and expressed his wonder that Casanova had not asked for a bed and some furniture; "for," said he, "if you imagine that you will be here only one night, you are much mistaken." He then handed a pencil and paper to the prisoner, who gave him a list of what he should want. The jailor, on its being read to him, declared that books, ink, paper, looking-glass, and razors, must be omitted, as they were forbidden things. He required money for the provisions, and Casanova gave him one of the three sequins, which was all his

present wealth. At noon the furniture and the food were brought, and he was desired to mention what he would have for the morrow, as the keeper could visit him only once a day. He was informed, likewise, that the secretary would send him books more fitting than those in the list, as the latter belonged to the prohibited class. On Casanova desiring that his thanks might be conveyed to the secretary, for having given him a room to himself, instead of placing him with such "rascals" as he supposed to be inmates of these dungeons, the surprised janitor of this purgatory, who at first thought the speech was in jest, assured him that none but people of condition were put there, and that, far from being a favour, his insulated condition was intended as an aggravation of punishment. "The fellow was right," says Casanova, "as I learned some days afterwards but too well. I then learned that a man who is alone in his confinement, without the power of employing himself, in a cell nearly dark, and where he only sees once a day the person who brings him food, and in which he cannot even walk about upright, becomes the most miserable of living creatures; he may at last even long for the company of a murderer, a madman, or even a bear. Solitude in these prisons brings despair; but none know that who have not had the experience."

Drawing his table towards the grating, for the sake of the gleam of light that entered there, Casanova sat down to his repast; an ivory spoon was his only substitute for a knife and fork. He had, however, little occasion for carving implements. Long fasting and anxiety had taken away his appetite, and he could not swallow more than a spoonful of soup. Seated in his arm-chair, he passed the whole of the day in feverish expectation of the promised books. At night, sleep was banished from his couch by a combination of circumstances; the rats in the adjacent garret were persevering and noisy in their gambols, the

clock of St. Mark's tower, nigh at hand, was as audible as though it had been in the room, and he was overrun and tormented by myriads of fleas, which, he says, almost threw him into convulsions. At daybreak, Lorenzo, the jailor, appeared, ordered the cell to be swept out, placed the victuals on the table, and produced two large books, which were sent by the secretary. Casanova wished to go into the garret, but this favour was refused. When he had eaten his soup, he examined the books by the help of the light which passed through the grating. They were not of a nature to captivate Casanova, or indeed any one but a crack-brained fanatic. One bore the title of "The Mystic City of God, by Maria of Jesus, called Agreda;" the other was a work, written by a Jesuit, to inculcate a particular veneration for the heart of the Saviour. "The Mystic City" was a wild rhapsody, the production of a nun, whose intellect was evidently disordered by ascetic practices and visionary contemplation. Having nothing else to beguile the tedious hours with, Casanova persisted for a whole week in reading it, and there was some danger of his becoming as mad as the writer. "I felt," says he, "the influence of the disorder which the nun of Agreda had ingrafted on a mind depressed by melancholy and bad food. I smile now when I recall my fantastic dreams. If I had possessed pen and paper, a work might have been produced in the prisons of the Camerotti, more extraordinary than that which Signor Cavalli had sent me. Such a work can overset a man's reason, if, like me, he were a captive in the Camerotti, and deprived of every employment, and of every mental occupation." Little more than half a century before the period in question, a French translation of this volume had given rise to a violent controversy at Paris, and been censured by the Sorbonne.

In nine days Casanova's stock of money was exhausted. When Lorenzo asked to whom he should apply for

more, "to no one," was the laconic answer. This was unpleasant news for the jailor, who was fond of pelf, and doubtless took care to remunerate himself liberally for acting as purveyor to those whom he held in custody. On the following morning he announced to the prisoner, that the tribunal would allow about fifteen shillings weekly for his subsistence; and he proposed to lay out the sum for him, keep an account, and return any overplus at the month's end. This arrangement was acceded to by the captive. In the present condition of Casanova, the allowance was more than sufficient; for his health had now begun to give way, and he had little inclination to eat. The burning sun of the dog-days, beating on the leaden roof, converted his cell into a kind of vapour bath. He was obliged to remain wholly unclothed, and, as he sat in his arm-chair, the perspiration ran down on both sides of him. Fever next came on, and he took to his bed; but he suffered in silence. In the course of two or three days, Lorenzo, who does not appear to have been at bottom an inhuman man, and who, besides, had an interest in keeping him alive, discovered the illness of his prisoner, and applied for medical assistance. It was granted. "You will be astonished," said he, "to hear of the bounty of the tribunal, for you shall have a doctor, surgeon, and medicines, without its costing you anything."

A physician was introduced by the jailor, but Casanova declared that to his physician and his confessor he would not open his lips in the presence of witnesses. Lorenzo at first refused to leave them together, but was finally obliged to yield. Ill as he was, the prisoner still retained a portion of his satirical spirit. "If you wish to get well," said the disciple of Esculapius, "you must banish your melancholy." "Write a receipt for that purpose," said the patient, "and bear it to the only apothecary who can prepare a dose of it for me. Signor Cavalli, the secretary,

is the fatal doctor who prescribed for me 'The Heart of Jesus' and the 'Mystic City;' those works have reduced me to this condition." By the care of his medical attendant, who also lent him Boethius to read, and obtained from the secretary a promise of other books, the health of the prisoner was speedily improved. "Nothing now tormented me," says he, "but heat, vermin, and ennui, for I could not read Boethius eternally."

A slight favour was now granted to Casanova, by the pity or the policy of his jailor. He was permitted to enter the garret, while his cell was being set in order. During the eight or ten minutes which were thus occupied, he walked rapidly up and down, as much for the purpose of scaring away his enemies the rats, as for the sake of exercise. Casanova prudently rewarded the jailor for what he had already done, and thus tempted him to do more. When Lorenzo, on the same day, came to settle his accounts, "there remained," says Casanova, "a balance of about five-and-twenty shillings in my favour; but I gave it to him, telling him that he might have masses said for it; he thanked me as if he were the priest who was to say them. At the end of each month I repeated this gift, but I never saw any receipt from a priest."

From day to day Casanova continued to flatter himself that the morrow would set him free. When repeated failures had weakened his confidence of immediate liberation, he took up the hope that some term of imprisonment had originally been fixed; and it struck him that the term would probably expire on the first of October, that being the day on which the State Inquisitors were changed. On the night preceding that day his feelings would not suffer him to sleep. The morning, for which he had so ardently longed, brought him nothing but disappointment. Nearly the whole of the following week was passed in paroxysms of rage and despair.

When he subsided into a calmer mood, and was capable of reflecting, he began to think it probable he was to be confined for life. This idea did not, however, bring back his fits of fury or despondency. "The fearful thought," says he, "excited a laugh, but nothing more; I resolved to free myself, or perish in the attempt." Thenceforth, his whole attention was turned to that one great purpose. It is true that he had neither gold to bribe with, nor the power of corresponding and concerting with his friends, nor weapons, nor tools, but still he was not to be deterred from his enterprise; for, in his opinion, "there was no object a man might not attain, by incessantly devoting his thoughts to it."

While his mind was occupied in pondering upon the means to carry his resolve into effect, a circumstance occurred, which showed that the idea of recovering liberty was so predominant as to leave no room for that of danger. He was standing in his cell, on the 1st of November, looking up to the window in the roof, and scanning the large beam that crossed it. All at once he saw the massy timber shake, bend to the right, and then resume its place, while he himself lost his balance. He knew that this was caused by the shock of an earthquake, and he inwardly rejoiced. In about five minutes the shock was renewed. He could no longer contain himself; he exultingly exclaimed aloud, "Another, another, great God! but stronger." The earthquake which he felt was the same that shook the city of Lisbon into a heap of ruins. That he might escape by the destruction of the prison, was the sole thought that flashed upon his brain; it never entered into his head that he might be crushed by the falling pile.

The monotony of Casanova's existence was now somewhat relieved, by his having a companion in misfortune. The first was a youth, named Maggiorino, who had been valet to a count, and was sent hither for

having gained the affections of his master's daughter. "He was an agreeable, honest young man, but madly in love; and all his sighs and tears seemed to be vented more on his mistress's account than his own." On the unlucky lover coming in, Casanova lent him his own mattress to sleep on. Lorenzo brought one the next morning, and informed the new prisoner that a small sum was allowed for his support. Casanova, however, told the jailor that he would share his provisions with Maggiorino, and that he might keep the money, to have masses said weekly for his soul. Lorenzo was so enchanted by this generosity, that he gave the donor leave to walk for half an hour, every day, up and down the gallery. Poor Maggiorino did not long remain the companion of Casanova. He was removed to another part of the prison, where daylight never entered, its place being supplied by an oil lamp. There he continued for five years, at the expiration of which period he was banished for ten.

Casanova was sorry for the loss of his companion, and, for a short time, his spirits were depressed. In a few days, the vacancy was transiently filled up by a less pleasing character than the enamoured Maggiorino. The stranger was a thin, stooping, shabbily dressed man, of about fifty, with a sinister expression of countenance. He feasted at Casanova's expense on the first day; on the second, when Lorenzo asked for money to purchase food, the new-comer declared that he had not a single farthing. Lorenzo coolly replied, "O, very well! then you shall have a pound and a half of ship-biscuit and excellent water;" and with this humble fare he provided him. Seeing that his fellow-captive seemed low-spirited, Casanova offered to let him share in his repasts; at the same time telling him that he was very imprudent to come there entirely without money. "I have money," replied the hunks, "but one must not let these harpies

know it." He was a usurer, and had attempted to defraud a nobleman, who had unwarily entrusted him with a considerable sum; he had been cast in a suit for the recovery of the deposit, and was to be held in durance till he made restitution, and paid the costs. After he had been imprisoned for four days, he was summoned before the secretary, and, in his hurry, he slipped on Casanova's shoes instead of his own. In about half an hour he returned with a most woe-begone look, took out of his own shoes two purses, containing three hundred and fifty sequins, and went back to the secretary. Casanova saw no more of him. Stimulated, perhaps, by the threat of torture, the usurer had regained his liberty by parting with his idolized gold. Some months elapsed before he was succeeded by another tenant.

"On the 1st of January, 1756, I received" says Casanova, "a new year's gift. Lorenzo brought me a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fox-fur, a silken coverlid quilted with wool, and a case of bear-skin to put my feet in; for in proportion as my prison was hot in summer was it cold in winter. At the same time he informed me, that six sequins monthly were placed at my disposal, and that I might buy what books and newspapers I pleased. He added, that this present came from my friend and patron the Patrician Bragadino. I begged of him some paper and a pencil, and wrote on it, 'My thanks for the clemency of the tribunal, and the generosity of Signor Bragadino.' A person must have been in my situation to be able to appreciate the effect this had on me: in the fulness of my heart I pardoned my oppressors; indeed I was nearly induced to give up all thoughts of escaping; so pliant is man, after misery has bowed him down and degraded him."

The feeling of submission to his fate was, however, as it ought to be, only momentary. His mind was again incessantly employed in dwelling upon the subject of his intended flight. The garrulity of the jailor, who had

an inordinate love of babbling, supplied him with some particulars relative to the prison, which ultimately proved useful. But it was from the leave to perambulate the gallery that he derived the greatest advantage. At first, the favour was considered valuable only as affording him an enlarged space for exercise; but it was not long before he began to imagine that he might turn it to better account. In the course of his brief visits to this spot, he discovered in a corner two chests, round which was a quantity of old lumber. One of the chests was locked; that which was open contained feathers, paper, and twine, and a piece of what seemed to be smooth black marble, about an inch thick, three inches wide, and six inches long. Apparently without having settled what use he could make of it, he carried the stone to his cell, and hid it under his shirts.

Some time after this, while he was walking, his eyes rested on a bolt as thick as a thumb, and eighteen inches in length, which he had more than once seen among the lumber, and the thought suddenly struck him, that it might be converted into a tool and a weapon. He concealed it under his clothes, and took it to his abode. He now examined more closely the supposed piece of marble, and was delighted to find that it was in reality a whetstone. Quite uncertain as to what purpose he should apply the bolt, but with a vague hope that it might possibly be of service, Casanova set to work to point it. This was a wearisome task. He was nearly in the dark, held the stone in his hand because he had no place where he could fix it, and, for want of oil, was obliged to moisten it with spittle. For fourteen days he worked incessantly, till his left hand was become one blister, and his right arm could not be moved without difficulty. He had, however, succeeded in converting the rusty bolt into an octangular stiletto, which might have done credit to a sword-maker's skill. When it was finished, he hid it in

the straw of his arm-chair. Whether it would be employed in committing murder, or giving freedom, or perhaps both, circumstances alone could decide.

After having pondered for five days on what was to be done, Casanova decided that to break through the floor of his cell was the only plan which afforded a chance of success. The state cells, in one of which he was immured, were in the roof, and were covered with plates of lead, three feet square, and about a line in thickness. They occupied the two opposite sides, eastern and western of the building, four on the former side and three on the latter. The eastern cells were light, and would allow a man to stand upright in them, while the others were rendered low and dark by the beams which crossed the windows. The only access was through the gate of the palace, the Bridge of Sighs, and the galleries, and the secretary kept the key, which was daily returned to him by the jailor, after he had attended on the prisoners.

Casanova was aware, that under his cell was the secretary's chamber, and that the chamber was open every morning. If, by the help of the bed-clothes, he could descend unseen into it, he purposed to hide himself under the table of the tribunal, and watch an opportunity to sally forth. If, contrary to his expectation, he should find a sentinel in the room, he made up his mind to kill him—Casanova was not troubled with an over-scrupulous conscience. He could not, however, yet begin his work, for the cold was so intense, that when he grasped the iron his hands became frozen; and, besides, for nineteen hours out of the twenty-four he was in complete darkness, the winter fogs at Venice being so thick, that, even in the day-time, he had not light enough to read by. He was therefore compelled to postpone, till a more favourable season, the commencement of his operations.

This compulsory delay, and the want of something to beguile the lagging hours, depressed his spirits. "I

again sunk into despondency," says he; "a lamp would have made me happy. I thought, and thought, how I could supply the place of one. I required a lamp, wick, oil, flint and steel, and tinder, and I had not one of them all." By dint of contrivance he soon procured a part of them. An earthen pipkin, which he managed to conceal, was the lamp; the oil was saved from his salad; a wick he formed from cotton taken out of his bed; and a buckle in his girdle was converted into a steel. A flint, matches, and tinder, were still deficient. These, too, his perseverance obtained. Pretending to have a violent toothache, he prevailed on Lorenzo to give him a fragment of flint, for the purpose of being steeped in vinegar and applied to the tooth; and, to prevent suspicion, he put three pieces of it into vinegar in the presence of the jailor. Sulphur he got by a similar stratagem. He was, very opportunely, attacked by an irritation of the skin, for which the article he stood in need of was one of the remedies prescribed. "But now for the tinder; to contrive a substitute for that was the work of three days. It at last occurred to me that I had ordered my tailor to stuff my silken vest under the arms with sponge, to prevent the appearance of the stain. The clothes, quite new, lay before me; my heart beat, the tailor might not have fulfilled my orders; I hesitated between fear and hope. It only required two steps, and I should be out of suspense; but I could not resolve on those two steps: at last I advanced to where the clothes lay, and feeling unworthy of such a favour if I should find the sponge there, I fell on my knees and prayed fervently. Comforted by this, I took down the dress—and found the sponge. I was no sooner in possession of it, than I poured the oil into the pipkin, and put the wick in, and the lamp was ready. It was no little addition to the pleasure this luxury afforded me, that I owed it entirely to my own ingenuity, and that I had violated one of the

strictest laws of the prison. I dreaded the approach of night no longer."

The pleasure which he derived from this acquisition enabled him to bear with tolerable patience the necessary postponement of his great undertaking. Considering that, during the riotous festivities of the Carnival, he would be daily liable to have companions sent to him, he resolved not to begin his labours till the first Monday in Lent. But here he was staggered by another obstacle, which he had not hitherto taken into account. He had always manifested an eagerness to have his room swept, for the purpose of keeping down the vermin that annoyed him. But, if he persisted in having this done, the jailor could not fail to discover the breach which the prisoner was making in the floor. He was therefore obliged to desire that the sweeping might be discontinued. For about a week Lorenzo humoured the prisoner; but he seems at last to have felt an undefined suspicion that something wrong was intended. He ordered the cell to be swept, and the bed removed, and he brought in a light, on pretence of ascertaining whether the work had been thoroughly done. But his vigilance was thrown away; he was no match for the wily captive. Next morning he found Casanova in bed, and was greeted with "I have coughed so violently that I have burst a blood-vessel." Then, holding up a handkerchief, which he had stained by purposely cutting his thumb, the speaker added, "See how I have bled! Pray send for a physician!" A doctor came, prescribed, listened to his complaint against the jailor, assented to its justice, and directed that the broom should thenceforth be banished.

Having thus secured a clear field for his operations, he moved his bed out of the alcove, lighted the lamp, and set vigorously to work on the floor with his stiletto. The deals were sixteen inches broad, and he began to make the hole at the point where two of them joined.

At the outset, the chips were not bigger than grains of corn, but they soon increased to respectable splinters. After having worked for six hours, he desisted, and gathered the chips into a napkin, intending to throw them behind the lumber in the garret. When, by dint of much toil, he had penetrated through this plank, he found beneath it another of equal thickness, which was succeeded by a third. Three weeks were consumed in getting through these multiplied impediments. When he had conquered them, he came to a still more formidable obstacle; a sort of pavement, composed of small pieces of marble. On this his stiletto could make no impression. His resourceful brain, however, discovered a method of surmounting this difficulty. Taking the hint from a well-known proceeding, ascribed to Annibal, he moistened the mortar with vinegar, and softened it so much that, at the end of four days, he was enabled to remove the pieces of marble. There was yet another plank to cut through, and, as the hole was already ten inches deep, this part of his task was exceedingly troublesome and laborious.

Prone on the ground, quite naked, and steaming with perspiration, his lamp standing lighted in the hole, Casanova had been working at the last plank for three hours of a sultry day in June, when he was startled by the rattling of bolts in the ante-rooms. He had barely time to blow out the lamp, push the bedstead into the alcove, and throw upon it the mattress and bedding, before Lorenzo entered. The jailor brought with him a prisoner, and congratulated the tenant of the cell on having such a companion. "The new-comer," says Casanova, "must have thought himself in hell, and he exclaimed 'Where am I? and where am I to be confined? What a heat and what a smell! With whom am I to be imprisoned?'" As soon as the captives could see each other a mutual recognition took place. The person whom Lorenzo had installed in the cell was Count Fanarola,

an agreeable and honourable man, of a middle age, who was committed for some trifling remarks which he had been so imprudent as to make in a public place. Casanova, who was well acquainted with the count, confided to him the secret of his project, and was encouraged to persevere. Fanarola was liberated in the course of a few days.

Left once more alone, Casanova resumed his toilsome occupation. It was protracted by a circumstance, which he had feared might happen, but was unable to prevent. When he had made a small perforation in the last plank, he found that the room beneath was, as he had supposed, the secretary's; but he found also that he had made his aperture just over a large cross-beam, which would hinder his descent. He was therefore obliged to widen the hole on the other side, so as to keep clear of this impediment. In the mean time, he carefully stopped up the small perforation with bread, that the light of his lamp might not be perceived. It was not till the 23rd of August, 1756, that he brought his labour to a close. All was now ready for breaking through; but he determined to postpone his escape till the 27th, the day after that being St. Augustin's day, when he knew that the great council met, and that, in consequence, there would be no person in the Bussola, which adjoined the chamber through which he must pass.

Though the delay was dictated by prudence, Casanova had reason to repent of it. The wisdom of the proverb that recommends to take time by the forelock, was proved in his case. "On the 25th of August an event happened," says he, "which even now makes me shudder at the recollection of it. I heard the bolts drawn, and a death-like fear seized me; the beating of my heart shook my body, and I threw myself almost fainting into my arm-chair. Lorenzo, still in the garret, said to me through the grating, in a tone of pleasure, "I wish you joy of the news I bring." I imagined he had brought

me my freedom, and I saw myself lost; the hole I had made would effectually debar me from liberty. Lorenzo entered, and desired me to follow him; I offered to dress myself, but he said it was unnecessary, as he was only going to remove me from this detestable cell to another quite new, and well-lighted, with two windows, from which I could overlook half Venice, and could stand upright in. I was nearly beside myself. I asked for some vinegar, and begged him to thank the secretary, but to intreat him to leave me where I was. Lorenzo asked me if I were mad to refuse to exchange a hell for a paradise, and offering his arm to aid me, desired my bed, books, &c., to be brought after. Seeing it was in vain to oppose any longer, I rose, and left my cage, and, with some small satisfaction, heard him order my chair to be brought with me, for in the straw of that was my stiletto hidden. Would it had been possible for my toilsome work in the floor to have accompanied me also!

"Leaning on the shoulder of Lorenzo, who tried by laughing to enliven me, I passed through two long galleries, then over three steps into a large light hall, and passed through a door, at the left end of it, into a corridor twelve feet long and two broad; the two grated windows in it presented to the eye a wide extensive view over a great part of the town, but I was not in a situation to be rejoiced at the prospect. The door of my destined prison was in the corner of this corridor, and the grating of it was opposite to one of the windows that lighted the passage, so that the prisoner could not only enjoy a great part of the prospect, but also feel the refreshment which the cool air of the open window afforded him—a balsam for any creature in that season of the year; but I could not think of all this at that moment, as the reader may easily conceive. Lorenzo left me and my chair, into which I threw myself, and he told me he would go for my bed."

Casanova remained motionless in his chair, as though he were petrified. His mind was agitated by a variety of feelings, in which disappointment and alarm were predominant. He had not only to lament that his hopes were blighted on the very eve of their being realised, but he had reason to fear that his punishment would be horribly increased. Clemency to state criminals was not an attribute of the Venetian government. He already seemed to himself to be condemned to dwell for life in the dark and silent dungeons called "the wells," where, far beneath the level of the waves, the victim pined away existence among swarms of vermin, oozing waters, and noisome exhalations. At last, however, by a powerful mental effort, he in some measure recovered his composure.

Shortly after his removal, two under jailors brought his bed, and went back for the remainder of his things. They did not return, and for more than two hours he was kept in suspense. At length hurried footsteps and words of wrath were heard in the passage, and Lorenzo rushed into the apartment, foaming with rage, and pouring forth a torrent of imprecations and blasphemies. He demanded the axe with which the hole had been made, and the name of the faithless servant who had furnished it, and he ordered his prisoner to be searched. Casanova, who knew his man, met him with scorn and defiance. The captive, the bed, and the mattress were examined, but nothing was found; luckily, the under side of the arm-chair, into which the stiletto was thrust, was not looked at. 'So you won't tell me where the tools are that you used to cut through the floor?' said Lorenzo. 'I'll see if you'll confess to others.' Casanova answered, with provoking coolness, "If it be true that I have cut through the floor, I shall say that I had the tools from yourself, and that I have given them back to you." This was too much for the jailor to bear; "at these words he began

literally to howl, ran his head against the wall, stamped and danced like a madman," and finally darted from the room. The threat which Casanova had thrown out produced the effect which he probably expected from it. Lorenzo had the hole secretly filled up, and took a special care to say nothing about it to his suspicious and vindictive masters.

On quitting the cell, Lorenzo closed all the windows, so as to prevent the prisoner from inhaling a single breath of fresh air. The place was like an oven, and to sleep was rendered impossible. As he durst not report to his superiors the offence which had been committed, the jailor seems to have determined to revenge himself by making the culprit as uncomfortable as he could. In the morning sour wine, stinking water, tainted meat, and hard bread, were brought to Casanova; and when he requested that the window might be opened, no answer was vouchsafed. The walls and the floor were examined, with an iron bar, by an under keeper; and, as the inmate had formerly objected to sweeping, his cell was left undisturbed by a broom. The heat increased to such a degree, that Casanova began to think he should be suffocated; the perspiration dropped from him so profusely that he could not read or walk about; and he could neither eat nor drink of the disgusting food with which he was supplied. The same fare was furnished on the second day, and the same silence maintained by the malicious jailor. The prisoner grew furious, and determined that he would stab his tormentor on the following day; but prudence, or a better feeling, induced him to relinquish his purpose, and he contented himself with assuring Lorenzo that, as soon as he regained his liberty, he would certainly throttle him.

For a whole week Lorenzo kept up his system of annoyance. On the eighth day, Casanova, in the presence of the under turnkeys, imperiously demanded the

monthly account, and called him a cheat. This demand seems to have awakened the jailor to a sense of his interest. If he persisted in playing the tyrant, it was to be feared that no more sequins would be forthcoming for masses. His avarice got the better of his spleen, and he became tractable. A favourable opportunity for making his peace occurred at the moment. Bragadino sent to the prisoner a basket of lemons; which gift, with a chicken and a bottle of excellent water, Lorenzo presented to Casanova, along with the account, ordering at the same time the window to be opened. Conciliated by this unexpected change, Casanova desired that the balance of the account might be given to Lorenzo's wife, with the exception of a sequin which was to be divided among his underlings. "When we were alone, he said to me calmly, 'You have told me that you are indebted to me for the tools you made the great opening in the floor of your cell with; I am not, therefore, curious to know anything more of that; but who gave you the lamp?'—'You, yourself—you gave me oil, flint, and sulphur; the rest I had already.'—'That is true; can you as easily prove that I helped you to the tools to break through the floor?'—'Just as easily; I got every thing from you.'—'Grant me patience! what do I hear? did I give you an axe?'—'I will confess all; but the secretary must be present.'—'I will ask no further, but believe you; be silent, and remember I am a poor man, and have a family.' He left me, holding his hands to his face."

Though Lorenzo was obliged to be silent with respect to Casanova's attempt, he adopted precautions to prevent another from being made. Every day one of the attendants searched the floor and walls of the apartment with an iron bar. But the prisoner laughed at this useless care. It was neither through the walls nor the floor that he was planning to escape; he well knew that in

those quarters nothing could be done. His new scheme was to find the means of opening a correspondence with the prisoner over his head, whom he would furnish with the stiletto, for the purpose of making an aperture, through which he himself might ascend into the upper cell. On reaching that cell, Casanova purposed to break another hole in the ceiling, get out upon the roof with his fellow labourer, and either find some outlet, or let themselves down by the help of their linen and bed-clothes.

It is obvious, that the success of such a project was so extremely doubtful, that it seemed to be the height of absurdity to reckon upon it. At the very outset, the commencing and carrying on an intercourse with the prisoner above stairs appeared to present an almost insuperable difficulty. If that were surmounted, there was the chance that his confederate might be cowardly or treacherous, there was the hourly risk that their operations would be detected, and there was the danger which the adventurers must encounter in effecting their descent from the lofty summit of the prison. But the longing to recover freedom can inspire the captive with "hope, though hope be lost." The first obstacle was unconsciously removed by Lorenzo himself. That worthy had an insatiable love of gold, and could not bear to see the money of the prisoners pass into any other pockets than his own. Casanova satirically describes him as being one who "would have sold St. Mark himself for a dollar." The prisoner having desired him to purchase the works of Maffei, the jailor, who was vexed to see so much cash wasted, suggested that the expense might be saved, by borrowing books from another captive, and lending his own in return. This suggestion was readily adopted by Casanova, who hoped that it might lead to a correspondence, which would forward his design. A volume of Wolff's writings was brought

to him, in which he found a sheet of paper, containing a paraphrase in verse of a sentence from Seneca. He had neither pen nor pencil, but he, nevertheless, contrived to write some verses on the same paper, and a catalogue of his books on the last leaf of the volume. The nail of his little finger, shaped into a sort of pen, and some mulberry juice, were the materials which he employed. An answer, in the Latin language, came on the morrow, with the second volume. The writer, who was an inhabitant of the cell above Casanova's, stated himself to be a monk, by name Marino Balbi, and of a noble Venetian family; Count Andreas Asquino, of Udina, was his fellow prisoner. Both of them offered the use of their books. In reply, Casanova gave an account of himself, which drew forth a second epistle from the monk. "In the next book I found," says he, "a letter of sixteen pages, containing the whole history of the cause of his imprisonment. I concluded from this, that he was an affected, whimsical, false reasoner; wicked, stupid, thoughtless, and ungrateful. For example, he mentioned how unhappy he should be without money or books, without the company of the old count, and then filled two pages with jests and ridicule of him. I would never have corresponded with a man of this character, had not necessity compelled me to avail myself of his aid. At the back of the volume I found paper, pen, and pencil; I now had the means of writing conveniently." These valuable articles the two prisoners had procured by bribing Nicolo, the under keeper, who attended on them.

Balbi, who had learned from Nicolo the particulars of the recent attempt to escape, was eager to know what were Casanova's present plans. At first, Casanova hesitated to trust a man of whom he had an unfavourable opinion; but considering that he could not do without that man's assistance, he finally resolved to confide in

him. The monk made some objections to the feasibility of the plan, which, however, were soon overruled. That Balbi might perforate the floor, it was necessary for him to have the stiletto; and Casanova was puzzled how to convey it to him. He at last hit upon a method. He directed Lorenzo to procure a large folio edition of a work which he specified, and which he thought would allow of the stiletto being concealed in the hollow between the binding and the leather back. Unluckily, the stiletto proved to be two inches longer than the volume, and Casanova was obliged to task his ingenuity to find a remedy for this defect. "I told Lorenzo," says he, "that I was desirous of celebrating Michaelmas day, with two great plates of macaroni, dressed with butter and Parmesan cheese, and that I wished to give one to the prisoner, who had lent me his books. He answered that the same prisoner had expressed a wish to borrow my great book; I told him I would send it with the macaroni, and ordered him to procure me the largest dish he could; I would myself fill it. While Lorenzo went for the dish, I wrapped up the hilt in paper, and stuck it behind the binding. I was convinced that, if I put a large dish of macaroni on the top of the book, Lorenzo's attention would be so occupied in carrying that safely, that he never would perceive the end of the iron projecting; I informed Balbi of this, and charged him to be particularly cautious to take the dish and book together. On Michaelmas day, Lorenzo came with a great pan, in which the macaroni was stewed; I immediately added the butter, and poured it into both dishes, filling them up with grated Parmesan cheese; the dish for the monk I filled to the brim, and the macaroni swam in butter. I put the dish upon the volume, which was half as broad in diameter as the book was long, and gave them to Lorenzo, with the back of the book turned towards him, telling him to stretch out his arms, and to go

slowly, that the butter might not run over on the book. I observed him steadily; he could not turn his eyes away from the butter, which he feared to spill; he proposed to take the dish first, and then return for the book, but I told him by so doing my present would lose half its value; he consented to take both at last, observing that it would not be his fault if the butter ran over. I followed him with my eyes as far as I could, and soon heard Balbi cough three times, the concerted signal of the success of my stratagem." It must be owned that the rulers of Venice were fairly entitled to the character of being lynx-eyed; but Lorenzo affords a proof that they did not always succeed in choosing agents whose optics were as piercing as their own.

Balbi now set to work with the stiletto. Though he was young and strong, he did not labour with the same spirit which had been displayed by Casanova, to whom he often wrote, complaining of the toil that he had to encounter, and expressing his fears that it would be unavailing. As, however, the floor presented but comparatively few obstacles, he had advanced so far, by the middle of October, that only the last plank remained to be cut through. To push in the ceiling was all that would then be requisite to open a passage; and this, of course, was not to be done till the moment arrived for their flight. But, while Casanova was exulting in the idea of speedily regaining his liberty, a formidable impediment was thrown in his way. He heard the outer door open, and instantly made the preconcerted signal to Balbi to desist from working. Lorenzo entered, accompanied by two of his underlings and a prisoner, and apologised for being obliged to bring him a scoundrel as a companion. The person whom he thus flatteringly described, was a very ill-looking, small, thin man, apparently between thirty and forty, wearing a shabby dress, and a round black wig. After having ordered a mattress

for the new-comer, and informed him that tenpence a day was allowed for his support, Lorenzo took his leave.

The name of Casanova's unwelcome comrade was Sorodaci. In calling him a scoundrel, the jailor had not been guilty of slander. He was a common informer and spy of the worst class, who was sent to prison for having deceived the Council by false information, while at the same time he had betrayed his own cousin. He was a compound of knavery, ignorance, superstition, and gluttony. Disgusted as Casanova was with him, he, nevertheless, humoured him on certain points, to forward his own purposes; he condoled with him on his captivity, flattered him with hopes of a speedy release, and "procured for him, through Lorenzo, crucifixes and images to feed his superstition, and plenty of garlic and strong wine to feed his appetite."

It was good policy in Casanova to foster the superstitious feelings of Sorodaci, for it was on them that he meant to work. There was, indeed, no other point on which the spy was tangible; to appeal to the honour or gratitude of such a caitiff would have been labour lost. To wait till he was removed would have been to relinquish all hope of escape. October was now wearing rapidly away, and the time was at hand when, if ever, the attempt must be made. The inquisitors and their secretary were accustomed to visit annually, on the first of November, some villages on the mainland; and Lorenzo took the opportunity of their absence to get merry in the evening, so merry that he did not rise till late next morning to visit his prisoners. The night of the last of October was consequently fixed upon for the completion of their enterprise. Casanova therefore instructed Balbi to recommence his operations precisely at a certain hour, and to discontinue them at another.

"It now," says Casanova, "only remained to work on the superstition of Sorodaci so effectually as to overawe

him, and prevent his betraying or marring our plot. Accordingly, after he had eaten with me one evening, I assumed the air of one inspired, and bid him seat himself and listen to me. 'You must know,' said I, 'that this morning early, the Holy Virgin appeared to me in a vision, and said to me, that as you were a fervent worshipper of her holy rosary, to reward your devotion she would depute an angel in human form, who would descend through an aperture in the ceiling to you, and free you in the space of five or six days. This angel, she told me, would commence his work at the stroke of twelve, and continue it till half an hour before sunset, that he might ascend to heaven again by daylight. Accompanied by this angel, you and I were to quit your prison; and if you swore to renounce the trade of a spy, and reformed, I was to take care of you for the future.'

"I observed with the most earnest attention the countenance of the fellow, who seemed petrified at my information. I then took my prayer-book, and after sprinkling the cell with holy water, pretended to pray, and repeatedly kissed the image of the Virgin. My rogue remained silent for an hour, and then asked when the angel would descend, and whether we should hear him as he broke through the prison. 'Certainly,' said I, 'he will come at the twelfth hour; we shall hear him at work, and after four hours, which in my opinion are sufficient for an angel to perform his task, he will retire.'—'Probably you have dreamt this,' said he. I denied it, and asked whether he were determined to renounce the trade of a spy? Instead of answering directly, he asked me whether it would not be time enough for him to renounce his profession some time hence. I gave him for consideration till the coming of the angel, but assured him that if by that time he had not taken the oath, he should not be rescued. I was astonished at the calmness of his mind; he seemed

certain of the non-appearance of the celestial visitor, and pitied me. I was impatient for the clock to strike twelve, and enjoyed the idea of the confusion and terror which I was certain this credulous man would manifest at the promised noise. My plan could not fail, unless Lorenzo had forgotten to give the book containing my instructions to Balbi.

"At our meal at noon I drank nothing but water; Sorodaci drank all the wine, and ate a great quantity of garlic. As the clock struck twelve, I threw myself on the floor, and cried out, 'The angel comes!' he imitated me, and we remained an hour silent. I read for three hours and a half, and he prayed to the rosary, every now and then falling asleep; he did not venture to speak aloud, and kept his eyes fixed on the ceiling, at which Balbi was working, with the most comical expression. As it struck four, I bid him imitate me, as the angel was about to retire; we cast ourselves on the earth, Father Balbi ceased, and all was quiet.

"On the following morning fear, more than rational surprise, was legible on the countenance of my companion. In two hours I had informed Balbi of all that had passed, and told him that, when he had finished, he need only push in the ceiling of my cell, which he was to do on the night of the 31st of October, and at four we would escape together, with his and my companion. I kept Sorodaci in a continual excitement by my discourse, and never left him to go to rest, till he was nearly drunk, and ready to fall asleep. Everything suceeeded to my wish; the 31st was come, and I endeavoured to persuade myself of the probability of our success."

The inquisitors and their secretary had set out for the mainland. Lorenzo had supplied the wants of the captives, and was preparing for his carousal, and the field was thus left clear for Casanova's operations. As the clock struck twelve, Balbi began his final attack on the

floor; and, in a few minutes, a piece of the last plank and the ceiling fell in, and was speedily followed by Balbi. "Now," said Casanova, as Balbi handed to him the stiletto, "your task is finished, and mine begins." As he did not like to leave Sorodaci alone, he desired the monk to remain with him, while he himself passed into the upper cell to reconnoitre. At first sight he perceived that Count Asquino was not a man fitted for making perilous exertions. On being told how the escape was to be effected, the count, who was seventy years of age, replied that he had no wings, without which it would be impossible to descend from the roof. He candidly owned that he had not courage enough to face the peril which must be encountered, and would therefore stay where he was, and pray for those who had more strength and fewer fears.

Casanova now examined the roof, and found it break so easily, that he doubted not of being able to make a practicable breach in less than an hour. Returning to his own cell, he cut up clothes, napkins, and sheets, and converted them into a hundred feet of rope, the pieces of which he took special care to noose together in the firmest manner. He finished preparing for his adventure, by packing up his clothes, his silk mantle, and some linen. The whole party then removed to the cell of the count. Desiring Balbi to get ready his package, Casanova set to work to enlarge the opening in the roof. On looking out, he became aware that the light of the moon, and the fineness of the night, would not allow of their entering upon their enterprise till a later hour; St. Mark's place was full of people who were taking the air, some of whom could scarcely fail to see them scrambling about the roof. In three hours the moon would set, and they could then proceed.

Money being an indispensable article, Casanova told Balbi to request the loan of fifty sequins from Asquino.

The count, who was the very personification of avarice, was exceedingly annoyed by this request. To avoid complying with it, he had recourse to all sorts of excuses; and at last, weeping and sobbing, he asked if two sequins would not be enough. As no more could be obtained from him, the two sequins were accepted; but he took care to stipulate that they should be given back if the prisoners, finding no outlet, were compelled to return. So anxious was he to save his darling sequins, that he exerted all his eloquence to place the many difficulties and perils of their undertaking in formidable array before them, and to dissuade the adventurers from risking their necks in what he considered as a hopeless enterprise. Balbi's courage was checked for a while, but Casanova contrived to restore it; not, however, without having received innumerable reproaches from the monk, for having led him into such a hazardous situation. Sorodaci, who was already disheartened by discovering that no succour was to be expected from the Virgin, was completely unmanned by the count's alarming representations. He wept, and implored Casanova not to require his death; he should, he said, only fall into the canal, and be perfectly useless to them, and therefore he would stay behind, and pray to St. Francis all night for them; they might kill him, but he would never go alive with them. Casanova gave his assent, and was rejoiced to get rid of such a worthless and dastardly associate.

The moon had now sunk below the horizon, and it was time to depart.—But I will give Casanova's own narrative of the perilous achievement; to abridge it would diminish its interest, and might produce obscurity. "I placed on Balbi's shoulder the bundle of cord, and on the other his packet, and loaded myself in the same manner; we then dressed in our vest only, and with our hats on our heads, looked through the opening I had made. I went first; notwithstanding the mist, every

object was visible enough; kneeling and creeping, I thrust my weapon between the joints of the lead plates; holding with one hand by that, and with the other by the plank on which the lead plate had lain, which I had removed, I raised myself on the roof. Balbi, in following me, grasped my band behind, so I resembled a beast of burthen, which must draw as well as carry; in this manner I had to ascend a steep and slippery roof side. When we were halfway up this dangerous place, Balbi desired me to stop a moment, for that one of his bundles had fallen off, and had probably only rolled down to the gutter. My first thought was to give him a push that would send him after it, but Heaven enabled me to contain myself; the punishment would have fallen on me as well as him; for without his help I could do nothing. I asked if the bundle was gone; and when I heard that it contained his black gown, two shirts, and a manuscript, I consoled him for its loss; he sighed and followed me, still holding by my clothes.

"After I had climbed over about sixteen lead plates, I reached the ridge of the roof; I set myself astride on it, and the monk imitated me; our backs were turned towards the island of St. Georgio Maggiore, and two hundred steps before us was the cupola of St. Mark's, a part of the ducal palace, wherein the chapel of the doge is, more magnificent than that of any king. Here we took off our bundles; he placed his ropes between his legs; but on laying his hat upon them, it rolled down the roof, and fell into the canal. He looked on this as a bad omen, and complained that he had now lost hat, gown, shirts, and manuscript; but I remarked to him, that it was fortunate the hat had fallen to the right and not to the left, for otherwise it would have alarmed the sentinel in the arsenal.

"After looking about me a little, I bid the monk remain quite still here till my return, and climbed along

the roof, my dagger in my hand. I crept in this manner for an hour, trying to find a place to which I might fasten my rope to enable me to descend; but all the places I looked down into were enclosed ones, and there were insuperable difficulties to getting to the canonica on the other side of the church; yet everything must be attempted; and I must hazard it without allowing myself to think too long on the danger. But about two-thirds of the way down the side of the roof I observed a dormer window, which probably led to some passage leading to the dwelling places not within the limits of the prisons, and I thought I should find some of the doors going out of it open at daybreak. If any one should meet us, and take us for state prisoners, he would find, I determined, some difficulty in detaining us. With this consideration, with one leg stretched out towards the window, I let myself gently slide down till I reached the little roof of it that ran parallel to the great one, and set myself upon it. I then leant over, and, by feeling, discovered it to be a window with small round panes of glass, cased in lead, behind a grating; to penetrate this required a file, and I had only my stiletto. Bitterly disappointed, and in the greatest embarrassment, I seemed incapable of coming to a determination, when the clock of St. Mark's striking midnight, awakened my fainting resolution; I remembered that this sound announced the beginning of All Saints' day: when misfortune drives a strong mind to devotion, there is always a little superstition mingled with it; that bell aroused me to action, and promised me victory. Lying on my stomach, and stretching over, I struck violently against the grating with my dagger in the hope of forcing it in; in a quarter of an hour were four of the wooden squares broken, and my hand grasped the wood-work; the panes of glass were speedily demolished, for I heeded not the cutting of my hand.

"I now returned up to the top of the roof, and crept back to my companion; I found him in a dreadful rage, cursing me for having left him two hours; he at last thought I must have fallen over, and was about to return to his prison. He asked me what were my intentions; 'You will soon see,' said I, and packing our bundles on our necks again, I bid him follow me. When we reached the roof of the window, I explained to him what I had done, and what I intended to do. I asked his advice as to the best mode of getting in at it. It would be easy for the first man, as the second would hold the rope; but what would this last one do? in leaping down from the window to the floor he might break a leg, for we knew nothing of the space between. The monk instantly proposed I should let him down first, and afterwards think how I should get in myself. I was sufficiently master of myself to conceal my indignation at this proposal, and to proceed to execute his wish. I tied a rope round my companion, and sitting astride of the window roof, let him down to the window, telling him to rest on his elbows on the roof, and to put his feet through the hole I had made. I then lay down again on the roof, and told him to be satisfied that I would hold the rope fast.

"Balbi came safely down upon the floor, untied himself, and I drew the rope back to me; but, in doing this, I found that the space from the window to the floor was ten times my arm's length; it was impossible, therefore, to jump this. Balbi called to me to throw the rope to him; but I took care not to follow his absurd and selfish counsel. I now determined on returning to the great roof, and I discovered a cupola at a place where I had not been; it brought me to a stage laid with lead plates, and which had a trap-door covered with two folding shutters. I found here a tub full of fresh lime, building tools, and a tolerably long ladder; the latter, of course, attracted

my particular attention. I tied my rope round one of the rings, and climbing up the roof again, drew the ladder after me. This ladder I must contrive to put in at the window, and it was twelve times the length of my arm. Now I missed the help of the monk. I let the ladder down to the gutter, so that one end leaned against the window, the other stood in the gutter; I drew it up to me again as I leaned over, and endeavoured to get the end in at the window, but in vain; it always came over the roof, and the morning might come and find me here, and bring Lorenzo soon after it. I determined to slide down to the gutter, in order to give the ladder the right direction. This gutter of marble yielded me a resting-place, while I lay at length on it; and I succeeded in putting the ladder a foot into the window, which diminished its weight considerably, but it was necessary to push it in two feet more; I then should only have to climb back to the window roof, and, by means of the line, draw it entirely in. To effect this, I was compelled to raise myself on my knees, and while I was doing so, they slipped off the gutter, and I lay with only my breast and elbows upon it. I exerted all my strength to draw my body up again, and to lay myself on the gutter. I had, fortunately, no trouble with the ladder; it was now three feet in the window, and did not move. As soon as I found that I lay firm, I endeavoured to raise my right knee up to the level of the gutter. I had nearly succeeded, when the effort gave me a fit of the cramp, as paralysing as it was painful. What a moment! I lay for two minutes motionless; at length the pain subsided, and I succeeded in raising one knee after the other upon the marble again; I rested a few minutes, and then pushed the ladder still further into the window. Sufficiently experienced in the laws of equilibrium by this adventure, I returned to the window roof, and drawing the ladder entirely in, my companion received

the end of it, and secured it; I then threw in the rope and bundle, and soon rejoined him: after brief congratulations, I felt about to examine the dark and narrow place we were in.

"We came to a grated window which opened on my raising the latch, and we entered a large hall; we felt round the walls, and met with a table surrounded by arm-chairs. I at length found a window, opened the sash of it, and looked by starlight down a fearful depth; here was no descent by rope practicable. I returned to the place where we had left our things, and sat down in an arm-chair, and was seized with such an invincible desire to sleep, that if I had been told it was death, I should have welcomed it; the feeling was indescribable. At the third hour the noise of the monk awoke me; he said my sleeping at such a time and place was incomprehensible; but nature had overcome me; I, however, gained a little strength by the rest.

"I said, as I arose, that this was no prison, and that there must be, therefore, an exit somewhere. I searched till I found the large iron door, and opposite to it was a smaller one with a key-hole; I put my stiletto into it, and exclaimed, 'Heaven grant it may not be a cupboard!' After some efforts the lock yielded, and we entered a small room, in which was a table with a key upon it; I tried it; it opened, and I found myself in cupboards filled with papers; it was the archive-chamber. We ascended some steps, and passing through a glass door, entered the chancery of the doge. I now knew where I was, and as in letting ourselves down we might get into a labyrinth of small courts, I seized an instrument with which the parchments are pierced to affix the seals; this tool I bid Balbi stick into the chink in the door, which I made with my bolt, and worked it about on all sides, not caring for the noise, till I had made a tolerable hole; but the projecting splinters threatened to

tear our skin and clothes, and it was five feet from the floor to the opening, for I had chosen the place where the planks were the thinnest. I drew a chair to it, and the monk got on it; he stuck his arms and head through the opening, and I pushed the rest of him through into a chamber, the darkness of which did not alarm me; I knew where we were, and threw my bundle through to him, but left the rope behind. I had no one to aid me, on which account I placed a chair on the top of two others, and got through the aperture as far as to my loins; I desired Balbi to pull me through with all his force, regardless of the pain the laceration of my flesh gave me. We hastened down two flights of steps, and arrived at the passage leading to the royal stairs as they are called; but these, wide as a town gate, were, as well as those beyond, shut with four wide doors; to force these would have required a petard, and here my dagger seemed to say, 'hic fines posuit.' I sat down by Balbi, calm and collected, and told him that my work was done, and that Heaven and fortune would achieve the rest for us.

Abbia, chi regge il ciel, cura del resto,
O la Fortuna, se non tocca a lui.

"'To-day,' I continued, 'is All Saints' day, and to-morrow All Souls, and it is not likely anybody should come here; if any one should come to open the doors, I will rescue myself, and do you follow me; if none come, I will remain here and die of hunger, for I can do no more.'

Balbi's rage and desperation knew no bounds; but I kept my temper, and began to dress myself completely. If Balbi looked like a peasant, his dress at least was not in shreds, and bloody, like mine; I drew off my stockings, and found on each foot large wounds, for which I was indebted to the gutter and lead plates; I tore my handkerchief, and fastened the bandages with thread

which I had about me; I put on my silk dress, which was ill assorted with the weather, arranged my hair, and put on a shirt with lace ruffles, and silk stockings, and tossed my old clothes in a chair; and now had the appearance of a rake, who, after having been at a ball, is found in a house of ill-fame. I threw my handsome cloak on the monk's shoulders, and the animal looked as if he had stolen it. I now approached a window, and, as I learned two years afterwards in Paris, some loiterer below, who saw me, informed the keeper of the palace of it, who, fearing that he had locked some one in by mistake, came to release us. I heard the noise of steps coming up the stairs, and, looking through a chink, saw only one man with some keys in his hand. I commanded Balbi to observe the strictest silence, and, hiding my stiletto under my clothes, placed myself close to the door, so that I needed only one step to reach the stairs. The door was opened, and the man was so astonished at my appearance, that I was able, silently and quickly, to pass by him, the monk following me. Assuming then a sedate pace, I took the direction to the great staircase; Balbi wanted to go to the church to the right, for the sake of the sanctuary, forgetting that in Venice there was no sanctuary against state crimes and capital offences, but at last he followed me.

"I did not expect security in Venice. I knew I could not be safe till I had passed the frontiers; I stood now before the royal door of the ducal palace; but without looking at any one, which was the best way to avoid being looked at, I crossed the Piazzetta, and reaching the canal, entered the first gondola I found there. I cast a look behind us, and saw no gondola in pursuit of us. I rejoiced in the fine day, which was as glorious as could be wished, shining with the first rays of an incomparable sunrise. Reflecting on the dangers of the past night, on the place where I had spent the preceding day, and on all

the fortunately concurring events which had so favoured me, gratitude filled my soul, and I raised, in silence, my thanks for the mercy of God; overcome by the variety of emotions, I burst into tears, which relieved my heart from the oppression of a joy that seemed ready to burst it."

Though he was out of prison, Casanova was far enough from being out of danger. The fact of his escape must soon be discovered, and the myrmidons of the government would be searching for him in all directions. As soon, therefore, as he landed at Mestre, he agreed with a coachman to convey him speedily to Treviso. But he was impeded at the outset; for while he was bargaining with the driver, the selfish and gluttonous Balbi had strolled away to a coffee-house. After a long search, Casanova found him drinking chocolate and flirting with the barmaid. He dragged him away, and they set out on their journey. The delay might have proved fatal. They had not gone ten yards before they fell in with one Tomasi, who was not a bad man, but who was believed to be one of the officers of the inquisitorial holy office. He knew Casanova, came up to him, and said, "What, sir, are you here? I am delighted to see you. So, you have just escaped. How did you manage it?"—"I did not escape, sir," replied the fugitive, "I was set at liberty."—"That's not possible," rejoined the questioner, "for I was at Signor Grimani's house yesterday evening, and should have known of your liberation."

"Reader," says Casanova, "you can more easily guess what were my feelings at that moment than I can describe them to you. I found myself discovered by a man whom I believed to be paid to arrest me, and who, to effect his purpose, had only to give a wink to the first police officer he saw, of whom Mestre was full. I told him to speak in a lower tone, and, descending from the carriage, I begged him to step a little on one side. I

took him behind the house, and perceiving that no one saw me, and that I was near a ditch, beyond which was the open country, I plucked out my stiletto, and seized him by the collar. Being aware of my intention, he made an effort, broke from me, and leaped over the ditch. Immediately, without looking back, he began to run straight forward, as fast as his legs could carry him. When he had got to some distance, he slackened his pace, turned his head, and kissed his hand to me, as a sign that he wished me a good journey. On my losing sight of him, I gave thanks to God, that this man's agility had preserved me from committing a crime, for I meant to kill him, and it appears that he had no bad intentions."

Casanova returned to the carriage thoroughly irritated against the monk, who had placed him in such a painful dilemma. Their journey was continued in silence; Casanova was engaged in meditating upon the means of getting rid of his companion, for he was convinced that escape would be impossible if they remained together. At Treviso he ordered horses to be got ready, for them to proceed; but this was only to blind the postmaster, for he had no intention to use them, nor, though suffering from hunger, would he even wait for breakfast. Accompanied by the monk, he went out, under pretence of taking a walk. When, however, he had got about a mile out of town, he struck into the fields, over which he determined he would entirely make his way till he was out of the Venetian territory. Instead of bending his course towards Bassano, which was the shortest route, he turned his steps towards Feltre; he being rationally of opinion, that his pursuers would be more likely to seek him on the former road than on the latter. After walking for three hours, hunger compelled him to halt, and he sent the monk to a farm-house to purchase some food. Somewhat recruited, he pushed forward for four

hours longer, at the end of which time he found himself more than twenty miles from Treviso. He could go no further; his ankles were swelled, and his shoes were nearly in pieces.

"Stretching myself under a clump of trees," says Casanova, "I made Father Balbi sit down by me, and addressed him in these words:—'We must go to Borgo de Valsugano, which is the first town beyond the frontier of the republic. There, we shall be as safe as if we were in London, and may rest ourselves; but, in order to reach that place, it will be requisite for us to take particular precautions, and the most essential of them is for us to separate. You shall go by the wood of Martello, I will go by the mountains; you by the easiest and shortest road, I by the longest and most difficult; you with money in your pocket, I without a halfpenny. I make you a present of my cloak, which you can exchange for a great-coat and a hat, and everybody then will take you for a peasant, for, luckily, you have the look of one. Here is all the money that is left out of the two sequins which I took from Count Asquino; there are seventeen livres; take them. You will reach Borgo in the evening of the day after to-morrow, and I shall be there twenty-four hours later. Wait for me at the first inn on the left hand, and rely upon my meeting you there. This night I must sleep in a good bed; but I must be quiet in it, which would be impossible if you were along with me. I am sure that, at this moment, they are hunting for us every where, and that the description of our persons is so accurately given, that we should be arrested at any inn into which we might go together. You see my wretched state, and the absolute necessity of my having ten hours' rest. Farewell, then; go on, and let me pursue my course by myself. I shall find a lodging in this neighbourhood.'

"'I expected all that you have just said to me,' replied

Balbi, 'but my only answer shall be to remind you of what you promised, when I let myself be persuaded to break through your dungeon. You promised that we should never part; therefore, you must not hope that I will leave you: your fate shall be mine, and mine shall be yours. We shall find a good lodging for our money; we will not go to inns; and we shall not be arrested.'

"'You are determined, then, not to follow the good advice which prudence has made me give you?'

"'Yes, thoroughly determined.'

"'We shall see!'

"I got up, not without difficulty; I took measure of him from head to foot with my eyes, and marked it on the ground; then, drawing out my stiletto from my pocket, I bent down, almost lying on my left side, and began to dig a small excavation, with the utmost coolness, and without returning a single word to all his questions. After I had worked for a quarter of an hour, I began to look at him with a sorrowful countenance, and told him that, as a good christian, I thought it my duty to advise him to recommend his soul to God; for,' said I, 'I mean to bury you here, either dead or alive; if you are stronger than I, you must bury me. You see the extremity to which your brutal obstinacy drives me. You may, however, save yourself, for I will not run after you.'

"Finding that he did not reply, I set to work again; but I own that I began to be afraid the brute would push me to violent measures, and I was determined to get rid of him.

"At last, either though fear or reflection, he threw himself down by me. Not being sure of his intentions, I held the point of my weapon towards him, but I had nothing to fear. 'I will do everything you wish,' said

he. I immediately embraced him, gave him all the money I had, and repeated my promise to rejoin him at Borgo. Though I was left without a halfpenny, and had to cross two rivers, I congratulated myself on having achieved my deliverance from the company of a man of his nature; for, alone, I felt sure that I should succeed in getting over the frontier of our dear republic."

The step which was next taken by Casanova is incomprehensible, unless we suppose that his intellect was transiently affected by what he had undergone. He himself confesses that he is unable to account for it. As soon as his burthensome companion was fairly out of sight, Casanova went to a shepherd, who was watching his flock on a neighbouring hill, and asked him the name of a village which was visible from the spot. He was told that it was Val di Piadene. He then desired to know who were the owners of several villas to which he pointed, and he found that they belonged to people with whom he was acquainted, but to whom he would not now apply for aid, because he feared to bring them into trouble. He next inquired about a mansion which he saw, and was informed that it was the residence of the Grimani family, and that the eldest Grimani, who was at that time the state inquisitor, was then in the mansion. A red house, which he perceived at a distance, was the last that he questioned the shepherd about. It was the dwelling of a chief of the police.

Of all places in the world, this red house would seem to be one which a man in Casanova's circumstances would avoid. Yet though, as he remarks, "reason as well as fear ought to have made him shun it," he "mechanically" descended the hill, and walked straight to it. Entering the court-yard, he asked a little boy, who was playing there, where his father was. The boy did not answer, but went into the house, and brought out his mother, a very pretty woman, who was obviously about

to make an addition to the family. Her husband was absent; but an equivocal expression, which Casanova used, led her to imagine that he was a Signor Vetturi, a wealthy friend, whom she had never seen, but who had promised to stand godfather to the coming baby, and this ensured to the fugitive a hospitable reception. In the course of conversation, he learned, that the owner of the house, with all his myrmidons, had set out but an hour before, for the purpose of apprehending Casanova and Balbi, and that he was to pursue them for at least three days.

The wife and her mother were gifted with great sweetness of temper and kindness of heart. They exerted themselves to the utmost to make their guest comfortable, and the mother dressed his bruises and lacerations, which he told them had been caused by a fall from his horse, while he was hunting in the mountains. "The pretty wife of the thief-taker," says Casanova, "had none of the keenness of the profession, for nothing could look more like a romance than the story which I told her. On horseback, in white silk stockings! A hunting in a silk suit, and without a cloak or a servant! On his return, her husband would doubtless make fine game of her; but may God reward her, for her tender heart and favourable ignorance. Her mother took care of me with as much politeness as I could have met with from persons of the highest rank. Respectable and benevolent woman! she spoke in a motherly tone, and, while she dressed my wounds, she always called me her son. That name sounded delightfully to my ears, and the delicious feelings which it excited contributed not a little to my cure."

As, however, there was no knowing what might happen, if he delayed his departure a moment beyond what was necessary, Casanova, after having recruited his strength by a twelve hours' sleep, set off secretly

in the morning, and was fortunate enough not to be suspected by two police officers who were standing in the court-yard. The sight of them sharpened his fears, and quickened his pace, and, for five hours, he continued to hurry on through woods and over mountains. At noon, as he was crossing a hill, he heard the ringing of a bell, and, on looking into the valley, he saw a small church. It was All-Souls' day, and the villagers were flocking to church, to hear mass. There were moments when the mind of Casanova was open to devotional feelings. This was one of them. "The thought struck me," says he, "that I too would go and hear it; my heart felt a craving to express its gratitude for the visible protection which I received from Providence; and, though all nature displayed before me a temple worthy of the Creator, habit drew me to the church." On entering the house of prayer, he was startled to see one of his former acquaintance, Mark Anthony Grimani, who was a nephew of the State Inquisitor. When the mass was over, Grimani followed him out, and accosted him. "What brings you here, Casanova?" said he, "and where is your companion?"

"I gave him the modicum of money that I had about me, that he might escape by another road," replied the fugitive; "and, without a farthing in my purse, I am trying, in this direction, to reach a place of safety. If your Excellency will have the goodness to assist me with a little money, I shall extricate myself more easily from my difficulties."

"I can give you nothing," said the cold-blooded Grimani, "but you will find hermits as you journey along, who will not let you die of hunger. But tell me how you contrived to break through the prison roof."

"The story would be interesting, but it would be rather a long one," Casanova sarcastically answered, "and, in the meanwhile, the hermits might, perhaps, eat up all

the food which is to prevent me from dying of hunger." So saying, he made a profound bow, and proceeded on his way.

By sunset Casanova was so fatigued, and faint from want of victuals, that his legs would carry him no further. But here again fortune favoured him. Seeing a lone house, of a respectable appearance, he went to it, and asked for the master. His master was gone over the river to a wedding, the porter said, and would not be back for two days, but he had left strict orders, that any friends who might call should be treated exactly as if he were at home. Casanova entered, and was provided with an excellent supper and bed. From letters, which were lying about, he discovered that the owner of the house was a gentleman, named Rombenchi, and he addressed to him a billet of thanks and apologies, and then went his way. He obtained a passage over the river, by promising to pay the boatman when he came back, and he dined at a Capuchin convent; so that he got through a long march without suffering any inconvenience.

Casanova stopped at the house of a friend on whom he had conferred many favours. He advanced to embrace him; but, at the sight of the fugitive, the worthy friend gave a start of terror, and desired him to be gone without delay. Casanova, however, stated his wants, and requested the loan of sixty sequins, for which he offered to give a check, drawn upon Signor Bragadino, at Venice, who would instantly pay it. The reply was, that not even a glass of water could be given to him, and that the speaker trembled, lest he should incur the anger of the tribunal, for having admitted an offender into his house. Enraged by this ingratitude and cowardice, Casanova seized the dastard by the collar, pointed the stiletto at his breast, and, in a thundering tone, threatened to put him to death. "Shaking from head to foot," says Casanova, "he drew a key from his pocket, showed me a

bureau, and told me to take from it whatever money I wanted. I bade him open it himself. He obeyed, and drew out a drawer in which there was gold, and I ordered him to count out six sequins."

"You desired me to give you sixty."

"Yes, when I expected to receive them as a friendly loan; but, since I am obliged to obtain by violence what I want, I will have only six, and I will give you no check for the sum. They will be repaid to you at Venice, to which city I shall write, to say what you have forced me to do, cowardly being! and unworthy of living, as you are."

"Forgive me, I entreat you; take the whole."

"No, nothing more. I will go, and I warn you to let me go quietly, or, perhaps, in my despair, I may turn back and set fire to your house."

Casanova then pursued his way, and was not driven to act the part of an incendiary. After having travelled for two hours, fatigue obliged him to stop at the house of a poor farmer, where he obtained a coarse supper and a bed of straw. In the morning he bought an old great-coat, and a pair of boots to match, and hired an ass to carry him for the rest of the journey. His final and most perilous trial was now approaching. At Castello della Scala, the last village on the Venetian frontier, there was a guard stationed. But so well was he disguised in his recent purchase, that the sentinel did not think him of importance enough to be questioned. With a joyful heart he crossed the border line, and was at length in safety. At Borgo di Val Sugano he found Balbi, who had reached his destination without encountering any difficulty, and had begun to indulge his gluttonous and amatory propensities. For some time the monk proved almost as heavy a burden to him as the Old Man of the Sea was to Sindbad; but, eventually, Casanova succeeded in liberating himself, by procuring

for him the patronage of a rich canon at Augsburg. The monk, however, was not made for good; he spent a long life in profligacy and knavery, partly in prisons, and partly as a fugitive, and died, poor and despised, in 1783.

A rapid sketch of the subsequent career of Casanova will suffice. From Borgo di Val Sugano he journeyed to Munich, whence, after a short stay, he bent his course to the French capital. At Paris he was admitted into the best society, obtained the confidence of the Duke de Choiseul, and was employed by the minister in some pecuniary negotiations and other affairs. He resided for a considerable period at Paris, and then recommence his wanderings. In Switzerland he visited Voltaire and Haller, and was well received by them; and at Florence he became acquainted with Suvaroff. Banished from Tuscany, he visited some other parts of Italy, and then returned to Paris, but did not make that city his permanent abode. Still erratic in his movements, we find him now at Paris, now in Switzerland, now in Italy, then at Paris again, and then at London. We must next follow him to Berlin, where Frederic the Great was about to appoint him governor of the Cadet School. Casanova relinquished this promotion, and took wing to St. Petersburg, where he had several political conversations with the Empress Catharine. He then went to Vienna, whence, however, he was immediately expelled by the government. Nor was he more fortunate in a new visit to Paris; he was driven from thence by a lettre de cachet. Spain next received him in 1769, and for a while he was a favourite with several eminent statesmen; but he was soon compelled to quit that country, and he passed through France into Italy; in the course of his journey through France he became acquainted with Cagliostro and the Marquis d'Argens. During this restless period of his existence, Casanova experienced frequent

alternations of penury and riches. In 1774, his pardon was granted by the Venetian government, as a reward for his having refuted the well-known work of Amelot de la Houssaie, in which that government is roughly treated. He is said to have also rendered other and more important services to that republic; his travels were probably connected with those services. After a short residence at Venice, he went back to Paris. The heyday of youth was now over, age was rapidly casting its shadow over him, and Casanova began to feel the want of repose. That want he was lucky enough to satisfy, in a manner most congenial to his feelings. In the French metropolis he acquired the friendship of Count Waldstein, a German nobleman, who possessed large estates, at Dux, in Bohemia. In 1785, the Count proposed that Casanova should accompany him to Dux, and become his librarian and scientific companion. Casanova consented, and thenceforth ceased to be a wanderer. He died at Vienna, in the month of June, 1803.

Besides his memoirs, and his defence of the Venetian government, Casanova wrote a history of the troubles in Poland; an account of his escape from imprisonment; Icosameron, or History of Edward and Elizabeth; and two mathematical dissertations; and translated the "Iliad" into Italian octave verse.

THE SUFFERINGS OF LUC' ANTONIO VITERBI.

THE subject of the following sketch was a native of Corsica. The Corsicans have many good qualities; they possess, in some respects, a fine sense of honour; they are hospitable, high-spirited, anxious to acquire knowledge, strongly attached to their relatives and friends, and enthusiastic lovers of their country: but their character is sullied by a vice which partly springs from a perversion of some of their virtues—their quick feeling of injury and insult, and the warmth of their domestic affections, render them prompt to take offence, and implacable in revenging it: forgiveness of wrongs forms no portion of the Corsican's code of morality. To return evil for evil, is among the first lessons which are taught to the rising race. The child sees, on all sides, individuals devoting their enemies to death; he daily hears the practice applauded; and, when he reaches the age of manhood, his father purchases arms for him, or lends him his own, and tells him that he is now a man, and that, like other men, he must make his rights respected. The mother whose husband has been assassinated, preserves the blood-stained garments of the deceased till her children are grown up, and then places them before their eyes, and calls upon her offspring for vengeance. He who failed to comply with her call would become a by-word and a scorn to all who knew him, and his existence would be perpetually embittered by their taunts and reproaches. It is, therefore, not wonderful, though the fact is a melancholy one, that, within the short space of five years, from 1832 to 1836, nearly four hundred persons should have been murdered, and almost five hundred wounded, in the island of Corsica, which contains a population of not more than two hundred thou-

sand souls. Unfortunately, the greater part of these murders are committed with impunity; insuperable obstacles being placed in the way of justice, by the inaccessible nature of the country, and the prejudices of the inhabitants.

Luc' Antonio Viterbi was born, in 1769, at Penta, in the district of Corte. From his father, who was a man of ability, he received his early education, and he completed it at Florence. In stature he was about five feet six inches, and his countenance was dark and expressive. His talents were considerable, and his memory was so good that, after having twice read them over, he could repeat ninety unconnected Latin words. He was an irreproachable father and husband; a generous relative, friend, and master; but an implacable foe. By two marriages, he had a son, named Orso Paolo, and seven daughters. It is to this son that he alludes in some lines, of which this sketch contains a translation.

Till the breaking out of the French revolution, Viterbi led a quiet life in the bosom of his family, and occupied his leisure in literary pursuits. That revolution was hailed with delight by a great majority of the Corsicans. They naturally rejoiced at an event which, though it would not give them independence, would at least redeem them from the disgrace of being subject to a despot. Among its warmest advocates were Luc' Antonio and his father. To deliberate upon the measures which it rendered necessary, meetings of the principal persons of the island were convoked in the various cantons. At one of these meetings, which was held in the refectory of the convent of Venzolasca, Simone and Luc' Antonio, with others of the Viterbi family, were present. A motion was made to exclude the Frediani family from the electoral assembly, on the ground of their being enemies to liberty. This was at first opposed by Simone Viterbi, but he afterwards assented to it, and the motion was

carried. Piero Giovanni Serpentine, a friend of the Frediani, was so irritated by this vote, that he reproached Simone for his vacillation, called him a babbler, and threatened that he too should be excluded. "I am surprised," replied Simone, "that such a coward as you should dare to make his voice heard within these walls." On hearing these bitter words, Serpentine furiously rushed upon Simone, and stabbed him, but failed to inflict a mortal wound. Luc' Antonio, and his brother Piero, were at that moment in the court-yard of the convent; the former forced open the door, and hurried to his father's assistance. While Luc' Antonio was attending upon his wounded parent, one of the Frediani, Francesco Andrea by name, was killed at the door of the refectory, and his death was attributed to the Viterbi family.

From this moment a deadly feud existed between the two families. The fatal consequences were not slow in appearing. Opposite to the dwelling of the Viterbi was that of Venturino Suzzarini, who was firmly attached to the Frediani. About five months after the death of Francesco Andrea, the Viterbi saw several partisans of the Frediani, from the canton of Vallerentia, enter the house of Suzzarini. Convinced that an attack was intended, they prepared for their defence. They were not wrong in this belief. A hot fire of musketry was opened upon them by the hostile party. The faction of the Frediani was, however, worsted; two of them being killed, and Suzzarini and others wounded. Luc' Antonio had no share in this contest, he being absent at the time. Their defeat rankled in the breasts of the vanquished, and they watched an opportunity of revenging it. Five months afterwards, as Piero Viterbo was riding past the house of Donato Frediani, he was fired at, and received a musket-ball in his shoulder, but he escaped with life.

The arrival of the celebrated Paoli in Corsica, and the stirring events which succeeded, suspended for a while the hostility, without deadening the animosity, of the two parties. At the outset, the Viterbi were enthusiastic in favour of Paoli; but when, disgusted by the revolutionary enormities of France, he resorted to England for aid, they deserted his cause. When Bastia capitulated, in 1794, Luc' Antonio removed, with all his family, to Toulon. The Frediani had joined the English party, and they now burned the dwellings of the Viterbi, desolated their property, and made themselves sole masters of Penta. But the tables were soon turned. With a scandalously gross want of policy, the British cabinet abandoned the Mediterranean to its enemies, and France recovered possession of Corsica. The Viterbi came back, and immediately demanded reparation for their losses, and cited the Frediani before the tribunal of justice. There was, however, one of the Frediani who was desirous to put an end to the feud; it was the father of the murdered Francesco Andrea. To effect this benevolent design, he offered to unite his grandson with a daughter of Luc' Antonio. The proposal was met with a corresponding spirit of conciliation; and, looking upon the marriage as settled, Simone Viterbi journeyed to Porta d'Ampugnana, for the purpose of putting a stop to the proceedings of the tribunal. The intent of his journey was fatally mistaken by some assassins of the opposite party, and, as he was on his return from Porta, they waylaid and murdered him. The Frediani were pursued by Luc' Antonio and the gendarmerie, and were all arrested, with the exception of Carlo, who escaped into the marshes of Tavignano. Carlo died in his hiding-place, and Luc' is said to have disinterred and stabbed the dead body; so deeply rooted in a Corsican breast is the love of revenge! The tribunal also did its part; it sentenced the principal members of the Frediani family

to spend ten years in the galleys, and to indemnify the Viterbi for all the pecuniary losses which they had sustained.

On their resumption of Corsica, the French gave a new organisation to the courts of justice. Luc' Antonio, whose reputation stood high, was appointed to the office of public prosecutor, an office the want of which in England is much to be regretted. He filled this station for several years with honour to himself, till he lost it by refusing to vote that Napoleon should become emperor. He then retired to Penta, and lived in privacy, but was not suffered to remain at ease; the imperial agents, as is generally the case with the minor instruments of monarchs, were anxious to show their loyal zeal by incessantly persecuting him, and he was even imprisoned, without cause, by General Berthier.

Several years passed away, during which, though it still existed in all its original virulence, the feud was productive of no evil consequences. In 1814, however, Donato Frediani was killed as he was entering his own dwelling. Suspicion at first rested on other persons, but soon fixed upon Luc' Antonio and his son, the latter of whom was said to have committed the murder, with the knowledge or at the instigation of his father. But, before any measures could be taken to inquire into the business, the return of Napoleon from Elba to France diverted all the attention of the Corsicans to politics. Meetings to deliberate upon what should be done, were held in various parts of the island. The plain of Bivinco was the place chosen for assembling the people of the district of Bastia. With a hundred of his followers, Luc' Antonio set out for Bivinco, and on his way was joined by General Casalta, at the head of a similar band. Both of them were determined opponents of the reinstated emperor. As Luc' Antonio was approaching Bivinco, he was informed that the Ceccaldi, and other

personal enemies of the Viterbi, were there, and he was advised not to proceed. He, however, replied that the good cause required his presence. The fears of his advisers were justified by the event. As soon as they saw the Viterbi, the Ceccaldi fell upon them, and a desperate skirmish was the result, in which two of the latter faction were slain. The Ceccaldi, nevertheless, prevailed, and Luc' Antonio and his son were compelled to take refuge at Borgo. While the fugitives were absent, a criminal prosecution was instituted against them. The fray had been commenced by the Ceccaldi, yet, through the influence of the Napoleonists, they obtained, from a venal or a prejudiced tribunal, the condemnation of their enemies. Luc' and his son were sentenced to death; the property of Luc' was also confiscated, and his house was ordered to be burned, and a column, branding his name with infamy, to be erected on its site. This iniquitous decree was not carried into effect. Luc' and his son contrived to keep out of the reach of their persecutors, till the downfall of Napoleon put an end to political contention in Corsica. There was now some chance of their having a fair trial. The Ceccaldi, though their poisoned weapons had been taken from them, were resolved to pursue their foes to extremity; they commenced a new prosecution against them, and the two accused persons were committed to prison. The trial lasted for several days, and ended in the defeat of the Ceccaldi. Luc' Antonio and his son were declared to be innocent, and were set at liberty. When, on his way homeward, he reached the bridge over the Golo, he was received by seventy of his partisans, who were waiting to greet him, and escort him to Penta. At Penta, which he did not reach till night, the inhabitants thronged out of their dwellings to congratulate him. He thanked them for the warm interest which they took in his cause, and told them that

"justice, in this instance, had preserved the equilibrium of her balance."

Viterbi was now at that time of life when the passions begin to be less violent, and man becomes desirous of repose. He hoped that, to whatever personal danger he might be exposed, he was at least safe from judicial persecution; but in this he was mistaken. His adversaries were bent upon his ruin, and nothing short of destroying his reputation as well as his existence would satisfy their intense hatred. The stiletto or the carbine would inflict no stigma upon the character of their victim; a sentence passed by perverted law would expose him to ignominy. To the law, therefore, they determined to resort; and in this they were doubtless encouraged by the circumstance of the First President of the Royal Court of Bastia being his enemy. A process was accordingly commenced in that court against him and his son, for the asserted assassination, seven years before, of Donato Frediani. That so long a period should have been suffered to elapse without any legal steps having been taken against him, affords a strong presumption of his innocence. Being convinced that justice was not to be expected from his judges, Luc' appealed, but in vain, from the jurisdiction of the Royal Court of Bastia, to that of the Court of Assizes, at Aix, in Provence. He was arrested by the gendarmerie, loaded with chains, and thrown into a dark and noisome dungeon, at Bastia. His relations and friends would have rescued him had he not forbidden them; he had, he said, nothing to reproach himself with, and he exhorted them to respect the laws. His son, Orso Paolo, escaped to the continent. His brother Piero, who had served for many years with honour in the French armies, had returned to Corsica, and he now pressingly interceded for the prisoner's release. All his efforts were unavailing, and he retired in despair to

Penta, where his days were rapidly ended by violent grief; his expiring words were, that intrigue and malignity would prevail over the innocence of the brother whom he so tenderly loved.

The words of Piero were prophetic. The trial of Luc' Antonio lasted fifteen days, and ended on the 16th of September, 1821, by his being condemned to the guillotine. Deeply affected as he was by the untimely death of Piero, and discouraging as was the situation in which he stood, he defended himself with a courage and presence of mind that excited universal astonishment. Nor was his firmness at all shaken by the passing of the sentence. All his anxiety was to avoid the disgrace of a public execution; and that he might have time to accomplish this purpose, he appealed from the decision of the judges. After his condemnation, he wrote several poems on his misfortunes, and kept a journal, which, when he had no longer strength enough to write, he dictated and signed. He first tried to end his existence by means of opium; but, this having failed, he starved himself to death. He expired on the 21st of December, 1821, after having touched no food for eighteen days. In compliance with his wish, that he should have a public funeral at Penta, about six hundred peasants set off from that neighbourhood, to escort the body from Bastia. On their road, they learned that, by order of the public authorities, the body had been buried in quicklime, at Bastia, and that the grave was guarded by a brigade, to prevent the remains from being disinterred. A hundred of the peasants, nevertheless, proceeded to their destination, to ascertain the fact, and, if possible, to remove his relics. They found that the news was true, and that a removal was impracticable. Even in Bastia itself, the suicide of Viterbi created an extraordinary feeling; the bells of all the churches were tolled for him, and, before they heard that he was not allowed to be taken from the town, the

religious fraternities had all prepared to accompany the funeral procession as far as the bridge of Bivinco, which is some miles from Bastia.

Journal commenced the 25th of November, 1821, by Luc' Antonio Viterbi, condemned to death.

(Translated from the Italian.)

November 25th.—At ten o'clock in the morning I ate heartily and with a good appetite. At three in the afternoon I took eleven portions of a narcotic composition. Till eleven at night I remained awake, but in a state of the most perfect tranquillity; a delightful warmth meandered through my veins, the diarrhœa was stopped, the orifice of the fistula was dried up, and the swelling was completely dispersed. About eleven o'clock I fell asleep, and slept profoundly till one. One of the keepers then asked me if I was asleep, and I had scarcely the power to tell him that I was not.

26th.—I fell asleep all of a sudden, and passed four hours in a deep lethargy. The necessity of getting up awoke me at half-past five. I then spent some hours between sleeping and waking; then, till eleven, very sweet sleep, interrupted by short dreams. After eleven, the sleepiness diminished, but did not entirely cease, and I passed the day without uneasiness, and without feeling any want whatever. I found that the narcotic elixir had ceased to produce any effect upon my frame. I finished the day of the 26th in tolerable quiet.—At night, I had a conversation with the keepers of the prison, and three of the soldiers of the guard, which lasted till midnight.

27th.—About one o'clock I began to sleep, and slept till half-past three. At a quarter past four I fell asleep again, and continued to sleep for more than an hour. At the end of that time I got out of bed, and found myself tolerably strong, and not at all out of order, except that

I had a slight bitterness in my mouth. Thus have I reached the end of the second day without eating, without feeling incommoded, or experiencing any want.

* December 2.—To-day, at three o'clock, I ate with a good appetite, and I passed a very quiet night.

3rd.—Monday, without eating or drinking, and without being distressed by the privation.

4th.—Tuesday, without taking food or drink of any kind. And during the whole of the day and night I have been in a state which would have given flattering hopes to any one who was not in my situation. The fistula is dried up, the diarrhœa gone, and my whole body in the most favourable state.

5th.—Last night I passed without sleep; I did not, however, suffer any bodily disturbance, my mind alone was in great commotion. In the morning it was more calm, and the same throughout the day.—It is now two o'clock in the afternoon, and for three days my pulse has manifested no feverish action; it is in the slightest degree quicker, and the pulsation more heavy and obtuse. I feel no inconvenience of any kind. The stomach and bowels are in a perfectly quiet state, the head clear, the imagination ardent, the sight extremely good; there is no craving for victuals or drink; in fact, I feel no desire for either of them. In an hour the third day will finish since I began to abstain from taking food. There is no bitterness in my mouth, my hearing is acute, there is a vigorous feeling throughout my body.—About half-past four I closed my eyes for a few minutes, but I was suddenly roused up by a tremor which shot through my whole frame.—About half-past five I began to feel pains in the left breast, but they were not fixed. The pulse began to extend towards the elbow like a very fine

* The four days between the 27th of November and the 2d of December are wanting.

thread.—After eight I slept quietly for an hour, and found my pulse in a perfectly calm state.—From half-past nine till eleven, a sound and sweet sleep; the pulse remarkably weakened, but regular and deep; no other alteration.—At midnight a perfect calm in every respect, particularly in the pulse.—At one o'clock, the fauces dry, and the thirst pungent.—At half-past eight, my state the same, with the exception of a slight pain in the heart; the pulse in the left wrist oscillates differently from that in the right; this indicates the derangement occasioned by the privation of nourishment.

6th.—In the early part of the day my courage and good sense gave way. My situation could not be more lamentable. All other means believed to be certain were denied me; every report, every word, flattered a mind weakened by misfortunes. The physician advised me to eat, assuring me that my life would certainly be prolonged for a fortnight by my abstaining from food.—The excessive delicacy of the advocate Mari is the cause of all my present torments.—I determined to load my stomach, in the hope that the excess would produce a good effect, but it acted in a quite contrary manner, and put a stop to the diarrhœa; in short, I have been unfortunate and unhappy in everything.

6th.—No fever, though four days have passed since I ate or drank*. I deserve pity and compassion, and not reproach. I began with more than the firmness of Cato, and the end will probably correspond with the beginning. I endure the most burning thirst and devouring hunger with resolution, unshaken courage, and unalterable constancy.—At ten o'clock of the same day, regularity and

* The mind of the unfortunate sufferer was evidently wandering when he wrote this part of his journal. He had forgotten the excessive meal which he took, in the hope that repletion after abstinence might produce death. Other signs of mental disturbance also appear in these twice-dated paragraphs.

feebleness in the pulse; my head begins to be confused. Precisely at noon I found that the right pulse began to intermit; the intermission was still more marked and distinct in the left.—At three the pulse extremely weak, but had ceased to intermit; the sight indistinct and wavering.—At four the intermission returned, and the head became rather disturbed.—At six, the pulse ceased to intermit, recovered its strength, and became more regular.—At nine, prostration of strength, the pulse pretty regular, the mouth dry.—At twelve, singular variations in the pulse; it is now feeble, but regular; the mouth and fauces parched; quiet sleep for about half an hour.

7th.—From half-past six I slept quietly for more than four hours. When I awoke, I had swimming in the head, burning thirst, and a very hurried pulse. At nine the pulse was calm; but till half-past eight there was intermission and a convulsive motion in the left; the intermission in the right was slower; thirst diminished.—At mid-day, the pulse regular.—At four, a decided intermitting in both pulses.—At six, the pulse in a state of perfect quiet.—At twelve, great thirst, with bitterness in the mouth, calm pulse, quiet in every other part.

8th. At four in the morning, most burning thirst; regularity and calmness in every other part of the frame, with some hours of very quiet sleep.—At eight, two hours of very tranquil sleep; the mouth exceedingly parched, burning thirst; the fauces dried up, the tongue so furred as to prevent me from speaking.—Twelve o'clock, intermitting pulse at eleven; perfectly quiet at noon; the burning thirst continues.—Four o'clock; at intervals placid slumbers for half an hour or longer; on waking swimming in the head for two minutes; calm and regular pulse; continual and burning thirst; entire quiet in the rest of the body. Strength is diminishing; the urinary secretion is inflamed.—Eight o'clock; the pulse vigorous, but intermitting at every third beat; all

the rest of the body is quite tranquil; burning thirst*.—Ten o'clock; the pulse intermits at every third beat, and vibrates with extreme quickness; burning thirst.–Twelve o'clock; an hour's sleep; on waking, a frightful swimming of the head, the pulse disordered and intermitting, consuming thirst, and general debility, particularly of the sight.

9th. Three o'clock. In this interval an hour's rest, succeeded by light-headedness, accompanied by all the former symptoms.—Six o'clock; another hour's rest in this interval, followed by the same symptoms as before.—Ten o'clock; since seven, the pulse has ceased to intermit and to oscillate in a febrile manner; the pulsation is extremely weak; burning thirst.—Three in the afternoon; half an hour's placid sleep in this interval; when it terminated, there was intermitting pulse, slight swimming in the head, and burning and incessant thirst; afterwards the head tranquil, the stomach and bowels perfectly quiet, the pulsation extremely regular; about noon, the two ears, the nose, and the hands, were cold, they are now hot.—At eight, the pulse strong and regular; the head clear, the stomach and bowels easy, the sight clear, the hearing very acute, the thirst intense, the rest of the body vigorous.—Ten o'clock; it is the fear of ignominy, and not the fear of death, that has made me firmly determine to abstain totally from every kind of food and drink. In the execution of this, my strange and extraordinary project, I endure the most frightful sufferings, the most unheard-of torments. My courage and my innocence give me strength to rise superior to the sufferings which are caused by such long abstinence. I forgive the judges who condemned me from sincere conviction. I swear an eternal, implacable, deadly hatred, which shall be handed down to my latest posterity, to

* Thus far the journal was written by Viterbi himself; the remainder was dictated, approved of, and signed by him.

the infamous, abominable, and sanguinary Boucher*; that monster of iniquity, who, acting on the impulse of his private hatred, has, out of revenge, endeavoured to accomplish the sacrifice of a whole respectable and innocent family. The symptoms recently mentioned continue. The pulse is quiet, the thirst excessive.

10th. Eight in the morning. Pulse regular, burning thirst till six o'clock, but diminishing considerably between six and eight. Two hours of tranquil sleep at two different intervals; dizziness of the head when I awoke; great feebleness in the pulse, but the motion regular. If it be true that in the Elysian fields we preserve the recollection of the things of this world, I shall always have before my eyes the image of the protector of innocence and truth, the worthy Counsellor Abbattucci; may all the favours of fortune and of Heaven be showered down upon him and his posterity! This wish proceeds from a heart filled with the sincerest gratitude. At twelve o'clock, the head firm, the stomach and bowels quiet, the sight clear, the hearing acute; I still feel pleasure in taking snuff; the pulse continues regular; the thirst becomes as intense as ever; I feel no desire whatever to eat. Ten o'clock; the thirst is incessant, and most ardent; the pulse regular, though a little accelerated. In the afternoon I had several times a strong inclination to eat; in other respects the rest of my body was easy and quiet.

11th. Six o'clock in the morning. Since ten o'clock last night the pulse has been regular, but beating strongly. Before midnight I felt a great eagerness for food, and inextinguishable thirst; slept quietly for an hour; after midnight, on awaking, I found that my pulse was grown weaker, but still preserved the same regularity. In the

* Boucher was the First President of the Royal Court at Bastia.

following hours, quiet sleep, the thirst more bearable, the pulse exceedingly feeble, and indicating that I am near the end of my days. I have undertaken and persisted in a project which is, perhaps, the most extraordinary, the most extravagant, that ever entered into the mind of man. I have executed it, suffering the most terrible and incredible torments, to save my family, my relations, and my friends, from ignominy and dishonour, to deprive my enemies of the satisfaction of seeing my head fall under the keen axe of the guillotine; and to show to the monstrous, iniquitous, and infamous Boucher what is the temper and the character of the brave Corsicans. When he shall know the manner in which I ended my days, he must shudder, feel his blood freeze, and tremble with dread, lest some rival of my virtue should resolve to avenge the innocent victims of his iniquities and intrigues.—Two o'clock in the afternoon; the extreme weakness has ceased for the last hour; the pulse has recovered its strength, and, up to the present moment, has preserved a regularity which alarms me. My whole body, without exception, is free from any disorder or alteration whatever; I perceive, nevertheless, a sensible diminution of strength.—Six o'clock; my intellectual faculties are in their natural and accustomed state. The thirst is burning, but bearable; hunger has entirely ceased; my physical strength sensibly diminishes; the pulse is weak, but regular; the sight clear, the stomach and bowels give me not the least uneasiness. Ten o'clock; the pulse weak and regular; intense thirst, but no wish to eat; all the rest of my frame, corporeally and intellectually, is in a state which indicates no derangement whatever. *Deus in nomine tuo salvum me fac, et in virtute tua libera me.* In these few Latin words are comprehended and summed up my religious principles. Since my seventeenth year, I have always believed in a God, the creator of the universe, the rewarder of the

good, and the severe chastiser of the wicked; from that time I have never put my trust in man.

12th. Nine in the morning. From ten o'clock last night till one this morning no change or alteration; a lethargic sleep, which lasted for four hours and a half; when I awoke the motions of the pulse, and the state of my whole body, offered only fatal and mortal presages; all the senses were completely prostrated. In this condition I remained for more than an hour.—At half-past six I revived. At this moment my pulse is weak, but still regular, and the thirst is somewhat diminished.—Ten o'clock. The pulse is rather weakened, but regular in its motions; I have no appetite for food, but burning thirst; the intellectual faculties are in a perfectly sound state; continual watchfulness; strength in every part of the body.—Ten in the evening. Most intense thirst; the pulsation exceedingly languid and irregular; cessation of the movements of the systole and diastole in the heart for a long time; constant watchfulness; languor all over the body, extraordinary weariness, and inability to bear the light.

13th. Ten in the morning. At midnight the pulse became extremely low and intermitting; consuming thirst; general prostration of strength. In this convulsive crisis, my understanding forsook me, and without the concurrence of my judgment, stimulated by an intolerable thirst, I seized the jug of water, and drank along draught; this increased the coldness of the parts; a moment afterwards, my hands, feet, nose, and ears, became icy cold; the pulse then entirely ceased to beat; all the symptoms were mortal.* The physician came an

* At this moment, believing that he was at the point of death, Viterbi stretched himself out on his back, and exclaimed to the soldiers who were guarding him, "See how well I have laid myself out!"

hour before; in those convulsive moments, when I no longer had the use of my reason, he asked me if I wished for anything, and offered me wine; four or five spoonfuls, which were given me, restored my strength and life. After the wine I drank a considerable quantity of cold water. I now find myself nearly in the same state in which I was yesterday morning; the thirst is much abated, and I can bear it without suffering greatly.—Two o'clock. The thirst is bearable, the pulse regular, but feeble; there is no particular uneasiness in any part of me; no desire for food; the pulsation of the heart is entirely stopped.—Six o'clock. The motion of the heart has wholly ceased; the pulse weak and low; the thirst not quite insufferable; no wish to eat; the head clear, the sight acute, the intellectual faculties in the best possible state.—Ten at night. After half an hour of the most placid sleep, I felt a slight coldness over the whole of my frame; the pulse was gone or was almost imperceptible; the thirst is bearable; the intellectual faculties are in their natural state, without any diminution. The coldness, though slight, continues, and increases in all the limbs; the feet are warm, the nose and ears cold.

14th.—One o'clock. After the convulsions which are described above, three hours of perfectly uninterrupted sleep, accompanied by dreams, which were not of a kind to begloom or bewilder the imagination, but placid and tranquil. When I awoke, burning thirst, extremely weak pulse, that of the heart almost entirely suspended, the mental faculties unimpaired, physical strength somewhat decreased since the preceding day.—Seven o'clock in the evening. Since one o'clock in the afternoon, the intensity of the thirst has immeasurably increased. The beatings of the pulse are at times strong, at others very weak, but always regular; the motion of the heart has wholly ceased; the corporeal and mental powers are in

as good a state as the debility of my body will permit. —Everybody has deserted me, but I retain, and as long as I live will retain, my best possession, my constancy.

On Monday evening, the 10th of this month, the thirst was so intensely violent, that, having filled my mouth with water, I could not resist, and was compelled to swallow it. During the convulsions of the 12th, when the physician was with me, I drank more than a glass of water, and in that of the 13th, rather more than half a glass; the whole could not amount to more than half a pint, and that in the space of twelve days and a half. —The loss of appetite is complete.—Ten at night. The thirst is unendurable, and so it has been throughout the day; the pulsations are febrile, the whole body is hot; there are no symptoms threatening convulsions like those of the preceding night.—Since the 2nd of December I have been deprived of every kind of consolation. No news of my family! My relations in the town have been denied all access to the prison! Seven inexorable soldiers have been posted day and night in the small room in which I am confined, watching with inquisitorial rigour my slightest motions, gestures, and words! Such barbarous and strange precaution is more suitable to the prisons of a Seraglio, or of a Pasha of St. John of Acre, than to that of a humane French governor. They want to prevent my dying, but I hope, and I flatter myself, that I shall render abortive and useless all the efforts, means, and measures, which the ministers can employ.

15th.—Ten in the morning. From ten o'clock in the evening till past three this morning the pulse was strong, and there was a febrile heat in the whole body, and the most intense thirst. Calm sleep till six; faintness and swooning for half an hour; at half-past six I came to myself again; no pulsation discoverable till seven, from

seven till twelve the pulse was excessively slender and low.

16th.—From ten till four, intensely burning thirst; everything else calm. At one o'clock in the morning, tranquil sleep. — At two, the pulse failed; at three, it began to be felt again, but very feebly. It is now near seven o'clock, and the pulse beats so languidly as to make me think that the end of my days, and of my sufferings, is nigh.

After my decease, this journal will be transmitted to my nephew, Giovan Gerolamo Guarini, who will forward copies of it to the Signiors Presidents Mezard, Pasqualini, and Suzzoni, and a fourth to Signor Rigo, whom I request to fulfil my wishes, which I have already made known to him by word of mouth.

17th. — Ten o'clock. Yesterday was passed very quietly; the thirst was endurable, the pulse regular, the sight clear, the head unconfused, the stomach and bowels perfectly easy. I find myself to-day in the same state; but the pulse is extremely feeble. I die with a pure and innocent mind, and end my days with the same calmness as Seneca, Socrates, and Petronius.

18th.—Eleven o'clock. I am on the point of ending my days with the tranquil death of the just. Hunger no longer torments me, thirst has entirely ceased, the stomach and bowels are undisturbed, the head is unclouded, and the sight is clear; in short, a general calmness reigns not only in my heart and my conscience, but in my whole body. The few moments which I have to live will glide placidly away, like the water of a small rivulet through a delightful and beautiful plain. The lamp will soon go out, for want of moisture to feed the flame." * * *

The journal ends on the 18th; but Viterbi was not freed from the burthen of life till the 20th. Just before

he expired, he stretched himself out, as he had done on a former occasion. "I am prepared to quit this world," said he, and with these words on his lips he ceased to exist.

The blank verses, of which the following are a literal translation, are among those which he wrote during his imprisonment. They are addressed to the spectre of his brother Pietro, which he believed to have appeared to him one evening.

"What wouldst thou have? what seek'st thou, nightly shade,
That hoverest round me? Ah! full surely thou
Art no malignant sprite! fix'd is thy gaze
Upon my face, and bitterly thou weep'st.
Oh how those tears sink deep into my heart!
Tell me, who art thou that dost thus display
Such grief and pity for a lost one's doom?
Thy tears flow faster! Ah, I know thee now!
Thou art, thou art, my brother's honour'd shade.
Thou livest no longer, then? Unrighteous Fate
Has brought to sudden close thy bright career?
Yet virtue triumphs still; for happy days
Thou dost enjoy, from human treachery far,
A dweller in the blest Elysian realms.
But I, meanwhile, with anguish compass'd round,
And wrapp'd in galling fetters, drain the cup
Of sorrow to its lowest dregs, and eat
The bread of bitterness; sad are my days,
And terrible my nights: on earth is left
No consolation for my many woes!
Thou, my dear brother, wast my only hope,
And ruthless Death, in robbing me of *thee*,
Robb'd me of all! A son, too, I possess'd—
Alas, unhappy son!—he is the sport
Of cruel Fortune, and a refuge seeks
In a far distant land; on him in vain
I call, for never shall I see him more.
Remorseless Destiny, rouse all thy rage,
Pour all the vials of thy hate upon me;
I brave and scorn thee! for my innocence
And courage are, and ever will remain,
A shield impenetrable by thy darts.

And thou, beloved brother's mourning shade,
Return, consoled, to thy celestial home.
The day that sets me free from life is nigh;
Then will I join thee there, and there forget
The world's injustice and its perfidy,
Its wild complaints, its wrath, and its disdain!"

A singular instance of voluntary death, by starving, occurred in the south of France, in 1831. A man named William Granié murdered his wife in a horrible manner, and cut off her head. He was arrested, and sent to the jail of Muret, to be kept in safe custody, till he could be transferred to Toulouse. In the cell to which he was confined there were two other prisoners. In the course of the night, the monster beat out the brains of one of his fellow captives, with the cover of a tub, of which he had contrived to obtain possession. When, in the morning, the officers of justice went to the cell, they found him brandishing the cover, and threatening to kill the first man that ventured near him. The disfigured corpse of his victim was stretched on the straw by his side. The faculties of the other prisoner seem to have been palsied by the dreadful scene which he had witnessed; he was crouched down, overwhelmed with terror, and incapable of making any resistance to an attack, which he every moment expected, from the sanguinary assassin.

Granié was removed to the prison of Toulouse. To avoid the guillotine, he resolved to put an end to his existence by abstaining from food. In this resolution he steadily persisted for sixty-three days. During all that time he took nothing but a little spring water, which he himself constantly drew from the well. His body was at length reduced to a mere skeleton, and emitted an offensive odour. The most terrible convulsions preceded his death, which took place on the 17th of June. From first to last, though he was often

solicited, the wretched being obstinately refused to let the ministers of religion approach him.

The *post-mortem* examination of the body disclosed some curious and unexpected circumstances. Instead of being shrunk up, as it was supposed that it would be after two months' abstinence, the stomach had its natural dimensions and appearance; so that no one, from the inspection of it, could have discovered that its owner died for want of food. It contained about a glassful of a greenish fluid, which was presumed to be gastric juice. There was nothing unusual in the state of the intestines. Though the marasmus had reduced the muscles to mere membranes, they still preserved their red colour; and it is a remarkable fact that the fibres of them had not lost their tenacity. The body, which was that of a strongly organised man, of about five feet six in stature, weighed but fifty-two pounds.

THE ESCAPE OF COUNT DE LAVALETTE.

MARIE CHAMANS LAVALETTE—a man possessed of courage and talent enough not to be wholly unworthy of remembrance, but who is better known by the presence of mind and devoted affection of his wife—was born at Paris, in 1769, and was the son of a Parisian shopkeeper, who gave him a respectable education. Young Lavalette was originally intended for the church, but the first course of theological lectures which he attended was sufficient to disgust him with ecclesiastical pursuits. He then studied the law. This, however, he abandoned after having been for some time in the offices of a notary and a special pleader; he was frightened by the mountain-like pile of folios which Dommanget, his instructor, assured him it was necessary to master, in order to acquire some idea of French jurisprudence. His next occupation was more congenial to his disposition. M. d'Ormesson, one of the presidents of the Parliament of Paris, a learned and amiable man, had been appointed the Royal Librarian. He wanted an assistant, and Lavalette was recommended to him. He approved of the young man, and promised to provide for him, and this promise made his assistant completely happy. "All I had to expect through his influence," says Lavalette, "was merely an inferior employment in the King's Library; but I looked upon that as the highest pitch of good fortune; and often since, when in the most brilliant situations, I have sighed in thinking of the sweet obscurity I had been promised."

The French revolution had now, forsome time, been advancing with a constantly accelerated pace. The feelings of Lavalette were naturally all on the side of reform; for the privileged classes, who had seldom if ever felt

for the people, he of course had no sympathy; but his better nature was shocked by the brutal excesses of those who profaned and sullied the name of liberty, by making it a pretext for indulging their sanguinary propensities; hs could not comprehend that carrying bleeding heads upon pikes, and pillaging and burning houses, were things which must necessarily be done to render the cause of freedom victorious; and he beheld with disgust the cowardly insults which were daily and hourly heaped upon the royal family, and especially upon the female portion of it, by an infuriated and ferocious rabble. In his sentiments with respect to the royal family he was strengthened by the constant converse and exhortations of M. d'Ormesson, who was a fanatical royalist. Lavalette, however, was only half a convert; he had no wish to see the flagrant abuses of the ancient government restored, and was, in fact, one of that party which was then distinguished as the constitutional. As one of that party, he signed the two Parisian petitions of July 1792, known as the petitions of the ten thousand and the twenty thousand, which subsequently, when the jacobins had subverted the throne, proved fatal to the majority of those who signed them. As a national guard of the battalion of the suburb of St. Anthony, he was on duty at the Tuileries, on the morning of the 10th of August, and was one of the small number who were desirous to fight for the protection of the monarch. But Louis XVI., who on that day ought to have made a last effort, and either vanquished or died, took refuge in the hall of the Legislative Assembly, and democracy, or rather mobocracy, was triumphant.

When the massacres of September began, Lavalette endeavoured to prevail upon some of his comrades in the national guard to put a stop to them. To the eternal disgrace of these men, they were too cowardly or too cruel to interfere. He himself had a narrow escape of

becoming the victim of the murderers. Nor was he much more safe when the slaughter of the captives was over. His having signed the two petitions, and being willing to defend the Tuileries, were known, and considered as acts of treason against the sovereignty of the people. To remain at Paris would be certain death, matters were little better in the departments, and he therefore, like thousands of others at that period, determined to seek an asylum in the army. Along with four friends, who were situated as he was, he enlisted as a volunteer in a free corps, called the Legion of the Alps. Dressing themselves in a sort of marine garb, called a Carmagnole, with military caps on their heads, and knapsacks on their shoulders, they lost no time in commencing their journey to Lyons, at which city the legion was stationed. On their road, they met with an adventure; a description of which will afford some idea of the complete subversion that had been effected in France. There was a small village in the woods, near Vermanton, between Auxerre and Autun, the inhabitants of which had usually gained their living by making wooden shoes. Two days previously to the coming of the new soldiers, the villagers had stopped a coach, containing a bishop and two of his grand vicars, who were trying to escape, and had with them several hundred louis-d'or. After having murdered the three fugitives, these rustic worthies divided the spoil among themselves; and, their patriotism being stimulated into vigorous action by such a prize, they were now keeping a keen look-out for travellers and louis-d'or. Lavalette and his companions were the next who fell into their clutches. He has described, with considerable effect, the scene which took place.

"Our sailors' dresses," said he, "did not promise much, but we held our heads high, and our manners seemed proud; and therefore a little hunchbacked man, an attorney of the village, guessed that we might perchance

contribute to enrich them. Being determined to make no more wooden shoes, the inhabitants applauded the hunchback's advice. We were taken to the municipality, whither the mob followed us. The attorney got upon a large table, and began reading, in an emphatic tone and a loud voice, all our passports. Louis Amédée Auguste d'Aubonne, André Louis Leclerc de la Ronde, Marie Chamans de Lavalette. Here the rascal added the *de*, which was not in my passport. On hearing these aristocratical names, a clamour began; all the eyes which were turned upon us were hostile, and the hunchback exclaimed that our knapsacks ought to be examined. The harvest would have been a rich one; I was the poorest of the set, and I had five-and-twenty louis in gold. We were giving up ourselves for lost, when d'Aubonne, who was a tall man, jumped upon the table and began to harangue the bystanders. He was clever at making verses, and had, besides, the whole slang dictionary at his fingers' ends. He began with a volley of abuse and imprecations that astonished the audience; but he soon raised his style, and repeated the words country, liberty, sovereignty of the people, with such a thundering voice that the effect was prodigious. He was interrupted by unanimous applause. The giddy-brained young man did not stop here. He imperiously ordered Leclerc de la Ronde to get upon the table. La Ronde was the cleverest mimic I ever saw. He was thirty-five years of age, grotesquely shaped, and as swarthy as a Moor. His eyes were sunk in his head, and overhung with thick black eyebrows, and his nose and chin were of immeasurable length. 'Now you'll soon be able to judge whether or not we are republicans from Paris,' said d'Aubonne to the crowd. Then, turning to his companion, he said, 'Answer to the republican catechism. What is God? What are the people? What is a King?' The other, with a sanctified air, a nasal twang, and twisting himself

about like a harlequin, answered, 'God is nature; the people are the poor; a king is a lion, a tiger, an elephant, who tears to pieces, devours, and crushes the poor people to death.' There was no resisting this. Astonishment, shouts, enthusiasm, rose to the highest pitch. The orators were embraced, hugged, and borne in triumph. It became a matter of dispute who should have the honour of lodging us. We were obliged to drink, and were soon as much at a loss how to get away from these brutal wretches, now become our friends, as we had been to escape out of their hands while they were our enemies. Luckily, d'Aubonne again found a method of extricating us out of the scrape. He gravely remarked that we had no time to stop, as our country claimed the tribute of our courage. At last they let us go."

At the time when they enrolled their names as volunteers, they had been shown a handsome uniform, and been led to believe, that the corps into which they entered was respectable in discipline and appearance, and headed by officers who would look upon them as brothers; and they consequently hoped, not only to enjoy "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," but also some of the pleasures of social intercourse. On their reaching Villefranche, near Lyons, the place where their corps was quartered, their illusions vanished. Their future comrades were at drill in a field, and the first sight of them was not such as to excite any wish for a further acquaintance. They consisted of "four or five hundred wretched-looking creatures in tattered garments," and seem, indeed, to have borne a striking resemblance to those ragamuffins with whom Falstaff was firmly resolved not to march through Coventry. None but the officers were dressed in those elegant regimentals which the new volunteers had so much admired. The first idea of Lavalette and his companions was to desert, and they would perhaps have imprudently acted upon it, had not

an officer come up at the moment and asked them, "whether they had not the honour to belong to the corps." As there was no denying that fact, they were under the necessity of joining the legion.

Used as he was to luxury and agreeable society, the situation of Lavalette was by no means comfortable; the officers took no notice of him, and the soldiers were not fitting associates, they consisting mostly of men who had enlisted for a trifling bounty, and others who had formed part of a regiment which had been broken for misconduct. But he had the good sense to make the best of his lot, and to take the only means of improving it. Instead of wasting his time in bewailing his fate, or drowning reflection in dissipation, he applied himself to studying his routine duties. The result was encouraging; within six weeks he was made a corporal. Thus stimulated, he enlarged the sphere of his studies, and acquired some knowledge of the principles of the military science. In this he was assisted by his colonel, Baraguay d'Hilliers, who had arrived from Paris, and who rewarded him for his progress, by raising him to the rank of sergeant.

D'Hilliers was an able and active officer, and he exerted himself so perseveringly, and kept up such strict discipline, that, in less than two months, he converted into excellent soldiers the tattered and disorderly recruits, the first sight of whom had so much disgusted and disheartened Lavalette. Before the return of d'Hilliers from the capital, the corps had been under the orders of Major Ross, a foreigner, who knew just enough of French to command the men, and who seems to have thought that soldiers were only intended to be playthings. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the lamentations which he was accustomed to vent to Lavalette, who had won his good opinion by punctuality and seriousness at drill. "My friend," he used to say, "war is fatal to an

army; there is no longer any order, or discipline, or subordination; woe be to the regiment that leaves its garrison for the field of battle. Oh! if you had seen the camp at Verberie or St. Omer; that was indeed a beautiful sight! The tents all in straight lines, the troops under arms at four in the morning, their clothes all clean, the manœuvres admirable, and, in the evening, at the roll-call, nobody missing, everybody ready! Now, I have nothing but tattered fellows to command! What can I do with these younkers, whom it is impossible to keep in order? This will be a war indeed! Things will go on as bad as they can. But I am resolved to retire from the service."

Colonel d'Hilliers was now removed to the army of the Rhine, and he not only procured the transfer of Lavalette and his companions to that army, but also commissions for them, as second lieutenants of infantry in the 93d regiment of the line. This promotion rendered Lavalette extremely happy. No long time elapsed before d'Hilliers was made a major-general, and chief of the general staff of the army, and he chose Lavalette for his aide-de-camp. The major-general was, however, soon summoned to Paris and thrown into prison. Lavalette was left behind; and he continued to serve in the army of the Rhine, with credit to himself, during the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and a part of the campaign of 1795.

More fortunate than many other generals of that period, d'Hilliers did not become the victim of the guillotine. He was liberated in 1795, and appointed chief of the staff of the first military division in Paris. He immediately invited Lavalette to become again his aide-de-camp, and the invitation was accepted. From Paris d'Hilliers was sent to Normandy, where for a considerable time he and his aide-de-camp served against the Chouans. Tired of this inglorious warfare, d'Hilliers requested to be employed under Bonaparte, and his re-

quest was granted. He set off post for Milan, and Lavalette speedily followed him.

The removal of Lavalette to Italy opened for him the high road to fortune. Yet, at first, it seemed likely to retard his progress. He had hoped that his patron would be engaged in active service, and he had resolved to lose no opportunity of distinguishing himself in the field. "How great was now my consternation," says he, "when I found him governor of Lombardy! I was going to be again buried in the paper business of a staff, sentenced to distribute the bulletins of our victories, to be busy about the thousand minutiæ of an office, so tiresome to a soldier, and at last not even dare to own that I had been in the army of Italy, of which I should share neither the dangers nor the triumphs. Besides, my sword was all my fortune, and could I hope for preferment when I had not deserved it?"

General d'Hilliers was on the point of yielding to the entreaties of Lavalette, that he might have the command of a company of infantry in the vanguard, when a still better opportunity arose for introducing his young friend into that active service for which he had such a longing. Two of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp had just been killed at the battle of Arcola, and d'Hilliers warmly recommended Lavalette to him, to fill up one of the vacancies. The recommendation was successful. On the day when the new aide-de-camp arrived, Bonaparte placed him by his side at dinner. The questions which were put to him are highly characteristic of the conqueror of Italy. "The general," says Lavalette, "wished to ascertain what he might expect from the new acquaintance whom he had rather rashly made. His questions began with the very first course, and lasted till we rose from table; that is to say, for three quarters of an hour. 'Where have you served? In what army? When did you enter into the service? Under what general have you fought? How

strong was the army of the Rhine? What position did it occupy near Mentz? Why did it not march to succour that city? How were the lines of the Lauter lost? How was Landau delivered? Which generals had the most reputation in the army of the Rhine? What force had the enemy on the 13th of October, and when were the lines retaken?' He listened attentively to all my answers, and shortened them when they were too diffuse. I perceived, by his pithy observations, that he was perfectly well acquainted with the history of the army of the Rhine. The distance and position of the various places, the abilities of the generals, their systems and faults, were all familiar to him. When dinner was over he ceased to talk to me. I was afraid he was dissatisfied with my answers. I was comforted, however, by the thought, that the ordeal of the field of battle would be more favourable to me."

It is a strong presumptive proof of Lavalette's merits, that he gained not merely the praise but the confidence of Bonaparte. He won esteem by his mental qualities and his manners, as well as by his bravery, and was consequently employed by his general in various missions, which required delicacy and skill in the management of them. So highly did the youthful conqueror think of Lavalette's discernment and discretion, that he selected him for the performance of an arduous and somewhat dangerous task. It was now late in the spring of 1797, and the quarrel between the directory and the legislative councils was every day becoming more envenomed. Bonaparte was naturally anxious to have authentic information as to the state of affairs in the capital, and he therefore resolved to send Lavalette thither, for the purpose of obtaining it. His envoy was to reside there for a sufficient length of time to acquire a perfect knowledge of the sentiments and designs of the contending factions. "Mix with all sorts of people," said the

general, " do not suffer yourself to be misled by party spirit; tell me the truth, and tell it me free from all passion."

In Paris, Lavalette resided for four months, a watchful observer of all that was going forward. The result of his observations was constantly communicated to Bonaparte, by letters written in cipher. The daring violation of the law, on the 18th of Fructidor, by a majority of the directory, put an end to his mission. He was, indeed, fortunate in escaping from being shot, or sent to perish on the pestilential shore of Cayenne. He was known to be decidedly hostile to the desperate plan which the directorial triumvirate intended to carry into effect, and it became a subject of deliberation with them, whether he should not be numbered among its victims. The question was decided in the negative. There can be little doubt that it was no feeling of mercy or justice, but only the dread of irritating the conqueror of Italy, that withheld their hands.

When Bonaparte quitted Italy, after the conclusion of the treaty with Austria, Lavalette was one of the few whom he took with him, and he was left at Rastadt by him, to watch the proceedings of the Congress. The superior notice which Lavalette received from the German plenipotentiaries was displeasing to the French negotiators; and he was, perhaps, not sorry when his patron summoned him to the French capital, to bear a part in the expedition which was preparing against Egypt. Bonaparte was desirous to obtain promotion for the man who possessed his confidence; but the directors still bore such a grudge to Lavalette, that he did not like to run the risk of having his request refused. He, however, hit upon another method of rewarding him, and binding nim to his interests; it consisted in marrying him to a niece of Madame Bonaparte. There is some-

thing amusing in the military promptitude with which the general acted upon this occasion; he may be said to have carried the marriage of his friend by storm. "I cannot make a major of you," said he, "and, therefore, I must find you a wife. You shall marry Emily de Beauharnois. She is very handsome, and very well educated. Do you know her?"—"I have seen her twice," replied the predestined husband. "But, general, I have no fortune; we are going to Africa, where I may be killed; and what is to become then of my poor widow? Besides, I have no great liking for wedlock."—"Men must marry that they may have children; that is the great purpose of life. Killed you certainly may be. Well! if it should turn out so, she will be the widow of one of my aides-de-camp, of a defender of his country. She will have a pension, and may marry again advantageously. Now, she is an emigrant's daughter, whom nobody will have; my wife cannot introduce her into society. Poor girl! she deserves a better fate. Come, this business must be quickly settled. Talk to Madam Bonaparte this morning about it; the mother has already given her consent. The wedding shall take place in a week; I will allow you a fortnight for your honeymoon. You must then come and join us at Toulon on the 29th." (It was then the 9th.) Lavalette could not help laughing all the time that the general was thus arranging matters, and at last he said, "I will do whatever you please; but will the girl have me? I should not like to put any force upon her inclinations." "She is tired of her boarding-school," replied the general, "and she would be unhappy if she were to go to her mother's. While you are away, she shall live with her grandfather at Fontainebleau. You will not be killed, and you will find her when you come back. Come, come! the thing is settled. Tell the coachman to drive home."

In the evening, Lavalette went to see Madame Bonaparte, who declared herself pleased with the match, and promised to introduce him to her niece on the morrow. At the appointed time, the general, his wife, and Eugene Beauharnois, accompanied the lover to Madam Campan's seminary. The party breakfasted in the garden, on the grass. Lavalette was delighted with his intended bride. Of all the forty scholars she was the prettiest; she was tall, extremely graceful, and her fine features and complexion were rendered more beautiful by her blushes. But in proportion to Lavalette's satisfaction at her personal appearance, were his fears that she might not approve of him, and, in case she should accept his hand, his dislike of being abruptly separated from so amiable an object. Resolved to know his fate at once, he desired Eugene Beauharnois to take his cousin into a secluded walk. Thither he followed her, and spoke with the frankness of a soldier. "I have," said he, "nothing in the world but my sword, and the general's good-will, and I must leave you in a fortnight. Open your mind to me. I feel disposed to love you with all my heart and soul, but that is not enough. If our union would be painful to you, place entire confidence in me; a pretext may easily be found for breaking it off. I shall depart, and you will not be tormented, for I will faithfully keep your secret." While he spoke her eyes were cast down, but when he had finished, she smiled, and silently presented to him a nosegay which she held in her hand. He understood this tacit consent, and embraced her; in the course of a week they were united. The woman thus hastily wooed, thus hastily won, proved to be a fond and devoted wife.

Not many days after his marriage, Lavalette proceeded to join the expedition at Toulon. From Malta he was despatched, by Bonaparte, to land the dastardly grand-master and his accomplices, at the head of the Adriatic

Sea; after having done which he was to inspect the fortifications of Corfu, and procure an interview with Ali Pasha of Janina, in order to gain him over to the interests of France. The last article of his mission he was unable to perform; Ali Pasha being then, with his contingent of troops, at the siege of Widdin. He, therefore, continued his course to Egypt; but before he could set foot on its shore, he was twice in peril; he was chased by an English vessel, and he narrowly escaped from being drowned in his attempt to enter the mouth of the Nile. On the latter occasion, one of his comrades afforded a striking instance at once of the low state of religion among the French officers, and of the power of fear to wake a transient feeling of it in hearts whence it had for years been banished. "The first wave," says Lavalette, "nearly submerged us. Another effort was necessary, and while the sailors, as pale as death, continued to row vigorously, one of my travelling companions, an officer in the corps of guides, fell on his knees and began the Lord's Prayer, of which he did not miss a single word. When the danger was over, he recovered his courage, and, being ashamed of an act for which he could not himself account, he whispered to me, 'I am now eight-and-thirty, and since I was six years old I never said a prayer in my life. I cannot conceive how I recollected that one; and I do declare that at this moment I should not be able to repeat a single word of it!' This officer was nevertheless one of the bravest in the Egyptian army. I think he died a brigadier-general in Spain."

During the campaigns in Egypt and Syria, Lavalette, equally calculated for conversing and for fighting, was the constant companion of Bonaparte, as well in his social and private hours as on the field of battle. He was one of those whom his patron selected to accompany him in his sudden return to France, and he took a share in those proceedings which placed Bonaparte at the head

of the government. In a few days, after the revolution of the 18th of Brumaire, the first consul despatched his aide-de-camp on a mission to Dresden. The nominal purpose of Lavalette's mission was to act as resident at the court of the elector of Saxony; its real purpose was, in the first place, to sound the court of Vienna as to its willingness to consent to a cessation of hostilities; and, in the second, to collect political information, and, doubtless, to extend French influence in Russia and northern Germany. Early in 1802 he was recalled to Paris; and he flattered himself that he should re-enter upon his military career; but the first consul had decided otherwise, he had resolved to employ him in a civil capacity. To the surprise of Lavalette, he found himself gazetted as one of the directors of the sinking fund. He refused the post, and declared that, since he could no longer be a soldier, he was resolved to live in privacy. The first consul, however, sent for him, and convinced him that his conduct was unwise. "It was," he said, "his intention to give him the high and responsible situation of director-general of the post-office, (a situation equivalent to that of postmaster-general in England,) but circumstances prevented him from carrying his purpose into effect at the present moment." A few months afterwards, Lavalette was installed in the promised office, and he held it till the first abdication of his imperial patron. He subsequently obtained the rank of count, counsellor of state, and commander of the legion of honour.

On the fall of Napoleon, in 1814, Lavalette retired into private life. When, however, in consequence of their own errors—of what they did do, of what they neglected to do, and what they permitted their imprudent partisans to do and say—the Bourbons were again expelled from France, Lavalette, even before Napoleon arrived at Paris, took possession of his former post. He was offered the ministry of the home department, but he

declined to accept it. The second abdication of Napoleon of course deprived Lavalette of his office. He was advised to save himself by flight; but his wife being far advanced in pregnancy he could not bear to leave her, and, besides, he laboured under the strange infatuation of imagining that his fault would be considered as a venial one, and that, in case of his being prosecuted, a moderate period of imprisonment would be his utmost punishment. He little knew the inveteracy of his enemies; his name occupied a prominent place in the list of proscription, and they would be satisfied with nothing less than the forfeiture of his life.

On the 18th of July, Lavalette was arrested while he was sitting at dinner, and was taken to the prison of the Prefecture, where he was placed in a dirty garret, with a window in the roof, twelve feet from the floor, which it was impossible to open to obtain a breath of air. In a day or two, he was summoned, for examination, before the clerk, a short fat man, who had held his place for nine-and-twenty years, and whose sole delight was examining his captives, and dextrously contriving to make them betray themselves. He dwelt with exultation upon the consummate art which he had displayed in entrapping his victims into fatal avowals. "I am fond of my profession," said he, "I cannot remain a day out of this room. I might go to the play, and divert myself with my friends, and my wife and children; but, no, I must be here." Lavalette describes him as constantly, from habit, leering to the left side, where the prisoners were placed, and adds, "I am convinced that he would have lost half his skill if they had been stationed on his right hand."

From the Prefecture Lavalette was removed to the Conciergerie, and confined in a room from which scarcely a square foot of sky could be seen, and the bare walls of which were covered with names and exclamations of

despair, written with charcoal. In a few days he was removed to another, but the change was not an improvement, for the apartment was so damp that he was obliged to have a fire day and night, and close to him was an enormous iron door, the violent motion of which shook his bed and broke his rest, when it was hourly opened for the purpose of relieving the sentinels. The yard of the female prisoners was also before his window, and, as they were among the most degraded of their sex, he was from morn till night disgusted by language of the most vulgar and profligate kind. For several weeks no letter was allowed to reach him unopened, nor any friend to see him but in the presence of the registrar. Still, in spite of all these ominous indications, he persisted in clinging to the hope that, at worst, his sentence would be imprisonment.

The rigour of his captivity was at length somewhat relaxed, by the admission of friends to visit him, but his prospects became more gloomy. In all the royalist circles of Paris there existed a bitter spirit against him; he being generally regarded among them as the head of a conspiracy, by which they supposed Napoleon to have been brought back. His trial came on upon the 21st of November, and occupied two days. Lavalette asserts, and apparently with reason, that nothing was omitted by the government to ensure his conviction. The advocate-general was his private enemy, the jury was prejudiced, the questions on which the jurors were to decide were arranged in a manner unfavourable to the prisoner, and, lest some of the jurors should be reluctant to declare for death, it was intimated that the king wished to have an opportunity of displaying his clemency, and would spare the life of the offender. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the jury was engaged in hot debate for six hours before it could come to a fatal verdict. At last, by a majority of eight to four, the question was carried against him,

and the fiat of death pronounced. The charge of having been engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the government, a charge which had been so vehemently urged beforehand, was tacitly abandoned from the very outset of the trial; and consequently there remained only the charge of "having been guilty of usurping the public authority:" the former offence was a felony, the latter was only a misdemeanor. That the prisoner was guilty of the second of these offences, and that the government was justified in seeking to punish him for it, there can be no doubt whatever; but to strain the law for the purpose of taking vengeance, was an act of enormous baseness.

It was midnight when Lavalette was led into court to hear his doom. He listened to it calmly, and merely said in a firm tone to his counsel, "Well, my friend, it is but a cannon-ball that has struck me;" then turning to several of the clerks of the post-office who had been summoned as witnesses against him, he waved his hand, and bade them farewell, after which he was carried back to the Conciergerie. On returning to his cell, his suppressed feelings burst forth, and for a while his mind was dreadfully agitated; but reason at last regained the ascendancy, and he sank into profound sleep.

In the first paroxysm of his grief and anger, Lavalette had resolved to spare himself the agony of suspense, by declining to appeal against the decision of the court. When, however, he thought of his unprotected wife and daughter, he changed his mind, and determined to lose no chance of prolonging his existence. His wife, on her part, was now commencing those exertions to rescue him which have immortalised her name. As soon as she received the dreadful news that her husband was condemned, she sought an audience of Louis XVIII. It was granted; but all that the king said to her was, "Madam, I have received you immediately, in order to give you a proof of the interest I feel for you." There

was not much in this speech to inspire confidence; but, nevertheless, the general opinion was, that, as the king had admitted the countess to his presence, he would pardon her husband. But Louis XVIII. chose rather to imitate our James II., who gave an audience to his nephew Monmouth, and then consigned him to the scaffold. On the following morning, she communicated to her husband the result of the interview. It was the first time that he had seen her during four months, and her pale, emaciated and dejected countenance made him shudder. She was suffering under a double sorrow; her husband was about to be snatched from her, and the child, to which she had recently given birth, and which she had loved with almost idolatrous fondness, had ceased to exist.

Though the friends of Lavalette endeavoured to buoy him up with hopes, and though many of them made praiseworthy exertions in his behalf, he was convinced that his death was determined upon. The king had not only refused to remit or commute the penalty, but had even refused to comply with the prisoner's wish, that he might die like a soldier, instead of being sent to the guillotine. From the Court of Cassation, to which he had consented to appeal, he expected nothing. He therefore wisely made up his mind to the worst, and endeavoured to familiarise himself with the details relative to the execution of criminals. With this view, he daily questioned the turnkeys and officers of justice upon this terrific subject. Some answered with reluctance, but the oldest of the jailors seemed to delight in dwelling even upon the minutest circumstances. At first, his whole frame was agitated, he shuddered, turned pale, and walked up and down his room in utter dismay. His nights were either sleepless and full of anguish, or haunted by dreams which were still more dreadful than his waking thoughts.* But, at length, he could listen to the keepers

* Lavalette was accustomed to relate one of these dreams which

without the slightest emotion, and displayed a calmness which excited their wonder. "I had," says he, "some time before hidden a table-knife in my straw mattress; I now gave up all idea of using it. I found a sort of

made a deep impression upon him. It is curious in a psychological point of view, as affording a strong illustration of the lightning-like rapidity with which a long train of ideas passes through the mind while the will and the bodily faculties are in a state of suspension. I have a recollection of having read, many years ago, an Eastern tale (but I do not remember where it is to be found) which has some analogy with this dream, as far as regards a rapid succession of ideas. A magician desires a prince to dip his head into a bowl of water. The prince complies, finds himself changed into a man of humble condition, and spends years of suffering and privation. When the magician bids him withdraw it from the bowl, he discovers that little more time had elapsed than was required for him to dip it into and take it out of the water.—"One night, while I was asleep," says Lavalette, "the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve, and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry; but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep, I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue de l'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around me, all was still, nevertheless a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry, the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the red flames of which illumined faces without skin and bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled fearfully in their vast sockets; their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows, in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek my safety by flight. This horrible troop continued passing in a rapid gallop, and casting frightful looks on me. Their march, I thought, continued for *five hours;* and they were followed by an immense number of artillery-waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered; a disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me. At length, the iron gate of the prison shutting with great force, awoke me again. I made my repeater strike; it was no more than midnight, so that the horrible phantasmagoria had lasted no more than *two or three minutes*—that is to say, the

glory in braving death, in awaiting it as I would have done upon a field of battle."

The minister of justice, Count Barbé-Marbois, who was favourable to Lavalette, had endeavoured to put off as long as possible the decision of the Court of Cassation, in order to afford time for solicitation, and for prejudice to be diminished. The delay was unavailing; after the lapse of nearly a month, the sentence was confirmed by the court. The prisoner had now only three days to live. It was resolved to make a last effort to move the king; and, though strict orders had been given not to permit Madame Lavalette to enter the palace, the Duke of Ragusa contrived to obtain admission for her. She knelt to the monarch, but Louis was inflexible; her sorrow, he said, was quite natural, and he participated in it, but he must perform his duty. The wretched wife then threw herself at the feet of the Duchess of Angoulême; the duchess avoided her, and passed on in silence. In spite, however, of this repulse, the duke encouraged the desponding suitor to make another appeal to the duchess. The next day was the birth-day of the duchess, and was also the anniversary of her release from her long captivity in the Temple. It was hoped, that the remembrance of her own former sufferings might soften her heart. Accordingly, on the birth-day morning, Madame Lavalette went again to the Tuileries. She had put off the black dress which she wore on her first visit to the palace, but her pale face, swollen eyes, and faltering step, betrayed her to the royal attendants, and the door was immediately closed against her. She then went

time necessary for relieving the sentry and shutting the gate. The cold was severe and the watch-word short. The next day the turnkey confirmed my calculations. I nevertheless do not remember one single event in my life, the duration of which I have been able more exactly to calculate, of which the details are deeper engraven in my memory, and of which I preserve a more perfect consciousness."

round to another entrance, with no better success, for a servant had hastened thither to give the alarm. Exhausted by her exertions and her feelings, she sat down on the stone steps leading to the court-yard. There she remained for a full hour, still indulging the vain hope of being admitted. So well known was the hatred of the court against Lavalette, that none of the passers-by would venture to manifest the least compassion for his wife. At last, weary and woe-begone, she returned to her husband's dungeon.

Aware that her solicitations for mercy would probably be unavailing, this admirable woman had already formed a plan for Lavalette's escape, though she did not think it expedient to communicate it to him till it was certain that there were no other means of saving him. After dinner, she made known to him her project. He was to dress himself in her clothes, and proceed in her sedan-chair to a place where a friend would be in waiting with a cabriolet, to conduct him to a retreat which had been provided. Lavalette, however, saw so little prospect of success, that he could not bring himself to make the attempt. More afraid of ridicule than of the scaffold, he could not bear the idea of being apprehended in a female disguise, and perhaps exposed to the mockery of the mob. His repugnance to leave his wife in the hands of merciless enemies, was also another powerful motive for his refusal. But she silenced him by firmly saying, "I will listen to no objections. If you die, I die; therefore do not reject my plan. I know it will succeed. I feel that God supports me." He finally consented to comply with her wishes, but desired that the execution of her design might be postponed till the morrow, because, according to the present arrangement, the cabriolet was stationed so far off, that the sedan-chair would probably be stopped before it could reach the spot. Omitting nothing in his behalf, she no sooner quitted him

than she went to the house of the Duke of Richelieu, the minister for foreign affairs. Orders had been given not to let her in; she, nevertheless, succeeded in reaching the antechamber, and, by dint of declaring that nothing less than actual violence should make her quit the room, she finally obtained an interview, and a promise that her memorial should be presented to the king.

The memorial remaining unnoticed, nothing was left but an immediate attempt to escape. Madame Lavalette herself was beginning to sink under her sufferings. "I feel," said she, "that I have courage enough for four-and-twenty hours longer, and not for a moment beyond; for I am worn out with fatigue." She came at five o'clock to dinner, accompanied by their daughter Josephine. Over her dress was a merino pelisse, richly lined with fur, which she was accustomed to wear on leaving a ball-room; in her reticule she brought a black silk petticoat. "At seven precisely you must be ready," said she, "all is well arranged. In going out take hold of Josephine's arm. Be careful to walk slowly, and before you enter the large registering-room, where the turnkeys always are, put on my gloves, and cover your face with my handkerchief. I had some thoughts of putting on a veil, but unfortunately I have not been in the habit of wearing one, and therefore it is of no use to think of it. Take great care when you pass under the doorways, which are very low, that you do not break the feathers of your bonnet, for that would ruin all." After having given him some further cautions, she concluded by teaching her daughter the part which she was to play in this delicate and trying scene.

During the dinner the situation of both husband and wife was pitiable. "The food," says Lavalette, "stuck in our throats; not a word was uttered by any of us, and in that situation we were to spend nearly an hour." At last, the long-desired moment arrived; the clock struck

a quarter to seven; and Madame Lavalette took him into a part of the room which was divided from the rest by a screen, so as to form a sort of dressing-closet. The transformation of the prisoner was soon accomplished, and she again warned him to walk slowly, like a person exhausted, through the registering-room, and to beware of breaking his feathers. It was now necessary that he should give her some hints as to the manner in which she must act after his departure. "The jailer comes in every evening after you are gone," said he. "Stand behind the screen, and make a little noise as though you were moving some of the furniture. He will suppose that it is I, and will go out again. By this means I shall gain a few minutes, which are absolutely necessary for me to get away." He then pulled the bell. "Adieu!" she exclaimed, and cast her eyes towards heaven; he pressed her hand, and they exchanged a look full of affection; but they dared not trust themselves to embrace each other, lest their feelings should overpower them, and destroy the last chance of preserving his life.

The door was opened, and Lavalette passed that threshold which he had so recently imagined he should cross only to the scaffold. Taking especial care not to break his feathers, he entered the registering-room, and found himself in the presence of five turnkeys. The jailer, who seemed much affected, came from his apartment, put his hand on the fugitive's arm, and said, "You are going away early, madam." No suspicion was, however, felt by any of them, and he reached the spot where sat the turnkey, holding the keys of the iron door and the wicket. Lavalette put his hand between the bars, to indicate that he wished to go out. The turnkey looked at him, but finally opened the doors. At the bottom of the staircase was a guard-house, with twenty soldiers and an officer, all of whom came out to see the disconsolate

wife depart. Still no discovery was made. Lavalette entered the chair; but, at the moment when he had supposed himself to have got through the worst, he seemed on the point of being lost; there was no chairman or servant in attendance. The delay of an instant might be fatal. Only six paces off was a sentry, who stood immovable, with his eyes fixed upon the chair. Lavalette began to be terribly agitated; he kept his eye riveted on the sentry's musket, and resolved, that he would seize it as soon as he heard any alarm given, and destroy whoever attempted to lay hands upon him. After having passed two apparently endless minutes in this painful situation, the chairmen took him up and carried him to the Quai des Orfèvres, where he was met by his friend Baudus, with a cabriolet. The fugitive jumped into the vehicle, and had proceeded for some distance before he found that it was driven by Count Chassenon, another friend, on whose assistance he had not calculated. "What! is it you?" said Lavalette. "Yes, and you have behind you four double-barrelled pistols, well loaded; I hope you will make use of them." "No, indeed," replied the fugitive, "I will not compromise you." "Then I shall set you the example," replied the fearless Chassenon, "and woe be to whoever shall stop your flight!" While he was in the cabriolet, Lavalette threw off his female attire, and put on a dicky great-coat and a round silver-laced hat. At an appointed spot he was again joined by M. Baudus, who was to conduct him on foot to his asylum. The night was pitch-dark, the rain came down in torrents, and Baudus walked on so rapidly that his companion could hardly keep up with him, and lost one of his shoes in the mud. There was no stopping to look for the shoe, as gendarmes were every now and then galloping along, who doubtless were in search of him. After a toilsome hour's walk, they reached the Rue de Grenelle. Baudus now paused, and

said, " I am going for a moment into a nobleman's house. While I speak to the porter, do you go into the court-yard. On your left hand you will find a staircase. Go up to the highest story, and then through a dark passage to the right, at the end of which there is a pile of wood. Stay there." Baudus then turned with him up the Rue du Bac; and, to his great astonishment, and even terror, Lavalette saw him knock at the residence of the Duke of Richelieu. He nevertheless obeyed his instructions, and entered the court-yard while Baudus was talking to the porter. Catching sight of him, the porter exclaimed, " Where is that man going?" and was answered by Baudus, that it was his servant. On Lavalette reaching the top of the house, he heard the rustling of a silk gown, felt himself softly taken by the arm, and was pushed into an apartment, the door of which was instantly closed upon him. The room was rendered faintly visible by a fire in a German stove; but, having found a candlestick and a bundle of matches, he soon procured a light. His new abode was a garret, containing a very clean bed, two chairs, and a chest of drawers, on the last of which articles of furniture he found a paper, giving the following caution: " Make no noise, never open your window but at night, wear list slippers, and wait patiently." His comforts had been provided for, by a bottle of excellent claret, several volumes of Molière and Rabelais, and a basket filled with the materials of a gentleman's dressing-box.

While Lavalette was racking his brains with conjectures as to the reason of his being under the roof of the minister for foreign affairs, M. Baudus returned, and soon solved the enigma. Lavalette was now under the protection of M. Bresson, the treasurer for the foreign department. Bresson was one of the members of the convention who, in 1793, spoke and voted against the murder of Louis XVI. He was in consequence out-

lawed by the Jacobins; but, along with his wife, he found a safe retreat amidst the mountains of the Vosges. An honest family, at the imminent risk of their own lives, concealed them for two years. In gratitude to Heaven for this deliverance, Madame Bresson made a solemn vow that, if ever an opportunity should offer, she would save some person who was condemned for a political offence. This was known to M. Baudus, and he therefore applied to her to shelter Lavalette. The consent of both husband and wife was willingly given.

In the evening, Madame Bresson brought him food, and advised him to remain as silent as possible. The room in which he was hidden had, she said, never been inhabited, and the least sound might ruin them all. She would not trust the secret with any of the servants, or her nephew Stanislaus, all of whom slept close by. Subsequently, however, she thought it more prudent to confide in two old domestics and her nephew; as, should they chance to hear anything, their ignorance as to the cause of the sounds might be productive of fatal effects. Lavalette had many fears that he should suffer from the number of confidants, but his fears were groundless.

Soon after Madame Bresson had withdrawn, he was visited by her husband. "I am just come," said he, "from the drawing-rooms of some of our high dignitaries. You can have no idea of the alarm and terror that fill the minds of every one. Nobody will go to bed to-night at the Tuileries. They are convinced that your escape is the result of a vast conspiracy, which is about to burst over them; and already they see you marching against the Tuileries at the head of the old army, and all Paris flying to arms. It would not surprise me if they were to stop the march of the foreign troops, who are preparing to depart. They talk of shutting the barriers. Only think of the terrible consequences of such a step! The milk-women will not be

able to get into town to-morrow!—there will be no milk for the old women's breakfasts!—and I listening to all the lamentations, I who have you under lock and key." After a little more talk, and a few cautions, M. Bresson bade his guest good evening.

For nineteen days Lavalette remained in this hospitable asylum, his hosts omitting nothing to render him as comfortable as a man could be in such a situation. But it was impossible for him not to feel many fears as to his fate. In his hiding-place he could hear the cries of the hawkers and other persons, who were making known the ordinances which denounced severe penalties against whoever should harbour him; and he knew, besides, that the police was aware that he had not crossed the frontier, that they strongly suspected him to be still in the capital, and that all his friends were closely watched. It was to be apprehended, that the sleepless vigilance of the police would ultimately be crowned with success. Various plans for getting him off were therefore deliberated upon. It was first suggested, that he might reassume the female dress, and proceed to a seaport, whence he might be conveyed to England by smugglers. This scheme, however, was soon discarded by all parties. A Russian general, who was applied to by one of Lavalette's friends, then disinterestedly offered to conceal the fugitive in the back of his carriage, and take him out of danger, on condition that the expense of the journey should be paid, and eight thousand francs advanced at the outset, to discharge the debts of this chivalrous soldier. The demand was agreed to; but when the general learned that the fugitive was Lavalette, the dread of Siberia became so overpowering that he drew back. Some merit must, nevertheless, be allowed him, for not having betrayed the secret. The next project was, that Lavalette should join a Bavarian battalion, which was about to leave France; and, as he was related

by marriage to the king of Bavaria, the project appeared feasible, till it was discovered that the police, conceiving this might be attempted, kept so close a watch upon every movement of the battalion and its officers, that all correspondence with them was impracticable.

The prospect was now beginning to look gloomy; for the myrmidons of justice had obtained not only the certainty that their prey was in the French metropolis, but also some clue to the quarter in which he was secreted. Fortunately, at the moment when any longer delay might have been fatal, the desired assistance was found. The gratification of snatching the victim from impending death was reserved for three British subjects; and it rather singularly happened, that a native of each of the three kingdoms bore a part in this work of humanity. There were in France at this time many British, not a few of whom were officers, who saw with disgust the proscribing measures of the restored dynasty, and particularly the execution of Marshal Ney. Among these were, Major-General Sir Robert Wilson, Captain Hutchinson, and Mr. Bruce, a Scotch gentleman of fortune; Wilson and Bruce had recently exerted themselves, but in vain, to save the life of Ney. Bruce was the person to whom a friend of Lavalette's appealed, and he consulted Sir Robert on the subject, who readily promised to lend his aid. Bruce would gladly have been one of the party; but there were two reasons against his being so—his known partiality for Ney had drawn upon him the watchful suspicion of the government, and, besides, it was desirable that the persons who accompanied the fugitive should be military men. Captain Hutchinson was in consequence selected to be the coadjutor of Sir Robert; another officer, named Ellister, not being able to obtain leave of absence. Ellister, however, had some share in the preliminary proceedings.

It was arranged that Lavalette should travel as an

English military officer, under the name of Colonel Losack. Wilson was to assume that of General Wallis. The first step was to obtain passports for these two individuals, and this was accomplished without difficulty. They were to pass the barriers of the city in Bruce's cabriolet, and Hutchinson was to ride on horseback by the side of the vehicle, talking to them, as far as Compiegne, where Wilson's travelling carriage was to meet them. Wilson's servant was also to follow the cabriolet on his master's horse, and in case any stoppage should unfortunately happen, his master and Lavalette were to mount the two horses, and make the best of their way onward. The road to the Netherlands, by the way of Cambray and Valenciennes, being in possession of the British army, that route was chosen as being likely to offer the fewest obstacles to their journey.

Instructions, with regard to his dress, were now given to Lavalette. A brown wig, no mustachios, a beard shaved very clean, and a hat with a white feather, were to disguise his face. Regimentals, and a military great-coat, were to form the rest of his equipment. With respect to the regimentals, an awkward circumstance occurred. Lavalette's measure was given to a tailor by Hutchinson, who stated it to be that of an officer of his regiment, who wanted a suit instantly. The tailor immediately remarked, that it was that of a lusty man, and had not been taken by a professed hand. This was the fact; it was taken by Lavalette's friend Stanislaus, who, instead of making notches in the paper, wrote upon it the names of the various parts. This remark excited some alarm with Sir Robert Wilson, and he took precautions to avoid any disagreeable consequences; but they were needless,for the tailor performed his task without thinking any more of the matter.

On the 9th of January 1816, at eight in the evening, Lavalette quitted the roof which had so long sheltered

him. Chassenon was again in waiting with his cabriolet to take the fugitive to Captain Hutchinson's lodgings, in the Rue du Helder. "I could not suppress a smile," says Lavalette, "when I passed so near to the numerous sentries posted along the railings of the Tuileries, and saw the palace lighted up, and filled, as I had reason to believe, with people who were enraged at not being able to catch me, while I was not more than fifty yards from them." At Captain Hutchinson's he was received by that gentleman, and by Sir Robert Wilson and Mr. Bruce. Hutchinson offered his bed to him, but he preferred stretching himself on a sofa. When his host was gone to rest, Lavalette examined the apartment, and found that, in case of danger, there was no place where he could hide, and that the window was too far from the ground to leave any chance of his leaping out of it, without breaking his bones, and too near it to afford him the consolation of being killed upon the spot. To suffer himself to be taken was out of the question, and he, therefore, carefully examined his pistols, and placed them under his head, firmly determined to use them if he were driven to extremity. He had not long dropped asleep before a loud clamour at the carriage gate startled him up, and made him think that the fatal moment was come for using his weapons. Hutchinson immediately went to ascertain the cause of the alarm, and in about five minutes he returned with the cheering intelligence that the noise arose from a dispute between the porter and a drunken French officer, who lodged in the third story.

At eight on the following morning, Sir Robert Wilson, in full regimentals, drove up to the door in his cabriolet, and was speedily joined by Lavalette, and Captain Hutchinson on horseback. It was an odd coincidence of events that, at the very moment when Lavalette was thus taking flight out of the reach of his enemies, they

were erecting a gibbet on the Place de Grève to hang him in effigy, for being so shamelessly contumacious as to shun the guillotine. The passing through the barrier of Clichy, where there were two guard-houses, one French the other English, and where all the soldiers were drawn out under arms, excited some apprehension; but that was all that the travellers had to encounter. No one recognised the exile. At La Chapelle they changed horses, and then speeded onward to Compiegne. On their way thither Sir Robert perceived that some white hairs were peeping from under Lavalette's wig, and with a pair of scissors he removed these dangerous tell-tales. At Compiegne, he had beforehand taken care to provide a halting-place in a retired part of the town, where they might wait till his carriage arrived. A non-commissioned officer met them in the suburbs, and conducted them to the inn which had been fixed upon. While Lavalette was waiting at this inn, a traveller for a mercantile house entered into conversation with him, and narrated, in the most ridiculous style, the whole story of his hearer's escape from prison; adding to every sentence, "You may believe what I tell you, for I was in Paris at the time." In the evening the carriage came, Hutchinson took his leave, and Sir Robert and Lavalette proceeded on their way. They met with no obstruction till they reached Cambray, where they were retarded for three hours, by the obstinacy of an English sentry, who would not call the gatekeeper, he having received no order to do so. Valenciennes was their last stage on French ground, and that they reached about seven o'clock the next morning. There they were thrice examined, with extreme strictness, but the firmness and presence of mind of Sir Robert carried them triumphantly through their difficulties.

They were now on the Brussels road, and the postilions pointed out to them a large building at a distance,

which they said was the Belgian custom-house. Lavalette fixed his eyes earnestly upon it, and, in his impatience, thought that it seemed to recede from them. "At last," says he, "we reached the frontier; we were on the Belgian territory; I was saved! I pressed Sir Robert's hands, and, with profound emotion, expressed to him all my gratitude. But he, still preserving his gravity, only smiled, and made no answer. About half an hour afterwards, he turned to me, and said in the most serious tone imaginable, 'Now, pray tell me, my dear friend, why did you dislike to be guillotined?' I stared at him with wonder, but made no reply. 'Yes,' continued he, 'it is said that you entreated, as a favour, to be shot.'—'It is very true. When a man is to be guillotined, they put him into a cart, with his hands tied behind his back, and when he is on the scaffold, they tie him fast to a plank, which they lower, to let it slip under the axe.'—'Ah! I comprehend; you did not like to have your throat cut like a calf.'" Shortly after the conclusion of this dialogue, they reached Mons. There they dined together, and after having furnished the exile with some letters of recommendation, Sir Robert Wilson set off for Paris.

Leaving Lavalette for a while, let us return to the Conciergerie, and see how fared his noble-minded wife. His late prisoner had scarcely passed the outer door before the jailor went into the room; but he retired on hearing some one behind the screen. In five minutes he came back, and this time, though he heard the same noise, he removed one side of the screen. A loud exclamation burst from him at sight of Madame Lavalette, and he ran towards the door. She ran after him, caught hold of his coat, and said, "Wait a minute; let my husband get off." It is scarcely possible to avoid smiling at the idea of such a request; but to the jailor it was no laughing matter. He cried out in a fury, "You will ruin me, *madam!*" burst from her, leaving a piece of his coat

in her tenacious grasp, and darted into the street, tearing his hair, and calling out, as he hurried towards the prefect's abode, "The prisoner has escaped! the prisoner has escaped!" Gendarmes and turnkeys were instantly upon the pursuit in all directions. The sedan-chair was found, but it contained only the daughter of Lavalette. In the course of the night a more systematic search was made; every house inhabited by a friend or acquaintance of the fugitive, and even of every person with whom his office could have given him the slightest connexion, was subjected to a rigorous examination. She, meanwhile, was exposed to the foulest abuse from the turnkeys, who did not fail also to assure her that her husband must speedily be retaken. Their abuse was suspended by the arrival of the attorney-general to interrogate her. This legal personage was one M. Bellart, a man of considerable talent and eloquence, who for years had lavished flattery upon Napoleon, and been one of the first to betray and vituperate him in the hour of misfortune. He had very recently made himself still more conspicuous by the virulence with which he conducted the prosecution of Marshal Ney. He now questioned Madame Lavalette severely, but could draw nothing from her, and he reproached her for her conduct—reproached a wife for saving her husband! By order of this minister of justice, she was treated with extreme harshness. She was placed in a chamber without a chimney, warmed by a German stove, the stifling heat and vapour from which were unbearable. That nothing might be wanting to render her situation exquisitely painful, her window opened into the yard of the female felons, and she had to endure the misery of constantly hearing the clamours and the brutal and obscene discourse of the refuse of the capital. No one, except a female turnkey, was allowed to come near *her;* no letters were admitted, none were allowed to be *sent by her.* Her feelings were in perpetual agitation,

especially at night; for when the sentries were relieved she always imagined that it was her husband they were bringing back. For five-and-twenty days and nights she never slept. At the expiration of six weeks, some little remains of shame, for in them it could not be pity, induced her persecutors to set her free. But they had consummated their revenge; they had not, indeed, destroyed the body of their victim, they had only destroyed her mind. There were others, in private life, who were animated with the same spirit as their rulers. Josephine Lavalette was boarding in a convent. As soon as the parents of some of the boarders heard that the daughter had been guilty of assisting to save the father, they informed the superior of the convent that if Josephine were permitted to stay they would take their children home!

The three gentlemen who had so efficiently aided Madame Lavalette did not escape wholly unscathed. The police happened to see, in the court-yard of Sir Robert's house, his carriage covered with mud; they learned from the portress that he had been absent for three days; they drew from a servant the avowal that his master had been to Mons with an officer of the Guards who did not know a word of English; and, lastly, they bribed this domestic to take his employer's letters to the prefect of police, instead of taking them to the English embassy, for transmission to England. Among the letters thus honourably obtained was one addressed to Earl Grey, in which the whole adventure was narrated. Sir Robert and his two coadjutors were immediately arrested, and their papers seized. The court of assizes sentenced them to three months' imprisonment; the shortest period of which the criminal code allowed. The sentence must be confessed to have been lenient; for, laudable as were the motives and feelings of the prisoners, there can be no doubt that they had been guilty of violating the laws of France.

From *Mons*, Lavalette preceeded to Germany, his pas-

sage through which country was not entirely free from danger; at Stuttgardt he was near being arrested. He finally found a refuge in Bavaria, but was compelled to bear a feigned name, and to live in almost perfect seclusion. At last the heart of Louis XVIII. was softened towards him, and, after a banishment of six years, he was permitted to return to his native land. But to the happiness afforded by this boon there was a heavy drawback. The wife who had saved him, the wife from whom he had so long been separated, saw him restored without testifying the slightest emotion; she knew him not; for her reason was gone. She had been in this state almost ever since his departure. From the time of her first falling into this lamentable condition twelve years elapsed before she partially recovered her intellects, and even then she was still subject to fits of deep melancholy and abstraction. But, even in her saddest moods, she was, says Lavalette, "always equally mild, amiable, and good." They lived in retirement, and he lavished on her those tender cares which she so well deserved. He did not, however, enjoy her society more than two years after the amendment in her mental health; he was carried off by a sudden illness, on the 15th of February, 1830, at the age of sixty-one.

A SOLITARY INDIAN FEMALE.

HEARNE, to whom belongs the merit of having been the first European traveller who reached the American shore of the Arctic Ocean, has recorded an incident which occurred during his wanderings, and which affords a striking example of fortitude and ingenuity, displayed by an uncultivated female, in the midst of danger, privation, solitude, and intense cold. While some of his Indian companions were hunting they came upon the *track of a strange* snow-shoe; they followed it for a con*siderable distance*, and it at length led them to a small

hut, in which a young woman was seated. She understood their language and went with them to their tents.

On inquiry it was found, that she belonged to the tribe of western dog-ribbed Indians. This tribe dwelt far to the westward, and was unacquainted with iron and every other kind of metal. Their hatchets and ice chisels were made of deer's horns, and their knives were of stone or bone; their arrows were tipped with stone, bone, or deer's horn; and their only instruments for working in wood were the teeth of the beaver. They had, indeed, heard that other tribes were furnished with better materials, but they dared not attempt to penetrate towards the quarter where they were to be procured; they were, on the contrary, compelled to keep falling back further westward, in order to find shelter from their sanguinary neighbours, the Athabasca Indians, who incessantly pursued and slaughtered them.

The female, who was discovered in the wilderness, Hearne describes as being one of the finest that he had ever seen of the Indian race. She and her family had been suddenly fallen upon, in the night, nearly two years before, by a party of Athabascas, who put to death all the inmates of the tent, except herself, and three other young women, whom they carried off as prisoners. Among those who were murdered were, her father, mother, and husband. She had a child of about four months old, and this she contrived to conceal, and take away unsuspected, in a bundle of her clothing. But her maternal care was fruitless. When she reached the spot where the Athabascas were encamped, the women opened the bundle, and the poor infant was mercilessly killed by one of these fiends in human shape.

The loss of her babe sank deep into the heart of the captive. She had borne patiently the death of her kindred and her husband; but the barbarous murder of her offspring lighted up in her breast an unextinguishable hatred of the Athabascas. It was in vain that the man

to whose lot she had fallen treated her as a favourite wife, and was even fond of her; nothing could conciliate the bereaved mother; and she resolved to run all risks, rather than remain with a tribe which she held in utter abhorrence.

A considerable time elapsed before an opportunity offered of attempting to escape. It was not till she was removed to an immense distance from her native home that she was able to execute her plan. There was, also, an almost insurmountable obstacle in the way of her returning to the abode of her own race. The wanderings of her Athabasca captors had all been by water; she had been carried through such an endless and perplexing labyrinth of rivers and lakes, that, Indian as she was, she could not hit upon the track that would lead her to the land of her fellow-countrymen. But though she was alone, in the boundless wilderness, and the inclement season was approaching, she "bated no jot of heart or hope." As it was impossible to proceed at present, she turned all her attention to providing against the dreary winter that was at hand. She built the hut in which she was found, and she succeeded, though not without infinite labour, in obtaining the means of keeping herself warm. Being ignorant of the mode of procuring fire by friction, she was obliged to have recourse to the tedious method of beating together two hard stones, the sparks from which she caught upon touchwood. So difficult was it, however, to elicit a spark, and to make it catch the touchwood, that she at last adopted the plan of never suffering the fire to go out during the whole of the winter.

Shelter and warmth being thus secured, she had still to find the means of subsistence. In effecting this great object, her success was complete. For seven long months, secluded in the frozen waste, she never heard the sound of a human voice; but she preserved all her courage and *activity, and was* never without an ample stock of food.

She snared rabbits, partridges, and squirrels, and even killed two or three beavers, and some porcupines. So abundant was her supply that, when she was discovered, she was plump and healthy, and had provisions in store.

Nor was the solitary being without comfortable clothing and necessaries. Besides making snow-shoes, and other useful articles, she provided herself with a warm winter dress, made out of the skins of the rabbits. In this dress she displayed that love of adornment which is inherent in females. "It is scarcely possible to conceive," says Hearne, "that a person in her forlorn situation could be so composed as to be capable of contriving or executing anything that was not absolutely necessary to her existence; but there was sufficient proof that she had extended her care much farther, as all her clothing, besides being calculated for real service, showed great taste, and exhibited no little variety of ornament. The materials, though rude, were very curiously wrought, and so judiciously placed, as to make the whole of her garb have a very pleasing though rather romantic appearance." The leg sinews of the rabbits furnished the thread with which the dress was put together, and these, twisted into a cord, she also used as snares, when the few deer-sinews, which she had secreted at the time of her flight, were all gone.

Looking forward to the spring, she employed her hours, when she was not hunting, in fabricating small lines, from the inner bark of the willow-tree. Of these lines, which she intended to form into a net, she had several hundred fathoms by her when she was found by the companions of Hearne.

The only tools which this poor female possessed—if indeed they may be called tools—were five or six inches of an iron hoop, and the shank of an iron arrow-head; the former she converted into a knife, the latter into an awl. Yet with these rude instruments, seconded by ingenuity and patience, she accomplished all that has been described.

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS OF WAR.

THE EXPULSION OF CORTES FROM MEXICO, AND HIS RECONQUEST OF THAT CITY.

By the decisive overthrow of his rival Narvaez at Zempoalla, and the junction of the defeated troops with his own, Cortes seemed to have acquired such an accession of strength as to place him above all fear of disaster, and almost of opposition. Besides a detachment of a hundred and twenty men, despatched under Velasquez de Leon to Panuco, he was at the head of thirteen hundred Europeans, of whom nearly a hundred were cavalry, and a hundred and sixty musketeers and cross-bow men. He was also seconded by a division of two thousand Tlascalan warriors.

But, while Cortes was overthrowing his enemy, and increasing his own resources, an event was occurring in Mexico, which eventually threatened to prove destructive to him. On his departing from Mexico, to march against Narvaez, he had left Alvarado in the command of that city, with four cannon, and a feeble party of eighty-three soldiers, of which only twenty-four were musketeers and cross-bow men, and seven were cavalry. Alvarado's quarters were strengthened with a stout palisade, and he was well supplied with provisions. Having such inadequate means to control the population of so large a city, it behoved him to supply by his prudence the want of physical strength. But Alvarado was inspired only by an insatiable hunger for gold, and by that brute insolence which springs from the exercise of abused and unresisted

power. Pretending to have obtained information that the Mexicans were meditating to fall upon the Spaniards, he treacherously attacked them while they were dancing at a solemn festival in honour of their deities. He had himself permitted them to hold the festival, and his real motive for assailing them unawares is believed to have been that he might plunder them of the golden ornaments which they wore on such occasions. In this instance, however, the Mexicans did not tamely submit to injustice. Irritated by his perfidy, and the wanton slaughter of great numbers of their fellow-countrymen, and emboldened by the scantiness of his force, they rose in insurrection against him. They were victorious; several of the Spaniards were slain outright, several were wounded, and the survivors were compelled to retreat to their fortified quarters. Thither they were followed by the victors, who held them closely besieged, harassed them with frequent assaults, and destroyed by fire a part of the Spanish posts and magazines, and also the two brigantines on the lake. In this critical condition, menaced at once by the sword and by famine, Alvarado despatched messengers to Cortes, soliciting for instant succour. Almost at the heels of those messengers arrived four of the chief noblemen of Montezuma's court, to complain of the conduct of Alvarado; they were received coldly, and dismissed with an ambiguous answer.

In order to give the reader a clearer idea of the subsequent operations of Cortes, it will be necessary to make him correctly acquainted with the local situation of the ancient Mexican capital. That capital, which then bore the name of Tenochtitlan, occupied not only the ground on which the modern Mexico stands, but also an additional space of still more ample extent. Nor did it resemble its successor in being built upon the mainland. Like Venice, it occupied a cluster of islands, which rose, at some distance from the western shore, out of a vast

salt water lake, called the Lake of Tezcuco. It was approachable on the north, south, and west, only by three causeways, formed of earth faced with stone, each of which was about ten yards wide, and divided at intervals by cuts, admitting the water to flow through, and bridged with timber and earth, the removing of which would prevent access to the city. The western causeway, a mile and a half long, led to Tacuba; that on the north, twice the length, led to Tepeaca; and that on the south, which extended six miles, was the road to Iztapalapa, and likewise threw off, from the midway of it, a branch to Cayahuacan. The great distance, and the depth of water, did not allow of a causeway to the eastern shore, on which stood the city of Tezcuco; but communication was kept up by means of canoes, myriads of which were perpetually in motion on the lake. To the south was a smaller fresh water lake, reaching from Chalco to Suchimilco, and connected with that of Tezcuco. The city of Tenochtitlan was intersected by innumerable canals, over which were bridges, wide enough for ten horsemen to pass abreast. As the water of the lake was not drinkable, fresh water was conveyed across from the mainland, by the aqueduct of Chepultapeque. Bernal Diaz saw the Mexican capital from the lofty summit of the great temple, and he thus describes it:—"We were struck with the numbers of canoes, passing to and from the mainland, loaded with provisions and merchandise, and we could now perceive that in this great city, and all the others of that neighbourhood which were built in the water, the houses stood separate from each other, communicating only by small drawbridges, and by boats, and that they were built with terraced tops. We observed also the temples and adoratories of the adjacent cities, built in the form of towers and fortresses, and others on the causeway, all whitewashed, and wonderfully brilliant. The noise and bustle of the market-place below us could be

heard almost a league off, and those who had been at Rome and at Constantinople said, that for convenience, regularity, and population, they had never seen the like." Since the time of Cortes a wonderful change has taken place in the aspect of the country round Mexico; the increased evaporation and the diminished supply of water in consequence of the destruction of the woods, the gradual accretion of alluvial soil, and the formation of a gigantic drainage canal, have all contributed to shrink the lake into narrower dimensions, so that the modern capital is now seated on a marshy plain, and its centre is nearly three miles distant from the western bank of the Lake of Tezcuco.

The tidings which had been brought to Cortez did not admit of his delaying, and he accordingly proceeded by forced marches to the Mexican capital. Notwithstanding the sinister news from Mexico, Cortes, during his progress towards that city, could not refrain from expatiating to the new-comers on the power which he possessed there, and the respect in which he was held, and he raised to the highest pitch their hopes of reaping an exuberant golden harvest. It was not long before they had reason to doubt the truth of his vaunting assertions. At Tezcuco he was received with a studied coldness and neglect, which augured but ill for his reception in the capital. It was on St. John's day, in the month of June, that the Spanish troops, and the Tlascalan allies, entered Mexico. Their leader was speedily made aware that all respect for him had ceased, and that henceforth he could exercise no power that was not won by the sword. The whole of that portion of the city through which he passed, to Alvarado's quarters, seemed to be depopulated, and not one of the nobility or chiefs with whom he had been familiar came forward to greet him. When, indeed, he reached Alvarado's post, he was met by some of the officers of the captive Montezuma, who expressed the

wish of their royal master, to congratulate him in person on his victory. But the arrogant Spaniard was in too wrathful a mood to be propitiated by this homage, and he vented his rage against the monarch in the grossest language, and threatened him with his heaviest vengeance. "Away with him, the dog!" "What obligation am I under to a dog who treated with Narvaez!" were among the decorous terms which were used by this Iberian robber. In the hope of softening the anger of Cortes, Montezuma himself now advanced; but the Spaniard would neither hear nor speak to him, and the repulsed sovereign retired, with melancholy forebodings, to his own apartment.

These bursts of vulgar passion would probably not have been indulged in by Cortes had he not imagined that impunity for them was secured by his augmented force. The people were soon informed of them, and were maddened into tenfold fury. Not long after they had been uttered, a wounded soldier entered, exclaiming that the whole of the population was in arms. He had narrowly escaped from the hands of the Mexicans, who had seized him, and were bearing him off to be sacrificed to their gods. Cortes now began to feel alarmed, and instantly despatched Colonel de Ordez, with four hundred men, to endeavour to pacify the populace. Ordez had, however, proceeded but a very little way when he was assailed by myriads of natives, as well from the tops of the houses as in the streets. Their first volley stretched eight of his soldiers lifeless on the ground. He turned to retrace his footsteps, but found himself hemmed in on every side. Other multitudes had fallen upon the Spanish quarters, and had poured into them such a storm of missiles that forty-six Spaniards were wounded, many of them mortally, at the very outset. Pressed upon in front and rear, and galled by stones and darts from the terraces, de Ordez, with extreme difficulty, at last rejoined Cortes,

having lost three-and-twenty of his men in this sharp encounter. All the efforts of the Mexicans were now concentrated against the fortified quarters of the Spaniards; they hurled in their missiles with such profusion as to cover all the courts and open spaces, and they brought the torch in aid of their weapons. They set fire to the edifices in various places, and the Spaniards were obliged to employ a part of their force in smothering the flames with earth, or pulling down the buildings which were burning around them. The rest of the day, and the whole of the night, were spent in stopping the conflagration, repelling frequent attacks, repairing breaches, dressing the wounded, and preparing for the combat of the morrow.

Hoping that the enemy might be intimidated by a display of his strength, and a vigorous attack, Cortes sallied out with his whole force at the first dawn of morning. But the Mexican belief in Spanish invincibility had ceased to exist. On the instant thousands rushed forward to meet him, and fought with a desperation which bordered on madness. In vain, time after time, thirty or forty of them were at once swept away by the fire of musketry and cannon: the gap was instantly filled up by fresh combatants, careless of life, and thirsting for revenge. Now and then, indeed, the Mexicans would pretend to give way, but it was only to draw their unwary pursuers into positions where their destruction might more surely be accomplished. While the Spaniards were contending in front with these daring antagonists, they were sorely harassed by others, who were equally formidable, and upon whom they were unable to retaliate. The terraced roofs were thronged with Mexicans, who incessantly discharged intolerable volleys of stones and darts. The Spaniards were finally compelled to retreat; and it was not without a hard struggle that, baffled, weary, and suffering from wounds and bruises, they at length regained their quarters.

Discouraging as was the result of this day's conflict, Cortes had no alternative but to renew his attack upon the enemy. There was a chance that skill or good fortune might give him the victory while acting upon the offensive: to stand upon the defensive could end only in ruin. Before, however, he recommenced his operations, he endeavoured to provide the means of keeping his antagonists at some distance, and sheltering his troops from the perpetual shower of missiles. For this purpose, he ordered four towers to be constructed, of strong timber, each of which was pierced with loop-holes for cannon, musketry, and crossbows, and would contain twenty-five men under cover. These towers were to be moved forward upon wheels. While this work was going on, the Spaniards were also obliged to repair the breaches in their walls, and to beat off the enemy, who attempted to scale them in twenty places at once. "They continued their reviling language," says Bernal Diaz, "exclaiming that the voracious animals of their temples had now been kept two days fasting, in order to devour us at the period which was speedily approaching, when they were to sacrifice us to their gods; that our allies were to be put up in cages to fatten, and that they would soon repossess our ill-acquired treasure. At other times they plaintively called to us to give them their king; and during the night we were constantly annoyed by showers of arrows, which they accompanied with shouts and whistlings."

A day was spent in the construction of the towers. At dawn, on the next morning, Cortes again marched forth at the head of all his followers. Again the battle raged, and with even greater violence than before. The Mexicans fought with increased obstinacy, and their movements were directed with more skill. They rushed to the combat with loud shouts and imprecations, and *amidst the din* of numberless drums, conchs, and a

variety of discordant war instruments. Every inch of the ground was pertinaciously contested by them, and was bought by the Spaniards at a large expense of toil and blood. When the cavalry attempted to pursue them, they eluded the charge by throwing themselves into the canals, and the pursuers were themselves pierced with large lances by enemies who suddenly sallied from the houses. From the terraces the slingers incessantly plied their slings, and their companions rolled down masses of cut stone upon the heads of the Spaniards. To reach the houses was generally almost impossible, as they were all insulated in this part of the city, and even when one of them chanced to be set on fire the flames extended no further.

It was to the Teocalli, or great temple, from which the Mexicans overlooked and severely annoyed the Spanish quarters, that Cortes was desirous to penetrate. This temple, which was situated in the midst of vast paved courts, consisted of a truncated pyramid, a hundred and thirteen feet in height, and little less than four hundred feet in diameter, and was ascended by steps. On its flat summit was a tower, nearly sixty feet high, and other buildings, devoted to the worship of the gods. By dint of the most strenuous exertions Cortes at length reached the entrance to the spot. But his reaching it only brought him in contact with more numerous and desperate adversaries. The sides and summit of the pyramid were already occupied by great numbers of warriors; and no sooner did the Spaniards and Tlascalans appear in sight than above four thousand Mexicans rushed up to assist in the defence of the building. Now began a fierce and sanguinary struggle. The Spanish cavalry endeavoured to charge the enemy in the courts; but the pavement was so smooth that the horses were unable to keep their feet. Cortes, however, by the help of his artillery and infantry, at last reached the base of

the pyramid. From the steps of it, from both sides of him, and from behind, he was perseveringly attacked; and though the guns swept off from ten to fifteen at every discharge, and the swords of the foot soldiers made almost equal havoc, fresh bands incessantly filled the places of the fallen. Cortes was forced to abandon his wooden turrets, and they were destroyed by the Mexicans. Nevertheless, after a long contest, Cortes and his troops forced their way up to the platform, and set fire to some of the buildings. Their triumph was a transient one. Maddened by this insult to the objects of their worship, the enemy redoubled their efforts. More than three thousand Mexican nobles and priests fell furiously on the sacrilegious invaders, upon whom were also showered darts and stones from every nook and corner of the edifice where a combatant could find a standing-place. Overborne by the raging multitude, the Spaniards, not one of whom was unwounded, were driven down from the pyramid, and hotly pursued to their quarters, leaving forty-six of their slain companions on the scene of battle. Nor, when they had entered their quarters, were they yet in safety, for during the absence of Cortes a part of the walls had been beaten down by a body of the enemy, which was still continuing its assaults, and did not cease from them till lassitude and darkness put an end to the conflict.

By this disastrous combat a heavy blow was given to the pride and confidence of the Spaniards. "The night," says Bernal Diaz, "was employed by us in repairing the breaches, in dressing our wounds, burying our dead, and consulting on our future measures. No gleam of hope could now be rationally formed by us, and we were utterly sunk in despair. Those who had come with Narvaez showered maledictions upon Cortes, nor did they forget Velasquez, by whom they had been induced to quit their comfortable and peaceful habitations in the

island of Cuba. It was determined to try if we could not procure from the enemy a cessation of hostilities, on condition of our quitting the city; but at day-break they assembled round our quarters, and attacked them with greater fury than ever; nor could our fire-arms repel them, although they did considerable execution."

As a last resource, Cortes resolved that the captive Montezuma should address the besiegers, desiring them to discontinue hostilities, and allow their enemies to withdraw from the city. But the unhappy monarch was reluctant to expose himself to the gaze of his indignant subjects: and "bursting into violent expressions of grief," he refused to comply with the request of the Spanish leader. He is also said to have declared, that he wished not to be troubled any more with the false words and promises of Cortes. At length, however, he was prevailed upon, or compelled, to harangue the people from a terraced roof. When he had finished his speech, four of the Mexican nobles came forward from among the multitude. They lamented his misfortunes, and "told him, that they had raised Coadlavaca, prince of Iztapalapa, to the throne, adding, that the war was drawing to a conclusion, that they had vowed to their gods never to desist but with the total destruction of the Spaniards; that they every day offered up prayers for his personal safety, and, as soon as they had rescued him out of our hands, they would venerate him as before, and trusted that he would pardon them."

But, while the nobles of Montezuma were thus doing homage to him, his final moment was at hand. Though numbers of the Mexicans had suspended hostilities, and loudly greeted him, there were others whose anger was not to be repressed by his presence, or rather, was increased by it; for they thought that his tame submission was disgraceful to himself and to his people. By this portion of the besiegers arrows and stones were still

discharged into the quarters of their detested enemies. While the monarch was speaking, two Spanish soldiers stood by and covered him with their shields. They chanced to withdraw them for an instant, and in that instant three stones and an arrow struck him on the head, arm, and leg; one of the stones fractured his skull, and he was conveyed senseless to the palace. On coming to himself he refused all medical aid, and shortly afterwards he expired. His body was restored to the Mexicans; and his errors being cancelled by his untimely fate, the sight of it produced universal grief. "They now," says Bernal Diaz, "attacked us in our quarters with the greatest violence, and threatened us that, within the space of two days, we should pay with our lives the death of their king, and the dishonour of their gods, saying, that they had chosen a sovereign whom we could not deceive as we had done the good Montezuma."

Little reason as there was to hope for success in such an attempt, Cortes determined to try whether he could not intimidate the Mexicans into obedience by an extension of ravage and slaughter. His plan was, to make his way to that part of the city which contained many houses built upon the firm ground, where he might be able to ride down the natives, and burn the buildings. He did indeed reach the selected spot, and had the satisfaction of destroying about twenty houses. This achievement, however, cost him twenty men killed, and was productive of no benefit whatever; he could not get possession of a single bridge on the causeway, and his cavalry was rendered unavailing, by the parapets and barricades which the natives had formed to check its progress. After several hours of fruitless toil, the Spaniards, harassed and discouraged, returned to their quarters.

The prospect now before them was of the gloomiest kind; their attacks had uniformly failed, their offers of peace were scornfully rejected, their numbers and their strength

were hourly wasting away, their powder was almost exhausted, their provisions and water were intercepted, and the bridges which lay in the line of their retreat had been broken down; while, on the other hand, the multitude of the Mexicans was continually increasing, and their assaults were growing more violent and well-directed. No chance of safety remained but in escaping silently by night. This being resolved upon, Cortes ordered the construction of a portable timber bridge, for the purpose of being thrown over the canals that intersected the causeway of Tacuba, along which he meant to lead his troops. The Spanish and Tlascalan force was then marshalled in compact order, a considerable portion of the best soldiers being selected to convey the bridge and form the vanguard. The rear was brought up by a body of infantry and a large number of cavalry, under the command of Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon.

It was on the night of the tenth of July, which still bears the expressive appellation of "the mournful night," that Cortes commenced his perilous enterprise. The result Bernal Diaz shall himself describe. "A little before midnight, the detachment which took charge of the bridge set out upon its march, and arriving at the first canal, or aperture of water, it was thrown across. The night was dark and misty, and it began to rain. The bridge being fixed, the baggage, artillery, and some of the cavalry, passed over it, as also the Tlascalans with the gold. Sandoval and those with him passed, also Cortes and his party after the first, and many other soldiers. At this moment the trumpets and shouts of the enemy were heard, and the alarm was given by them, crying out 'Taltelulco, Taltelulco, out with your canoes! the Teules are going; attack them at the bridges.' In an instant the enemy were upon us by land, and the lake and canals were covered with canoes. They immediately fled to the bridges, and fell on us there, so that they

entirely intercepted our line of march. As misfort
do not come single, it also rained so heavily that som
the horses were terrified, and growing restive fell i
the water, and the bridge was broken in at the same ti
The enemy now attacked us here with redoubled fu
and our soldiers making a stout resistance, the apertu
of water was soon filled up with the dead and dyi
men, and horses, and those who were struggling to esca
with artillery, packs, and bales of baggage, and those w
carried them. Many were drowned here, and many
into the canoes, and carried off for sacrifice. It
dreadful to hear the cries of the unfortunate suffer
calling for assistance, and invoking the Holy Virgin
Saint Jago, while others, who escaped by swimming,
by clambering upon the chests, bales of baggage,
dead bodies, earnestly begged for help to get up to
causeway. Many, who on their reaching the grou
thought themselves safe, were there seized or knock
on the head with clubs.

"Away went whatever regularity had been in t
march at first; for Cortes and the captains and soldi
who were mounted clapped spurs to their horses and g
loped off, along the causeway; nor can I blame them, f
the cavalry could do nothing against the enemy, of a
effect; for when they attacked them, the latter thre
themselves into the water on each side of the causeway
and others from the houses with arrows, or on the grou
with large lances, killed the horses. It is evident w
could make no battle with them in the water, and with
out powder, and in the night, what else could we do tha
we did? which was, to join in bodies of thirty or fort
soldiers, and when the Indians closed upon us, to driv
them off with a few cuts and thrusts of our swords, an
then hurry on, to get over the causeway as soon as w
could. As to waiting for one ano[illegible] that would hav
lost us all; and had it happen[illegible]-time, thing

perished on this "mournful night," and in the struggles of the preceding days.

Though the survivors were now out of the city, they were still in imminent danger. The victorious Mexicans had already despatched messages to the neighbouring towns, calling upon the people to take up arms, and intercept the vanquished. The call was willingly obeyed; and the worn and wounded Spaniards were soon assailed by the multitude, with stones, arrows, and pikes, the heads of which latter were formed of the swords that had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, on the preceding night. As soon, therefore, as some arrows had been made for the few remaining cross-bows, and a few rags had been hastily swathed round the hurts of the wounded men, Cortes resolved to commence his retreat to Tlascala, the only quarter where he could expect any succour. He was, indeed, not without distressing fears, that his reverse of fortune might cause the Tlascalans to turn against him. There was, however, no other resource for him, and he accordingly set forward with his dejected troops. The wounded were placed in the centre; some were helped along between two men, the cripples supported themselves on crutches, and those who were utterly helpless were mounted on the lame horses. The few cavalry which were fit for service were distributed in front and on the flanks. In this miserable condition they silently quitted Tacuba at midnight, avoiding the high road, and guided by a few faithful Tlascalans, who were well acquainted with the country. Their march was not long unknown to the enemy; they were followed by crowds, who incessantly showered on them missiles of various kinds, reviled them in the most opprobrious terms, and exultingly exclaimed, that they were "going to meet their destruction." Several of the Spaniards were wounded, and some were slain, in these desultory encounters, which were prolonged for three days with

continually increasing violence. On the evening of the third day, after having momentarily repulsed the enemy, the Spaniards halted at some villages, and were glad to mitigate their hunger by supping on a horse which had been killed.

The meaning of the mysterious threats which their pursuers had uttered was startlingly revealed on the following morning. They set out early, and, having marched a league without being attacked, they were beginning to hope that they might continue their retreat unmolested. They were soon undeceived by the hasty return of their videttes, who brought the fearful tidings, that all the neighbouring plains of Otumba were covered with a hostile army. As they moved onward, the whole multitudinous array of their adversaries became visible. It was a gorgeous but a terrible sight. There, confident in their numbers, and resolved to exterminate the hated invaders, stood the entire military population of all the districts bordering on the lake of Mexico, headed by their chiefs, who were magnificently armed, adorned with devices and waving plumes, and glittering with gold.

Full of anxiety, but undismayed, Cortes ordered a halt to prepare for battle. The cavalry were divided into parties of five, and were directed to charge at half speed, and to point their lances at the faces of their enemies. The foot were also divided into parties, and told to thrust with their swords, and to pass them clear through the bodies of their opponents. The whole band then recommended themselves to God, the Holy Virgin, and St. Jago, and vowed that they would at least sell their lives at as dear a rate as possible.

By this time the enemy had begun to surround them, and Cortes gave the signal for his troops to rush forward. The combatants speedily came in contact, and the shock was dreadful. "Oh what it was to see this tremendous

battle!" exclaims Bernal Diaz. "How we closed foot to foot, and with what fury the dogs fought us! Such wounding as there was amongst us with their lances and clubs, and two-handed swords, while our cavalry, favoured by the plain ground, rode through them at will, galloping at half speed, and bearing down their opponents with couched lances, still fighting manfully, though they and their horses were all wounded; and we of the infantry, negligent of our former hurts, and of those which we now received, closed with the enemy, redoubling our efforts to bear them down with our swords. Cortes, De Oli, Alvarado mounted on a horse of one of the soldiers of Narvaez, and Sandoval, though all wounded, continued to ride through them. Then to hear the valiant Sandoval, how he encouraged us, crying out "Now gentlemen is the day of victory, put your trust in God; we shall survive, for he preserves us for some good purpose." All the soldiers were determined to conquer, and thus animated as we were by our Lord Jesus Christ, and our Lady the Virgin Mary, and also by St. Jago, who undoubtedly assisted us, as certified by a chief of Guatimotzin, who was present in the battle, we continued, notwithstanding many had received wounds, and some of our companions were killed, to maintain our ground."

Cortes now called to the troops to strike especially at the chiefs. He himself, accompanied by Alvarado, Sandoval, and others of his principal followers, bore furiously down upon that part of the adverse army where its general-in-chief was stationed. The Mexican leader was rendered conspicuous by his splendid standard, his armour covered with gold, and his large plume, which glittered with the same precious material. Though there was not one of the Spanish officers who was not already wounded, they charged upon the enemies with a vigour that was irresistible. The Mexican chief and the standard were beaten to the ground by the horse of

Cortes; the chief fled, but he was pursued and slain by Juan de Salamanca, who tore from his head the rich plume, and presented it to Cortes, saying that, as he had given the first blow, and overthrown the standard, this trophy was justly due to him.

The fall of their leader, and of many of the minor chiefs, spread discouragement among the Mexicans. Their efforts became faint, and at length they lost heart entirely, and began to retreat. "As soon as this was perceived by us," says Bernal Diaz, "we forgot our hunger, thirst, fatigue, and wounds, and thought of nothing but victory and pursuit. Our cavalry followed them up close, and our allies, now become lions, mowed down all before them with the arms which the enemy threw away in their flight. As soon as our cavalry returned from the pursuit, we all gave thanks to God; for never had there appeared so great a force together in that country, being the whole of the warriors of Mexico, Tezcuco, and Saltocan,—all determined not to leave a trace of us upon the earth."

Rejoicing at their deliverance, the Spaniards continued their march towards Tlascala. Their hunger they satisfied by eating a kind of gourd called ayotes, which they found on their way; for, notwithstanding their victory, they could not venture to deviate from their route in search of provisions. The enemy still showed themselves at a distance, and tracked their footsteps, and when the victors halted for the night, disturbed their rest by occasional manifestations of hostility. The European troops of Cortes being by this time reduced to four hundred and forty men, he thought it necessary to caution them against giving offence to the people of Tlascala, as any misconduct might deprive them of an ally, who was perhaps already wavering. This caution was more particularly intended for the soldiers of Narvaez, whose notions of discipline were anything but rigid.

On the Spaniards reaching the Tlascalan frontier, the Mexicans desisted from following and embarrassing their movements. Cortes had now the satisfaction to find that his allies had not been alienated by his disastrous retreat from Mexico. Their deadly hatred of the Mexicans, seconded, no doubt, by the success at Otumba, had kept them steady in their alliance. There were, indeed, some few, at the head of whom was the younger Xicotenga, a son of one of the leading chiefs, who had discernment enough to be aware that the new friends of the Tlascalans were far more unprincipled and more dangerous than their ancient enemies, and who would fain have seized this opportunity to rid themselves of such pernicious confederates. But a vast majority of the Tlascalan chiefs were blind to the future, and they received Cortes with enthusiasm, and lavished their hospitable attentions on his sick, weary, and wounded soldiers.

Some months elapsed before Cortes found himself in a condition to venture upon an attempt to recover the Mexican capital. For a while after his retreat from Mexico, his force continued, indeed, to diminish. Most of the officers and soldiers of Narvaez, who had come to the country with sanguine expectations of amassing wealth without encountering danger or difficulty, were thoroughly disgusted with the perils and sufferings which had beset them, and they clamoured incessantly to be allowed to return to Cuba. Cortes at length assented to their departure; not, however, till he had managed to derive some benefit from their reluctant services. When some of his trusty followers remonstrated with him, on his permitting such numbers to quit them while the army was so weak, he replied, with equal spirit and wisdom, that "he did it partly to get rid of their importunities, and partly because they were not fit for war; and that it was better to be alone than badly accompanied." He even provided for their comfort during the voyage, and

dismissed them with considerable largesses. The sagacious chief calculated that his generosity, and the sight of the Mexican gold, would be more powerful to attract volunteers to his standard than the gloomy pictures drawn by the deserters would prove to dissuade them from it. The result was such as he anticipated. Arrivals of ships, with reinforcements of men and stores, were already taking place, and those arrivals were soon increased in number and magnitude. Yet, even before his army was sufficiently strengthened to act against the capital, Cortes was not idle. Though he could not aim at the heart of his enemy, he could lop off the members, and rally round him those who were willing to assist in giving the final blow. Several of the outlying provinces were reduced to obedience by the Spanish leader, and some were drawn into league with him; and his accomplishment of this was facilitated by the disorderly conduct of the Mexican troops, who robbed and insulted the people whom they were sent to defend. To strike terror into the refractory, a measure was adopted, of the most iniquitous kind, which was productive of direful consequences to the unfortunate natives. A decree was issued, that all the Mexicans and allies of the Mexicans who, after having given obedience to his majesty, had killed Spanish subjects, should be reduced to a state of slavery. The letter G (for guerra, war,) was to be branded with a hot iron on these wretched victims, who had had the "contumacy" to resist a handful of European robbers. The restriction to these who had "given obedience" was manifestly inserted only for the purpose of deception, and was soon disregarded.

By December, Cortes had received such considerable succours, of Spaniards and natives, and had accumulated such a stock of the other materials of warfare, that he began to prepare for commencing his operations against Mexico. There was, however, little chance of his suc-

ceeding, unless he could secure the command of the lake, by which that city was surrounded. To effect this desirable object, he ordered the skeletons of thirteen brigantines to be constructed in the country of Tlascala, which were to be carried piecemeal overland, and reunited and launched in the lake of Mexico. By this means he might reasonably hope to hold the city invested, and ultimately reduce it by famine, if force should fail. The work was carried on with such good-will, that in the course of a few days, the whole of the timbers were cut down, shaped, and numbered, in order that they might easily be put together when they reached their destination.

Coadlavaca, the successor of Montezuma, having died of the small-pox shortly after the expulsion of the Spaniards, the crown of Mexico was now worn by Guatimotzin. "He was a young man, about the age of twenty-five," says Bernal Diaz, "of elegant appearance, very brave, and so terrible to his own subjects that they all trembled at the sight of him." The new sovereign was aware that the strife would be a deadly one, and he was not slack in making ready to meet it. The capital was put into a state of defence, the lake was crowded with canoes, every nerve was strained to bring the people into the field, and troops were despatched to various quarters to encourage the loyal, repress the disaffected, and impede the progress of the foe. But the efforts of the monarch were partly neutralised by the inveterate enmity of the Tlascalans and other neighbouring tribes, the discontent which prevailed in many of the provinces, and the dreadful ravages of the small-pox, which contributed much to prevent his armies from assembling.

It was on the 28th of December, 1520, that the Spaniards, under Cortes, accompanied by ten thousand Tlascalan allies, commenced their march towards Tezcuco. At that city, which was seated on the side of the lake,

opposite to Mexico, the Spanish general determined to fix, for the present, his head-quarters. Though the bad roads, through the mountain-passes, had been rendered worse by cuts, dikes, and felled trees, so little active resistance was made by the Mexicans, that the invaders reached Tezcuco without loss. There, Cortes was welcomed by a party adverse to the reigning prince, and he strengthened himself by raising to the sovereignty a youth on whose subservience he could rely.

The first operation undertaken by the Spaniards did not terminate in an encouraging manner. It was directed against Iztapalapa, a town on the southern shore of the lake, on the way to the Mexican capital. "Coadlavaca, late upon the throne of Mexico," says Bernal Diaz, "was lord of Iztapalapa, the people whereof were bitter enemies to us, and to our declared allies of Chalco, Talmalanco, Mecameca, and Chimaloacan. As we had been twelve days in Tezcuco, so large a force caused some scarcity of provisions; idleness had also made our allies grow impatient, and for these reasons it became necessary to take the field. Cortes, therefore, proceeded towards Iztapalapa at the head of thirteen cavalry, two hundred and twenty infantry, and the whole body of our Indian confederates. The inhabitants had received a reinforcement of eight thousand Mexicans, and as we approached they fell back into the town. But this was all a concerted plan; they then fled into their canoes, the reeds by the side of the lake, and also to those houses which were in the water, where they remained quietly, leaving us in possession of that part of the town which was on the firm land. As it was now night, we posted our guard, and were reposing contentedly in our quarters, when all on a sudden there came on us such a body of water by the streets and into the houses, that if our friends from Tezcuco had not called to us at that moment, we should have been all drowned; for the enemy had

cut the banks of the canals, and also a causeway, whereby the place was laid under water as it were instantaneously. As it happened, only two of our allies lost their lives; but all our powder was destroyed, and we were glad to escape with a good wetting. We passed the night badly enough, being supperless, and very cold; but what provoked us most was the laughter and mockings of the Indians upon the lake. Worse than this, however, happened to us, for large bodies from the garrison of Mexico, who knew of the plan, crossed the water and fell upon us at daybreak with such violence that it was with difficulty we could sustain their attacks. They killed two soldiers and one of our horses, and wounded a great many. Our allies also suffered a considerable loss on this occasion. The enemies being at length beaten off, we returned to Tezcuco in very bad humour, having acquired little fame or advantage by our expedition."

This check was, however, counterbalanced by the voluntary submission of several neighbouring districts. The Mexicans were also worsted in various skirmishes. The materials for the brigantines being now ready in the country of the Tlascalans, Sandoval, with a considerable detachment of Spaniards and natives, was despatched to that quarter, to disperse such of the enemy's forces as might be in wait to interrupt the passage of the convoy. On his way to the Tlascalan capital, he fell in with the Indians who were transporting the timber to Tezcuco. Eight thousand men were employed in this service, as many more guarded them, and two thousand were destined to relieve the weary, and carry provisions for them all. The line of march sometimes extended for six miles, over a mountainous tract, and the whole distance extended to sixty. The party, nevertheless, arrived safely at Tezcuco, and the putting together of the brigantines was immediately commenced. While the build-

ing of the vessels was going on, it was necessary to keep a strict watch; for, obviously aware of the danger to be dreaded from them, the Mexicans made three attempts to set them on fire.

As some time must yet elapse before the brigantines would be completed, and as his Tlascalan allies were eager for plunder, Cortes resolved upon an expedition against some of the towns in the vicinity of the lake. Saltocan was taken, though not without much resistance being encountered. Culvatitlan and Tenayuca were abandoned by the natives; and the invaders marched to Tacuba, which stood at the extremity of one of the causeways leading to the city of Mexico. But here they met with a rebuff:—"In this town our troops halted for the night," says Bernal Diaz, "and on the next day they were assailed by bodies of the enemy, who had settled a plan to retreat by this causeway, in order to draw us into an ambuscade. This in part succeeded; Cortes and our troops pursued them across a bridge, and were immediately surrounded by vast numbers on land and in the water. The ensign was thrown over the bridge, and the Mexicans were dragging him to their canoes, yet he escaped from them with his colours in his hand. In this attack they killed five of our soldiers, and wounded many. Cortes perceived his imprudence, and ordered a retreat, which was effected with regularity, our people fronting the enemy, and only giving ground inch by inch." After having halted for five days, at Tacuba, Cortes fell back to Tezcuco, and allowed his allies to return home, for the purpose of securing their plunder.

At this moment, Cortes had quite enough upon his hands. His troops were grown sickly, many of them were for a time disabled by wounds, and reinforcements arrived but slowly. The Mexicans, on the other hand, were actively exerting themselves, and he was daily importuned by the tribes in alliance with him; who "came

with painted representations of the outrages committed on them by the Mexicans, and imploring succour." All he could immediately do for them was to promise future aid, and advise them to rely more on their own exertions, and unite with their neighbours against the enemy. As soon, however, as his army was somewhat refreshed and augmented, he began to act with greater vigour. The Mexicans had directed their exertions against the province of Chalco, with the view of interrupting his communication with Tlascala and the sea-coast. To frustrate this scheme, Sandoval was despatched from Tezcuco, on the 12th of March, with a considerable force. He found the enemy posted at a large town, called Guaztepeque. Sandoval did indeed obtain transient possession of the town, and this was all; nor did he accomplish even this without a hard struggle and serious loss. The Mexicans fought bravely, returned often to the charge in the course of the day, retreated only a short distance, and were not pursued. Some slaves, and a tolerable portion of plunder, were all the trophies that Sandoval carried back to Tezcuco. He was no sooner gone than the province of Chalco was more in jeopardy than ever.

A seasonable supply of arms and ammunition having arrived from Spain, Cortes resolved to march in person to clear the district of Chalco, and reconnoitre the country in the neighbourhood of the latter. He took with him three hundred infantry and thirty cavalry, and a large body of auxiliary Indians. On reaching Chimalacoan he was joined by above twenty thousand native warriors, of whom Bernal Diaz bluntly and no doubt truly says, "they certainly were attracted by the hope of spoil, and a voracious appetite for human flesh; just as the scald crows and other birds of prey follow out armies in Italy, in order to feed on the dead bodies after *a battle.*"

It was the intention of Cortes to proceed from Chalco, along the southern end of the lesser lake, to Suchemileco, at the south-western extremity of it, and thence, as far as he might find expedient, towards the principal lake. In pursuance of this design, he moved from Chalco to Guaztepeque, which he found deserted. The Mexicans had taken up an excellent position in the vicinity among the rocks, and in two fortresses on the summits. The route of the Spaniards lay between two ridges of these rocks. On approaching one of the rude forts, which was crowded with troops, they were greeted with showers of stones and arrows, and with shouts and insulting appellations. Stung by their gibes, Cortes, with less of prudence than beseemed a leader, gave orders for storming the post. He had soon reason to repent being so hasty. While the Spaniards were vainly striving to scale the rugged precipices, their adversaries were rolling down upon them ponderous masses of rock with irresistible effect. Against these missiles no protection was afforded by helmet or shield; wherever they struck, they inflicted death or desperate wounds. Such was their force, that even on the plain three of the cavalry were killed by them, and seven were severely hurt. The troops were therefore withdrawn from this unadvised and hopeless attack.

Leaving behind them this formidable impediment, the Spaniards continued their march. But the Mexicans, who had been lying in ambush, now sallied forth upon them, and harassed them considerably before they were repelled. Cortes had not gone more than a league and a half when he found his passage barred by another fort, similar to that from which he had just been repulsed. The men and horses were by this time nearly sinking for want of water, having had none during the day, and Cortes therefore retraced his footsteps in the hope of finding some. The labour was, however, lost; for the

wells had been drained by the enemy, and nothing but mud was left. The Spaniards were obliged to return towards the second fort, near which, in a grove of mulberry trees, they at last found a spring, from which they procured a scanty but welcome supply. On the following morning Cortes gave orders for an assault of the mountain fastness. But in this instance he had taken the precaution of placing a body of crossbow-men and musketeers upon a rock which partly commanded it, so as to distract the attention of the garrison. The troops who were laboriously climbing up the rocks were, however, suffering much from the descending masses of stone, when, to their great joy, they heard the besieged offer to parley. It was not fear of the enemy, but the utter privation of water, which induced the Mexicans to make this offer. Cortes was glad to let them depart unharmed, on condition that they should prevail on the defenders of the other fort to follow their example. Bernal Diaz describes this post as an extensive plain, on the summit of a perpendicular rock, the entrance to which was by an aperture not much larger than twice the size of an oven's mouth. It was completely filled with men, women, and children, with all their property packed up in bales, and a considerable tribute which was about to be sent to Guatimotzin.

Though he had removed these obstacles, Cortes was under the necessity of falling back to Guaztepeque, there being no water procurable at any nearer place. On the morrow they pursued their march towards Cuernabaca, and on their way they defeated a body of Mexicans, and pillaged and partly burnt the town of Teputzlan. They arrived next day in sight of Cuernabaca, but access to it was not of easy attainment. It was situated behind a ravine of great depth, at the bottom of which flowed a rivulet. The two bridges across the ravine had been destroyed by the inhabitants. "We all

searched for passes," says Diaz, "and at length discovered a very dangerous one over some trees which hung across from the two opposite sides of the ravine. About thirty of us, and many Tlascalans, made our way over, by the help of those trees, with great difficulty; three fell into the water, and one broke his leg. It was indeed a truly frightful attempt; I for a time entirely lost my sight from the depth and danger." An attack unexpectedly made on the enemy's flank by these desperate adventurers, seconded by a party of cavalry, which had contrived to pass over a half-destroyed bridge, gave the Spaniards possession of the town.

All that the Spaniards had as yet undergone was, however, but child's play in comparison with that which awaited them. The march to Suchimileco was an exceedingly painful one. The weather was intolerably sultry, not a drop of water was to be procured, and many of the soldiers fainted and some expired on the road from the want of it. Numbers were seized with inflammation of the mouth and throat, in consequence of their having chewed a noxious species of thistle to alleviate their thirst. A scanty portion of the precious fluid was at last obtained. News was now brought that the country was everywhere rising around them, and the army was therefore halted for the night: it spent the hours of darkness amidst a storm of wind and rain, and in momentary expectation of being called into action.

Early on the next morning Cortes reached Suchimileco. This large city stood partly on the land, and partly, like other Indian towns, in the water. "I can give no idea," says Bernal Diaz, "of the number of the enemy's troops which were gathered here, they were in such vast bodies. They had broken down the bridge which was in front, and fortified themselves with parapets and palisades; their leaders were armed with swords which they had taken from us in the fatal night

of Mexico, and which they had polished and made very bright." The combat was speedily commenced. After a fierce struggle of half an hour, the bridge was carried by the Spaniards. Before, however, they could enter the place, they had another battle to fight with a Mexican reinforcement of ten thousand men, which had just arrived. Through this dense mass they made way, but they did not disperse it, and it continued to hang upon their flanks and rear. In the town the conflict again raged with increased fury. Every street was crowded with Indians, and every street was obstinately disputed by them. Here the career of Cortes was nigh being brought to an abrupt end. His tired horse sank under him in the midst of the Mexicans, and he was instantly wounded and pulled down by them. They were hurrying him off, when Christoval de Olea came up to his rescue with a body of Tlascalans. De Olea, at the expense of three severe wounds, succeeded in extricating and re-mounting his general. Yet, even now, Cortes and his gallant preserver would have been lost, so vigorously were they pressed upon by their antagonists, had not a Spanish division, from another quarter, been attracted thither by the clamour, and arrived just in time to save them. This sharp encounter was closed by the enemy retiring to that portion of the city which stood upon the lake.

But the victors, if so they may be called, soon found that the contest was only suspended. Previous to his entering the town, Cortes had left two divisions of his cavalry to secure his flanks from the Mexicans, through whom he had forced a passage. While his men were in "an enclosed court dressing their wounds with burnt oil, and tearing rags to bind them," the cavalry came back, every one of them wounded, and declared that they could do nothing against the multitudes that were *opposed* to them. At the moment when they were

giving this disheartening account, there was showered into the court such a volley of Mexican arrows that very few of those who were in the enclosure escaped unhurt. The Spaniards sallied forth, bleeding as they were, and repelled the assailants; some loss was sustained on both sides. The enemy now desisted for a while from their attacks, and Cortes availed himself of this breathing-time to post his men more under cover, and to ascend to the summit of the temple for the purpose of reconnoitring. From that elevated spot he could see Mexico and the whole expanse of the lake. He saw nothing that could gratify him. Above two thousand canoes, crowded with soldiers, were swarming out of the Mexican capital. From some prisoners he also learned that ten thousand men were marching on the land side for a nocturnal attack, and that ten thousand more were in readiness to support them. The night attack, however, dwindled down into two or three trifling alarms being given to the Spanish outposts; the Mexican troops were unaccustomed to act in the dark, and the consequence was that the various divisions got into confusion, and the plan was frustrated.

While the number of his enemies was thus increasing, Cortes discovered that his resources were diminished in one essential article. The stock of powder was exhausted, and the services of his musketeers were of course no longer available. To remedy this as much as possible, he directed a store of arrows to be prepared, and the whole of the night was spent in heading and feathering them. With the dawn the enemy returned to the combat. They were, indeed, repulsed; but their repulse afforded little consolation to Cortes, for he learned, from some of the prisoners, that it was the plan of the Mexicans to wear out his troops by constantly renewed attacks. Such a plan, if perseveringly followed up, could only terminate in his destruction. He therefore began to think

of retreating. An incident now occurred which tended to hasten his retreat. Some of his men had penetrated into the lake portion of the city, for the purpose of plundering. While they were thus occupied, they were set upon by a body of Mexicans, who landed from canoes, wounded many of them, and seized four, whom they carried off to the capital. "From these men," says Bernal Diaz, "Guatimotzin, the king of Mexico, was informed of the smallness of our numbers, and our great loss in killed and wounded. After having questioned them as much as he thought proper, he commanded their hands and feet to be cut off, and in this lamentable condition sent them through many districts of the neighbourhood, as a sample of what he expected to do by us all; and after having thus exhibited them through the country, they were put to death."

After a halt of four days at Suchimileco, during which he was never allowed to rest by his active adversaries, Cortes began his march towards Tezcuco. So convinced was he of the manifold difficulties which they would have to encounter, that he harangued his troops in the market-place, and strongly urged to them the necessity of freeing themselves from the dangerous incumbrance of baggage. It was, he told them, a matter of imperious necessity, that they should leave it all behind. But they had perilled their bodies and souls to obtain the booty, and they stubbornly replied, that they were able to defend what they had won, and that nothing should induce them to forego it. The baggage was therefore placed in the centre, the cavalry formed the van and rear-guards, and the cross-bowmen were stationed on the flanks.

From the route which Cortes adopted, it is manifest that the enemy had by this time so strongly occupied the country behind him as to make it impossible for him to move in that direction; for, instead of retiring by the direct road of Chalco, he determined to make the toil-

some circuit of the largest portion of the lake of Mexico.* Though they were incessantly harassed by the enemy, the Spaniards reached Cuyoacan without having sustained any material loss. It would seem, that the Mexicans had expected them to withdraw by the Chalco road, and, in that expectation, had weakened their forces in this quarter. At Cuyoacan, which they found deserted, they halted for two days, to make arrows and rest their wounded. They then resumed their march, and had not proceeded far before a misadventure befel them. Cortes, with a small party of horse, and four attendants, having dropped behind to lay an ambuscade for the Mexicans, was unlucky enough to be caught in one himself. Falling in with a detachment of the natives, they fled, and he followed them so rashly that, ere he was aware, a large body of warriors started out upon him. The horses were all wounded at the first onset, two of the attendants of Cortes were carried off to be sacrificed, and the rest of the party narrowly escaped a similar fate. Missing their commander, several of his officers set out from Tacuba in search of him, and in a short time he came up to them, "very sad, and weeping."

The retrograde march of the Spaniards was rendered more painful by the coming on of a deluge of rain. On their way to Tacuba, and for some time after their arrival there, they had to endure all its violence. As

* It has been supposed that Cortes returned the same way that he came. This, however, is a mistake. Even were there no direct evidence on the point, it is obvious that, under his circumstances, Cortes would not have lengthened his march one half, and directed it through the heart of an enemy's territory, had the much shorter road through the friendly province of Chalco been practicable. But, though he does not state the cause of the circuitous march, Bernal Diaz is explicit as to the fact of the march having been made. From Suchimileco, through Cuyoacan, Tacuba, Ezcapuzalco, Tenayuco, Quatitlan, and Aculman, to Tezcuco, is the route by which he states Cortes to have retreated.

soon as the troops were distributed in their quarters, Cortes and some of his officers ascended to the top of the temple, to take a survey of the surrounding country. Here a curious proof occurred of the facility with which men, especially when they are stimulated by fanaticism and a love of gain, can cheat their own consciences. "All of us," says Bernal Diaz, "agreed in giving glory to God, for making us the instruments of such services." The reverend father also consoled Cortes, who was very sad on account of his late loss! "When we contemplated the scenes which had happened to us in Mexico, and which we could well trace from where we stood, it made Cortes much more sad than before. It was on this that the romance was written which begins,

'In Tacuba was Cortes, with many a gallant chief;
He thought upon his losses, and bow'd his head with grief.'"

By some of the more adventurous of the band, it was now proposed to push forward a reconnoitring party along the causeway which led to Mexico. This movement, which could at best have been productive but of fruitless slaughter, and which might have led to fatal consequences, was negatived by the most prudent of the leaders. The retreat was therefore resumed and continued, through the abandoned cities of Ezcapuzalco and Tenayuco, to Quatitlan, where the army halted for the night, the soldiers being so exhausted, by the continual rain and the weight of their arms, that they could proceed no further. Such was their lassitude and the severity of the weather, that, though the enemy hovered round and annoyed them, the common military precaution of visiting the outposts was entirely neglected. Luckily for the Spaniards, no serious attack was made upon them; and, after struggling for two days more through roads deep in mud, they reached Aculman, in the district of Tezcuco. There their hearts were cheered by the sight of a reinforcement, which had newly arrived

from Castile. They closed their retreat on the following day, at Tezcuco, "fatigued, worn out, and diminished in numbers."

Cortes had been only two days returned to Tezcuco, when he received the startling information, that his life was in more peril from some of his followers than it had lately been from the Mexicans. He learned that a formidable conspiracy was on foot against him. The planner of it was Antonio de Villefana, one of the soldiers of Narvaez, and he had drawn into it numbers of his comrades, and even many of the original companions of Cortes. They were weary of their toils, and hopeless of success in the coming contest; and, as all cowards are cruel, they basely determined to end their perils and privations by the murder of their commander, and of all those officers who remained faithful to him. "The assassination," says Bernal Diaz, who was himself to have been among the victims, "was to have been executed in the following manner. A vessel having lately arrived from Castile, a letter was to be brought to the general as from his father, and as if it had come by that opportunity, which letter was to be delivered as he sat at table with his officers and soldiers, and when he had opened and was in the act of reading it, the conspirators were to fall on and assassinate him with their poniards, together with all of us who were in his company."

This nefarious plot was timely disclosed to Cortes by one of his trusty soldiers, whom the conspirators had attempted to seduce. In this emergency, Cortes acted with admirable promptitude, presence of mind, and good policy. Villafana was instantly seized, while he was in council with some of his fellow-plotters, was brought to trial, and hanged out of the window of his own apartment. From his confession, and still more fully from a paper found upon the culprit, Cortes learned the names of all who had signed the treasonable association, and

among them he saw, with equal grief and surprise, those of many persons in whom he had been accustomed to place an implicit confidence. His situation at this moment was one of extreme difficulty. It might be dangerous, and at all events must cripple his future operations, if he attempted to bring the numerous delinquents to justice; and there was scarcely less danger in their knowing that he was aware of their guilt, as they would then live in constant dread of his vengeance, and might be tempted to form new plots to destroy the cause of their fears. Cortes, therefore, wisely spread a report, that Villafana had swallowed the paper which contained the names of his confederates; and, that this report might obtain credit, he continued to treat the frustrated traitors with apparently undiminished confidence and kindness. He took care, however, to keep a watchful eye upon them, and he also availed himself of this opportunity to form a guard for his person, consisting of soldiers on whose fidelity he could rely.

Equal praise cannot be given to Cortes for his conduct in another case, which soon afterwards occurred. It has been seen,* that the younger Xicotenga, who was now become the Tlascalan commander-in-chief, was gifted with more foresight than his compatriots, and that he consequently deprecated the alliance with the Spaniards, into which they had been led by their blind hatred of their Mexican neighbours. Quitting the Tlascalan troops while they were on their march to join Cortes, he now returned to Tlascala. It was charged against him, that he did so for the purpose of seizing the property and territory of Chichimacatecle, another chief, who was friendly to Cortes. But his real offence seems to have been his repugnance to seeing his fellow-countrymen made the tools of a foreign invader. Cortes immediately

* Page 226.

despatched several chiefs, to summon him back. "His answer was," says Bernal Diaz, "that if Maxicatzin and his old father had believed him, they would not be now ridden by Cortes in the manner they were, and he absolutely refused to return. This answer being sent back to Cortes, he commanded an alguazil, attended by four of the cavalry and five of the chiefs of Tezcuco, to set out immediately, giving them orders, wherever they found Xicotenga, to seize and hang him without ceremony. Alvarado interceded strongly for him, but ultimately to no purpose, for although Cortes appeared to listen to him, the party which arrested Xicotenga in a town subject to Tezcuco, there hung him, under private orders of Cortes not to let him go from them alive, and as some say with the approbation of his father." This was a foul murder, and the friends of Xicotenga would have been fully justified in consigning Cortes to the gibbet, had he chanced to fall into their hands.

The brigantines were at length completed, and the canal, along which they were to be floated into the lake, was enlarged to a sufficient width and depth. Crews were selected for them from among such of his followers as had been accustomed to the sea, and a proportion also of crossbow-men and musketeers was embarked in each vessel. It was not without much murmuring that his men submitted to what they considered as the degradation of handling an oar. Cortes, however, would admit of no excuse, even though some of them pleaded their gentility as an unanswerable objection. He next sent orders to the surrounding districts to supply him with eight thousand copper arrow-heads, and as many shafts of a particular kind of wood. The men were likewise directed to point their lances, provide themselves with extra cords to their bows, ascertain the range of their missiles, and exercise their horses daily. Powder he had recently received from Spain. Strict regulations were at

the same time promulgated for the maintenance of discipline. Lastly, messengers were despatched to summon all his allies to meet him on a certain day. Seventy thousand Indians are said to have been brought into the field by this summons. On the day after the festival of the Holy Ghost, he reviewed his European troops; they consisted of eighty-four cavalry, six hundred and fifty infantry armed with sword and buckler or lances, and a hundred and ninety-four musketeers and bow-men, with three iron cannon, and fifteen small brass field-pieces.

In the latter end of May, Cortes put his forces in motion towards the Mexican capital. That city being approachable to the landward only by its causeways, the Spanish general divided his army into three parts, which were to push forward their attacks simultaneously along three of the causeways, and to be seconded by the flotilla of brigantines, which was also divided into three squadrons. Each of the divisions consisted of about a hundred and fifty infantry, thirty cavalry, eighteen musketeers and crossbow-men, and eight thousand native auxiliaries. Alvarado, with the first of them, was to advance from Tacuba; de Oli, with the second, from Cuyoacan; and Sandoval, with the third, from Iztapalapa. The flotilla was commanded by Cortes in person.

The divisions of Alvarado and de Oli, which were to be stationed nearest to each other, were the first to commence operations. Uniting together, they succeeded in destroying the pipes by which fresh water was conveyed into the city, from the aqueduct of Chepultapeque. Elated with this success, they resolved to gain an instant footing on the causeway of Tacuba. But they had overrated their strength. The enemy had on their side a superior force and equal courage. Diaz declares, that the immense number of their boats, and of their troops upon the land, was a subject of astonishment. The first flight of Mexican arrows killed three and wounded thirty

men. The Spaniards, nevertheless, pressed on, while the natives artfully fell back, till they had drawn them to some distance on the causeway, which was only twenty feet wide. There the assailants were opposed in front by enemies behind parapets, and armed with long lances; and on their flanks by swarms of warriors in canoes. The canoes themselves were so well barricaded, that no impression could be made upon them by the crossbow or the musket. After a hopeless struggle of an hour's duration, the Spanish troops were compelled to retire, with heavy loss, closely pursued by the Mexicans. For the four or five succeeding days, they were harassed in their quarters by desultory attacks; and had their weakness been known to the Mexicans, their ruin might, perhaps have ensued: for de Oli, who was at variance with Alvarado, had refused to remain with him, and the flotilla was not yet at hand to support them.

Sandoval was scarcely more fortunate at the outset. His march to Iztapalapa was, for the most part, through a friendly territory, but when he reached that city he found antagonists prepared to receive him. Iztapalapa was one of the places which were built partly on the lake and partly in the water. Sandoval immediately attacked the natives, and burned several of the houses on the mainland. Fresh bodies of Mexicans, however, thronged in, both by land and water, and he was engaged in a doubtful struggle to maintain his ground, when he perceived a smoke rise from a hill behind the town, which was answered from other points round the lake. The enemy immediately began to retreat, for they were wanted in another quarter; the smoke was a signal that the Spanish brigantines had entered the lake. Sandoval was consequently left in possession of that part of the town which he had gained. In the course of a few days, he made an attempt to advance upon the causeway, and master that part of the town which was situated in the water. But

the Mexicans sent a large body of troops to cut the causeway behind him, and he would have been in great jeopardy, had not the Spanish general ordered de Oli to succour him, and sailed himself with the brigantines for the same purpose. Finding that an attack upon the capital from this side would be exposed to many difficulties, Cortes now removed Sandoval from Iztapalapa, and stationed him at Tepeaco, where the northern causeway joins the mainland.

The bringing of the flotilla into play was soon productive of considerable advantage to the besiegers. It linked together the operations of the Spanish divisions, covered their flanks, and rendered difficult and more scanty, though it could not wholly prevent, the supply of men and provisions to the Mexican capital. The Mexicans were not blind to this danger, and they left no stone unturned to avert it: nor was there any lack of ingenuity in some of their devices. At first they hoped to overcome the enemy by close fighting. Accordingly, as soon as the brigantines made their appearance upon the lake, the Mexicans hastened to meet them. The number of their canoes, filled with warriors, is said to have exceeded four thousand. Perceiving that a breeze was about to spring up, Cortes drew his vessels into an open part of the lake; and, as soon as the wind had become sufficiently strong, he ordered every sail to be spread, and the oars to be vigorously plied. The weight and velocity of the brigantines were irresistible. The frail canoes were unable to withstand the shock, and their numbers only added to their confusion and loss. They were broken through and scattered in all directions; very many were sunk, and all the crews drowned, and the remainder were glad to find shelter in the shallow water and creeks, whither the Spaniards were unable to follow them. Yet, undismayed by this disaster, they soon after ventured to fall *upon Cortes* at Cuyoacan. They were again routed;

but in the action the powder-magazine, in the vessel of Cortes, was blown up, and many of his men were wounded. Force failing, they had recourse to stratagem. Two of the brigantines being ordered to cruise during the night, for the purpose of cutting off supplies from the city, the enemy formed a plan for making themselves masters of them. Among the tall reeds of the lake they concealed thirty of their largest piraguas, and they drove large beams of timber under water in various places. Two or three canoes, apparently laden with provisions, were then sent out as a bait. The brigantines fell into the snare; they eagerly pursued the canoes, and were led by them among the labyrinth of hidden piles. Enclosed in this trap, it was impossible to manœuvre or escape. Out rushed the thirty piraguas, and the first volley from them wounded every soul on board of the devoted vessels. The Spaniards fought desperately, but were compelled to surrender. Encouraged by this success, the Mexicans, soon after, planned an ambuscade on a larger scale. It might, perhaps, have answered its purpose, had not the scheme been betrayed to the Spanish general by a prisoner. Cortes, in consequence, arranged a counter-ambuscade. A detected stratagem generally recoils on its contriver; it did so in this instance. The Mexicans were defeated with great loss in killed and prisoners, many of their canoes were run down, and many were taken. This action not only put a stop to their attempts to recover the supremacy by water, but also rendered them less daring in the conveyance of supplies to the city, and induced many of the towns on the lake to make their submission to Cortes.

We must now revert to the operations of the land forces. The task which the troops had to perform was more wearisome, protracted, and perilous, than that which fell to the lot of their comrades in the brigantines. Day after day, week after week, the same monotonous

and apparently fruitless toil was to be undergone. Their labour seemed to be like that which was wasted on the fabled web of Penelope. Bernal Diaz gives a striking picture of it. "We drove them from several bridges and barricades," says he; "but after fighting during the whole day, we were obliged at night to retreat to our quarters, almost every man of us wounded by the showers of arrows and stones, which exceeded imagination; for we were attacked constantly by fresh troops, bearing different devices, by land, while from the terraces of the houses the enemy commanded our ships. As we could not leave a party to secure what we got in the day, at night the enemy repossessed themselves of the bridges, and put better defences on them. They deepened the water in some places, and in the shallow part they dug pits, and placed canoes in ambuscade, which they secured from the attack of our vessels by palisades under the water. This was the manner in which they opposed us every day. The cavalry, as I before observed, could do nothing; the enemy had built parapets across the causeways, which they defended with long lances; and even had an attack been practicable, the soldiers would not risk their horses, which at this time cost eight hundred crowns, and some more than a thousand, nor indeed were they to be had at any price." He winds up this description with an amusing trait of superstition and credulity. "When we arrived at night, we were employed in curing our wounds, and a soldier named Juan Catalan also healed them by charms and prayers, which, with the mercy of our Lord Jesus, recovered us very fast. But wounded or not, we were obliged to go against the enemy every day, as otherwise our companies would not have been twenty men strong. When our allies saw that the before-mentioned soldier cured us by charms and prayers, all their wounded came to him, so that he had more business on his hands than he knew what to do with."

Tired of oscillating between gaining ground in the day and losing it at night, the besiegers adopted a new plan. There was, on the Tacuba causeway, a small open space, containing some buildings for religious worship. There the division of Alvarado at last succeeded in establishing itself, leaving the cavalry and allies to keep open the communication with Tacuba, whence they were supplied with bread. In future, it was intended to fill up the causeways, and to destroy the insulated houses in the water as fast as they were gained; the materials from the latter serving to throw into the canals, and to widen the ground upon which the troops were acting. In the work of demolition and filling up, the allies were employed, and their services of this kind were more effectual than those which they performed with their weapons.

The Mexicans, on their part, were so far from being idle, that their attacks compelled the besiegers to keep a large portion of their men under arms all night, and the rest ready for action at a moment's notice. At times, the whole Spanish division on the Tacuba causeway was obliged to remain under arms throughout the hours of darkness. It was against this point that the Mexicans bent their chief efforts. Their intention was, to assail it on all sides, and make themselves masters of Tacuba, which contained the baggage and bakery of the hostile army. For several nights, in succession, they made onsets upon Alvarado's troops, from midnight to day-break. All this was, however, only meant to weaken and weary their antagonists, preparatory to a more desperate struggle. To give effect to that struggle, art was brought in aid of strength. "The Mexicans," says the honest chronicler, "opposed our progress by breaking a bridge in the rear of their parapets and barricades, where the water was very deep, leaving one obvious pass as a decoy, and in other parts, pitfalls under the water; they also made parapets on both sides of the breach, they placed

palisades in the deep water where our vessels could approach, and they had canoes manned ready to sally out upon the signal given. When they had made these preparations they advanced against us in three bodies, one by the side of Tacuba, the other by the ruins of the houses which had been destroyed, and the third by the causeway where they had made the works. Alvarado had brought part of his cavalry to our post, since the houses were destroyed. We repulsed the enemy on all sides, and one party of us having forced them from the work I have mentioned, crossed the water, up to our necks, at the pass they had left open, and followed them, until we came to a place where were large temples and towers of idols. Here we were assailed by fresh troops from the houses and roofs, and those whom we pursued faced about and came against us. We were obliged to retreat, which we did with regularity, but when we came to the water, we found that the enemy in their canoes had got possession of the pass where we had crossed. We were therefore obliged to look for other places, but as they came pressing on us, we were at length compelled to throw ourselves into the lake and get over as we could. Those who were not able to swim fell into the pits; the enemy closed in upon them, wounded most, and took five of our soldiers alive. The vessels which came to our relief could not approach, being embarrassed among the palisades, and here they lost two soldiers. It was a wonder that we were not all destroyed in the pitfalls; a number of the enemy laid hands on me, but our Lord Jesus Christ gave me force to disengage my arm, and by dint of a good sword I got free from them, though wounded, and arrived on the dry ground, where I fainted away, and remained senseless for a time. This was owing to my great exertions, and loss of blood. When this mob had their claws on me, I recommended myself to our Lord and his blessed mother, and they heard my

prayer, glorified be they for all their mercies! One of our cavalry crossed the water with us this day; he and his horse were killed. Fortunately, the rest were with Alvarado in Tacuba; had they been with us they must have been all destroyed from the tops of the buildings, for the action took place as it were within the very city. After this success the enemy kept us constantly employed during the day and night, by attacks upon our posts."

Cortes now endeavoured to carry an outpost, which was of so much importance to the city that it had been strongly fortified. It was vigorously defended, both by land and water, but Cortes, who led the attack in person, obtained a transient possession of it. He was, however, ultimately obliged to retire, with considerable loss, and without having been able to fill up the deep canal which was in front of the work. The terraced houses in the vicinity commanded the position, and the palisades prevented the brigantines from acting in conjunction with the troops. For a few days after this event, Cortes was too much occupied in defending himself to think of offensive warfare. Guatimotzin had resolved to try whether the Spaniards might not be worn out by a series of almost unintermitted attacks upon them. These attacks were commenced simultaneously, on land and water, two hours before daylight, on the 21st of June, against all the Spanish divisions; they were continued for two nights following; and they ended by a combined attack of the whole Mexican force upon Alvarado's division. These vigorous onsets, especially the last, were not repelled without much difficulty, and no inconsiderable loss.

It was now July, the Spaniards had been six weeks before the Mexican capital, and had made but little progress. Impatient of making toilsome exertions daily, and yet proceeding at a snail's pace, Cortes formed the desperate resolution of endeavouring to carry the city by a general assault. His intention was, to push forward along

the three causeways, and reach the great square, the possession of which would, he thought, enable him to command all the streets which led to it. In the council of war, which he called on this occasion, the scheme was strongly opposed by several of his officers. They urged that, even if they succeeded in reaching the great square, they would be only in the same situation as when they were expelled from Mexico, with the additional disadvantage of having to contend against a more numerous force; and that this time, perhaps, the enemy would preclude their retreat, by effectually cutting the causeways behind them. It was, therefore, more prudent to adhere to the slow but sure system of destroying the houses and filling up the canals as they went on, and thus gaining a firm footing. They were, however, overruled by a majority of the council, and it was determined that the plan of Cortes should be carried into execution by the whole of the Spanish and allied force.

This ill-advised adventure had the result which the minority of the council anticipated. At first, that division which was led by Cortes in person, met with less violent opposition than was experienced by the two other divisions. But this apparent slackness of the enemy was only a feint, to draw on their adversaries. The Mexicans had narrowed the causeway, which was also covered with water in some places, and deep in mud, and had got everything in readiness to fall upon the Spaniards at the proper moment. Cortes himself added to the danger, by neglecting to give orders for filling up the ditches which he had passed. No sooner had he reached the spot than multitudes of canoes sallied forth, and took him in flank and rear; his own vessels not being able to succour him on account of the palisades. A retreat was in consequence ordered, which was conducted with tolerable regularity, till the Spaniards arrived at a narrow pass, where their assailants fell upon them with tenfold

fury. "The retreat," says Diaz, "was turned into a race, our people flying before the enemy without attempting to defend themselves." Cortes tried to rally them, but in vain. He was now in imminent peril; already wounded in the leg, he was seized upon by six Mexican chiefs, and must have fallen a victim had he not been saved by the valour of Lerma and de Oli. The latter paid with his life for the rescue of his general; he was slain, after having killed four of the chiefs with his own hand. The liberated general was dragged out of the water, mounted on horseback, and hurried off to his quarters. Seventy-two Spaniards fell alive into the hands of the Mexicans; the slaughter made among the allies was immense.

No better fortune attended the division led by Alvarado. The first dike which it attacked was so obstinately defended, that above a thousand of the allies were killed or hurt, one of the Spaniards was killed, and most of them were wounded. The dike was, nevertheless, carried. But here ended the success of this column. "As we were advancing," says Diaz, "we were met by fresh troops in great parade, bearing plumes of feathers, and devices on their standards. When we came near them, they threw down before us five bleeding heads, crying out to us that they were those of Cortes and his officers, and that we should meet the same fate as our companions; they then marched up, and fighting us foot to foot, compelled us to retreat. We as usual called to our allies to make way for us, but in the present case there was no occasion; the sight of the bloody heads had done it effectually, nor did one of them remain on the causeway to impede our retreat. Before we arrived at our quarters, and while the enemy were pursuing us, we heard their shrill timbals, and the dismal sound of the great drum, from the top of the principal temple of the god of war, which overlooked the whole city. Its mourn-

ful noise was such as may be imagined the music of the infernal gods, and it might be heard at the distance of almost three leagues. They were then sacrificing the hearts of ten of our companions to their idols. Shortly after this the king of Mexico's horn was blown, giving notice to his captains that they were then to take their enemies prisoners, or die in the attempt. It is impossible to describe the fury with which they closed upon us when they heard this signal. Though all is as perfect to my recollection as if passing before my eyes, it is utterly beyond my power to describe; all I can say is, it was God's will that we should escape from their hands, and get back in safety to our post. Praised be He for his mercies, now, and at all other times!"

The column headed by Sandoval suffered the least of the three. He seems to have been allowed to advance with only slender opposition, till the fate of the two other columns was decided. The moment that was ascertained, the Mexicans turned upon him with the utmost fury, wounded him in three places, killed two of his soldiers at the first discharge, and wounded all the rest. Six Spanish heads were also thrown before his soldiers, accompanied by loud threats that they should soon be treated in the same manner as their companions had been. Sandoval, however, retained all his presence of mind, and he succeeded in keeping his men to their ranks, and in bringing them off with but inconsiderable loss.

After the retreat of Sandoval, his post on the mainland was left in comparative quiet. Not so those which were occupied by Alvarado and Cortes; they were assailed with the utmost obstinacy and fury by the victors. Into the quarters of Cortes they threw four heads, which they said were those of Sandoval, Alvarado, and two other officers. At Tacuba, the Spanish division would probably have been overpowered, but for the fire of two

guns which raked the causeway. Yet, in spite of the deadly discharges from these cannon, the natives persisted in pressing on. One of the brigantines had fallen into their power, but it was subsequently recovered. Of the canoes, belonging to the allies, one half were taken or destroyed. Sandoval, who had come to inquire what was the real situation of Cortes, was now despatched by him to Tacuba, to assist in repelling the Mexicans. A short pause ensued in the contest soon after his arrival at that position. "Here," says Bernal Diaz, "we were for a time at rest, and engaged in relating the events which had happened at each post, when, on a sudden, our ears were struck by the horrific sound of the great drum, the timbals, horns, and trumpets, in the temple of the war god. We all directed our eyes thither, and, shocking to relate, saw our unfortunate countrymen driven by force, cuffs, and bastinades, to the place where they were to be sacrificed, which bloody ceremony was accompanied by the mournful sound of all the instruments of the temple. We perceived, that when they had brought the unfortunate victims to the flat summit of the body of the temple, where were the adoratories, they put plumes upon their heads, and with a kind of fan in the hand of each, made them dancé before their accursed idols. When they had done this, they laid them on their backs, upon the stone used for the purpose, where they cut out their hearts, alive, and having presented them, yet palpitating, to their gods, they drew the bodies down the steps by the feet, when they were taken by others of their priests. Let the reader think what were our sensations on this occasion." He candidly owns, that this horrible and disgusting sight had a powerful and lasting effect on him. "From this time," says he, "I feared that cruel death; and this I mention, because, before I went into battle, I felt a great depression and uneasiness about my heart, and then recommending myself to God and his

blessed mother our Lady, the instant I was engaged with the enemy it left me."

This reverse suspended for a while the progress of the Spaniards. For four days Cortes contented himself with endeavouring to keep the ground which he had previously gained. Even in this he did not quite succeed, for the Mexicans compelled him to recede upon some points, while, at the same time, they strengthened their own defences. A circumstance now occurred, which placed the invaders in a very embarrassing situation, and might have proved fatal to them. During their perpetual attacks on the Spanish posts, the Mexicans taunted their enemies, and exultingly told them, that the gods had promised the destruction of the Spaniards within eight days. This denunciation produced such an effect upon the Tlascalans and other allies, that, in the course of one night, nearly the whole of them deserted Cortes. Had the priests, by whom this assurance was given to the people, been wise enough to fix a more distant period for the downfall of their foes, the prediction might, perhaps, have worked its own fulfilment; as, without auxiliaries, it would have been almost impossible for the Spaniards to contend against the multitudes that surrounded them. But, by limiting the term to eight days, the priests deprived themselves of the means of success. Cortes saw this error, and turned it to account. Committing nothing to chance, he confined himself to holding the Mexicans at bay, till the ominous time had passed by. His policy triumphed. When the allies found that not only eight days but several more had elapsed, without the Spaniards having been destroyed, they were convinced that the Mexican deities were unworthy of belief, and they again thronged round the standard of Cortes.

From this time Cortes acted with more caution and method than he had hitherto done. It is curious that

the proper system should have been pointed out to him by a native warrior. This native was Suchel, a very brave man, brother to the lord of Tezcuco; he had been baptized, and was known under the name of Don Carlos. He was much attached to the Spaniards, and was one of the very few who were not scared away by the fulminations of the Mexican oracles. He did not hesitate to remonstrate with Cortes on his imprudent conduct. "Cut off," said he, "their provisions and water; there are in Mexico so many xiquipils of warriors, how can they subsist? Their provisions must at some time be expended, the water which they get from the wells is salt, and they have no resource but from the frequent rains. Fight them by hunger and thirst, and do not throw away your own force." — "Cortes," says Diaz, "embraced him for his advice; not that the same had not occurred to many of us before, but we were too impatient." It is manifest, however, that men who suffered impatience to get the better of discretion were deficient in one of the qualities which are the most essential to military leaders.

The first step taken by Cortes was to obtain a greater command of the lake, so as to circumscribe within narrower bounds the Mexican operations and supplies. In this he was successful. Two brigantines were always cruising in company, and they were constantly intercepting canoes laden with provisions and water for the city. The captains of his vessels also discovered a mode of breaking through the enemy's palisades, by dint of sails and oars, and were thus enabled to cover the flanks of the Spanish troops, and harass those of the Mexicans. This was an important advantage. Strict care was now taken to fill up the canals and ditches, and to level and enlarge the ground, as fast as the besiegers went onward, even Cortes himself carrying beams and earth for that purpose. The heavy rains, too, however unpleasant they might be,

were of service to the Spaniards; as, when the rains came on, the Mexicans always relaxed in their exertions. The assailants thus worked forward, slowly but surely, "gaining every day a bridge or a parapet." In this manner, each of the three attacks was considerably advanced towards the city, till at length the Spaniards reached some fountains, which they cut off; their cavalry could likewise act freely throughout the whole of the space which they had won.

The progress which Cortes was making induced him to hope that the Mexicans would listen to proposals. He therefore despatched three of his principal prisoners with a message to Guatimotzin; a mission which they undertook with no small degree of reluctance. In this message Cortes dwelt upon the sufferings and dangers to which the Mexicans were exposed, his wish to prevent the loss of lives and the destruction of the city, and the affection which he bore to all the family of the great Montezuma! The Mexican monarch summoned a council of nobles and priests, to deliberate upon the propositions of the enemy. Brave though he was, he was willing to consent to a peace; for he was moved by the distresses of his people, and, being abandoned by his allies, he saw but little chance of making an effectual resistance. The priests were of a different opinion. They painted in glowing and true colours the conduct of the Spaniards to Montezuma and his family, to other princes, and, indeed, to all those who had fallen under their yoke; they warned him to beware of the treachery of Cortes; they reminded him of his own martial fame; and they once more boldly promised, in the name of the gods, that his arms should be crowned with victory. Thus stimulated by every motive that can actuate the brave and the patriotic, Guatimotzin declared that he would fight to the last man, and he issued orders to sink wells, to husband the provisions, and to spare no exertions for the procuring of nocturnal supplies.

The Spaniards were not long before they felt the effects of this desperate resolution. "Our army," says Diaz, "remained at their post for two days quietly, expecting the answer from Mexico. We were then attacked at all points by fresh bodies of the enemy, who fell on us like lions, closing upon and endeavouring to seize us in their hands, whenever the horn of Guatimotzin was sounded. For seven days were we thus engaged, watching in a body during the night, at daybreak going into action, fighting during the day, and in the evening retiring to console ourselves with our misery of maize cakes, agi or pepper, tunas, and herbs. Our offer of peace only served for new matter for the enemy to revile us upon, reproaching us as cowards, and saying, that peace was for women and arms for men." While the Mexicans were thus keeping the Spaniards occupied on the lake-side of their position, they were busy in assembling troops to fall upon the land-side of it. The mutilated remains of the captured Spanish troops were sent round some of the provinces, to encourage the rising in arms of such natives as were yet faithful to Guatimotzin. A considerable force was by this means brought into the field, which commenced its occupations by falling upon the allies of Cortes. Ill as he could spare them, the Spanish general was compelled to send two strong detachments, under De Tapia and Sandoval, to support his friends. Both officers accomplished their object, and Sandoval came back just in time to sustain the besieging army, which his departure had so much weakened, that it was now "in a most perilous way." His opportune arrival turned the scale in its favour.

In the hope that the dispersion of the provincial succours might have somewhat discouraged the enemy, Cortes sent another embassy to Guatimotzin. Of promises and professions he was as lavish as on the former occasion. Perhaps, too, he was prompted by another

consideration, of no trifling weight. The stock of gunpowder was reduced almost to nothing. It was well for him that, by a mere chance, he at this critical moment received a supply of soldiers and ordnance stores, which had been intended for another destination. This was singularly lucky, for this embassy proved abortive. The only notice which Guatimotzin condescended to take of it was to order that the envoys should quit the city without delay.

Negotiation having failed, Cortes was obliged to recur to arms. There were some indications which justified him in looking forward to a successful issue of the contest. The Mexicans, it is true, still manifested the same spirit of hatred and determination, they still loaded their enemies with curses, menaces, and insults; they were still eager to rush upon the sword; but famine was evidently doing its dreadful work among them, and, though their minds were unconquered, their bodies were become less capable of endurance and exertion: "there was not so much movement among them as formerly," says the Spanish chronicler, "nor did they so busily employ themselves in opening the ditches." In proportion as their vigour declined, that of their enemies increased. Every day the invaders made some progress towards the devoted city. At length, Cortes determined to make a vigorous and combined attack, for the purpose of gaining a footing in the heart of the capital. The three divisions were to establish themselves in the Taltelulco, or great square, in which stood the principal temples and strong buildings. The plan was ably executed. Alvarado, whose division was the nearest to the square, was the first to force an entrance. After a sharp combat of two hours, he drove the Mexicans from their barricades, and penetrated into the square. Then, retaining two-thirds of his men to keep the enemy in the streets at bay, he *gave* the remainder to Gutierre de Badajoz, to storm the

temple of the war-god. Headed by the priests, a body of the natives defended the temple with obstinate valour. They receded slowly up the steps before their adversaries, disputed every step, and, when they were at last driven to the flat summit of the edifice, they continued the fight till darkness brought the sanguinary struggle to a close. The triumphant Spaniards then set fire to the images and sanctuaries of the Mexican deities, and planted their standard on the top of the temple. It was not till some time after Alvarado had achieved this conquest that Cortes and Sandoval were able to join him. Guatimotzin had retired to another part of the city, and the royal palaces in this quarter were levelled to the ground by the victors. Fifty thousand of the allies rapidly and joyfully accomplished this work of destruction.

This was a fatal blow to the Mexicans, but they did not yet lose heart. Their onsets continued to be daily made upon the Spanish posts with undiminished inveteracy, though with diminished means. They soon, however, received a severe check, which contributed greatly to repress their impetuosity. An ambuscade, consisting of the flower of his army, and a thousand Tlascalans, was laid, during the night, by Cortes, in some large houses which had belonged to a nobleman of the city. On the following morning, Cortes, by a feigned retreat, drew the enemy into this snare. The signal being given, the concealed party rushed out upon the rear of the pursuing Mexicans, who, unable to advance or retire, and assailed on all sides, were routed with fearful slaughter. Henceforth, they no longer followed up the Spaniards when they had succeeded in repulsing them.

For a few days Cortes desisted from active operations. He ordered the destruction of houses to be suspended, and again endeavoured to open a negotiation with the Mexican monarch, to whom he gave the strongest as-

surances that "he should enjoy the plenitude of power and honours." Cortes was really solicitous to save the city from any further ravage; he did not wish the trophy of his conquest to be a heap of ruins. The overtures of the Spanish general were received by Guatimotzin with an apparent disposition to come to an understanding; but this appearance was fallacious, for the king was wisely averse from trusting himself in the hands of his unprincipled foes. His object in pretending to listen to the proposals, was solely to gain time for strengthening the portion of the city in which he resided, and collecting forces to make another assault upon the Spanish quarters. "The mask," says Diaz, "was soon thrown off; we were attacked by great bodies of the enemy, with such violence as if all was beginning anew. Having been rather taken by surprise, they did us at first some mischief." The Mexicans were ultimately defeated. This was the last flickering of a flame which was about to expire.

Another attempt to negotiate having failed, Cortes resolved to force his way into the remainder of the city. A tacit suspension of arms was, however, continued between the two parties for four or five days longer; they paused from weakness,—he from the hope that the consciousness of their weakness might lead them to surrender. "During this time, numbers of wretched Indians, reduced by famine, surrounded the Spanish quarters every night." In order to conciliate their fellow-countrymen, Cortes ordered that no injury should be done to these unfortunate beings. As, however, no signs of submission appeared, the Spaniards recommenced their labours, and gradually gained ground in all directions. The finishing blow was given to the Mexican monarchy by the measures which Cortes now adopted. All escape, except by the lake, was already cut off from Guatimotzin; that resource, too, he was on the point of losing. Cortes

directed Sandoval to proceed with the flotilla, to invest that corner of the city in which the sovereign had taken refuge. At the same time he charged him not to hurt any native unless he was himself attacked, and even then not to go beyond self-defence; but to level all the houses, and the many advanced works which the enemy had constructed on the lake.

The fatal moment was at length arrived when Guatimotzin must cease to hope that he could hold the city in spite of his foe. To yield himself up to Cortes was abhorrent to his feelings, and consequently nothing remained for him but flight. Besides, if he could succeed in eluding pursuit, there was a chance that he might raise his standard in some other part of his empire. As soon, therefore, as he saw the preparations for surrounding him, he embarked with his family, courtiers, and officers, in fifty large piraguas, which had been held in readiness for the purpose. All the nobility and chiefs, likewise, took flight in various directions. But the Spanish flotilla kept too close a watch to allow of his carrying his scheme into execution. He was speedily discovered, pursued, and compelled to surrender. This event, which terminated the siege of Mexico, took place on the evening of the 15th of August 1521.

When the unfortunate Guatimotzin was brought into the Spanish camp, Cortes embraced him, and treated him with every semblance of respect. But the fallen monarch could not conceal how deeply his heart was wounded, by his having struggled in vain for his country. While the tears gushed into his eyes, he exclaimed to Cortes, "Malintzin! I have done that which was my duty in the defence of my kingdom and people. My efforts have failed, and being now brought by force a prisoner into your hands, draw that poniard from your side, and stab me to the heart." In reply to this affecting appeal, Cortes again embraced him, praised his valour

and firmness, assured him that all which had passed would be buried in oblivion, and promised that he should retain his crown, and exercise his authority as fully and freely as he had ever hitherto done. How well Cortes kept his promise, history, to his eternal shame, has recorded.

The dreadful state to which the Mexican capital was reduced is emphatically described by Bernal Diaz. "What I am going to mention," says he, "is truth, and I swear and say amen to it. I have read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but I cannot conceive that the mortality there exceeded this of Mexico; for all the people from the distant provinces which belonged to this empire had concentrated themselves here, where they mostly died. The streets, the squares, the houses, and the courts of the Taltelulco, were covered with dead bodies; we could not step without treading on them; the lake and canals were filled with them, and the stench was intolerable. For this reason our troops, immediately after the capture of the royal family, retired to their former quarters. Cortes himself was for some time ill from the effect of it. Guatimotzin now requested of Cortes that permission should be given to clear the city entirely of the inhabitants, in order to purify it, and restore its salubrity. Accordingly, they were ordered to remove to the neighbouring towns, and for three days and three nights all the causeways were full, from one end to the other, of men, women, and children, so weak and sickly, squalid and dirty and pestilential, that it was misery to behold them. When all those who were able had quitted the city, we went to examine the state of it, which was as I have described. The streets, courts, and houses, were covered with dead bodies, and some miserable wretches were creeping about, in the different stages of the most offensive disorders, the consequences of famine and improper food. The ground was all broken up to get at the roots of such vegetation as it afforded, and the very

trees were stripped of their bark! There was no fresh water in the town. During all their distress, however, though their constant practice was to feast on such as they took prisoners, no instance occurred of their having preyed on each other; and certainly never existed since the creation a people who suffered so much from hunger, thirst, and warfare."

THE SIEGE OF SZIGET.

In the voluminous annals of warfare there are few events marked by circumstances of a more romantic kind than those which occurred at the siege of Sziget, in 1556. The Hungarian fortress of Sziget, or Szigetvar, which means the town of islands, was about two leagues from Funfkirchen, and derived its name from its situation; it being surrounded by the waters of the river Almas, which at that spot forms various islets. The place consisted of three divisions, the castle, and the old and new towns, which were connected by bridges. In point of strength, it was but ill calculated to resist the powerful army which was led against it, by Sultan Soliman the magnificent. The old and new towns appear to have been scantily fortified, and the castle, or citadel, had only five bastions, formed of earth and fascines, encircled by a triple moat. A round tower, used as a powder magazine, the steeples, and the guard-houses, were the only brick buildings which it contained. But the fortress had a governor whose tried courage made up, in some measure, for its defects. Count Nicholas Zrini, who held the command of it, was one of the most intrepid and enterprising of the Hungarian nobles; he had recently defeated one of the Sultan's generals, and it was to wipe out the stain of that defeat that Soliman now undertook the siege of Sziget, his views having been turned to another quarter at the commencement of the campaign.

When the Ottoman army, of ninety thousand men, with three hundred pieces of cannon, approached the town, Zrini ordered a cross to be raised on high in the centre of the fortress. With a less noble feeling, he beheaded a Turkish aga, who had fallen into his hands. Valour, in those days, was too often debased by an admixture of ferocity. Soliman having joined his troops, his tent was pitched, with extraordinary magnificence, on the neighbouring hill of Semilikow. Either in a spirit of chivalry or of mockery, Zrini hung the ramparts with red drapery, covered the outside of the tower with tin plates, which glittered like silver, and welcomed the Ottoman monarch with a tremendous discharge of his heavy artillery.

The immense number of the Ottomans enabled them to carry on their attacks on three sides at once. Zrini soon found that it was impossible to defend the new town, and consequently committed it to the flames. The besiegers established their batteries on the ruins, kept up a heavy fire, and, by means of bags of earth, contrived to form a solid road through the marshes, which divided the citadel from the old town. Notwithstanding the heroic efforts of the garrison and its commander, the Turks, in the course of fifteen days, made themselves masters of all the outworks. The citadel, however, still continued to set them at defiance. So persuaded was Soliman that it could not be reduced without an enormous loss of men, that he sought to obtain its surrender by the most tempting propositions. He offered to the governor the exclusive possession of the whole of Croatia. This offer was firmly rejected. The Sultan then tried other means. The standard-bearer and the trumpeter of Count Zrini's eldest son had been taken prisoners by the Turks. In the hope of alarming the governor, with respect to the safety of his son, Soliman directed that the two captives should be led under the ramparts, where

the one should unfurl his banner, and the other sound the notes of victory. This stratagem was ineffectual; nor did any better success attend the plan of shooting into the place arrows, to which letters were tied, inciting the garrison to revolt, and offering magnificent rewards.

A first assault on the citadel was repulsed, with great slaughter of the assailants, who left behind them two standards. Three days afterwards, on the anniversary of the battle of Mohacz, and of the surrender of Ofen and Belgrade, the Ottomans, animated by the remembrance of their past triumphs, returned to the charge. Long and bloody was the contest, but they were ultimately beaten back. They paused four days, and then, for the third time, rushed to the breach. But, on this occasion, they were easily repulsed. A mine was at this moment being excavated under the great bastion, and they resolved to wait till it had opened for them a more accessible passage.

Soliman was not destined to witness the fall of Sziget; an event for which he so ardently longed, that, only a few hours before he ceased to exist, he impatiently wrote to the Grand Vizier, "This chimney, then, does not yet cease to burn, and the great drum of conquest does not yet make itself heard!" His ear was deaf to all earthly sounds three days before the great drum was heard; he died on the night of the 5th of September. The secret of his decease was carefully kept by the Grand Vizier, who continued to issue orders in the name of the dead sovereign. Had he not done so, it is probable that the discouragement of the Ottoman troops would have saved Sziget.

By the 8th of September the fortress was become no longer tenable. The mines had opened into it a broad highway; a conflagration was raging in its interior; and of the internal works the tower, containing the powder

magazine, was the only one which was not ruined. There was no alternative but to surrender or to die. Zrini chose the latter. In preparing to meet his fate, he displayed as much calmness as though he had been attiring himself for a banquet. After having taken his silk cloak from his chamberlain, he drew his golden chain round his neck, and put on a black hat, embroidered with gold, and surmounted by a heron's plume, which was fastened by a valuable diamond. Throwing aside all coins that bore the Turkish impress, he dropped into his pocket a hundred Hungarian ducats; "that," said he, "whoever finds my body may not complain that he has got nothing by me." He then called for the keys of the fortress, and, depositing them in the same pocket with the ducats, said to those around him, "As long as this arm can move, no one shall wrest from me these keys or this gold; after my death, whoever likes may have them. But I have sworn that no human being in the Turkish camp shall ever point at me with his finger." From four sabres, inlaid with gold, which had been given to him as rewards during his military career, he then selected the oldest. "It was with this weapon," said he, "that I won my first honours and my first glory, and it is with this that I will appear before the throne of the Eternal, to hear my doom!"

In the court-yard below there were waiting for him six hundred of his men, soldiers worthy of such a chief, who had declared their fixed resolve to stand by him to the last. Preceded by his standard-bearer, and followed by a page who carried his shield, Zrini, without helmet or breastplate, descended to this band of heroes. He addressed them in a short martial speech, at the close of which he thrice called on the Saviour's name. All was ready for the sally, and, as the fire was spreading in all directions, there was no time to be lost. At the great *gate* of the fortress, a mortar, heavily charged with grape-

shot, had been placed. The besiegers, in multitudes, were now rushing forward over the bridge to commence the assault. At this instant Zrini gave the signal, the match was applied to the mortar, and six hundred of the Ottomans fell dead or wounded in the twinkling of an eye. Dashing through the smoke at the head of his brave soldiers, with his standard-bearer Lawrence Juranitsch by his side, Zrini penetrated into the throng of Turks, dealing death around him. But his course was short—wounded by two balls in the chest, and an arrow in the head, he sank to the ground, and three loud shouts of "Allah!" testified the joy of the Ottomans on seeing the fall of their valorous foe. His body was immediately carried away by them, and the head was severed from it on the carriage of a cannon. The head was eventually restored to his family, who buried it in St. Helen's Convent, near the remains of his wife.

While carnage and conflagration were raging uncontrolled in the citadel, the chamberlain, the treasurer, and the cup-bearer of Zrini, who had fallen into the hands of the victors, and suffered many indignities, were led into the presence of the Vizier. "What treasures did Zrini possess, and where are they?" demanded the Grand Vizier. He was answered by the cup-bearer, whose spirit was of kin to that of his master. "Zrini," replied the courageous Hungarian, "possessed a hundred thousand Hungary ducats, a thousand golden cups of all sizes, a hundred thousand crowns, and a rich service of plate; he destroyed nearly everything; he can scarcely have left fifty thousand ducats' worth of valuables, which are deposited in a chest. But his stock of gunpowder was all the larger for this. It is going to explode at the very moment that you are listening to me; and the fire, to which you are indebted for having mastered the fortress, will also bring about the destruction of your army." The story of the cup-bearer being confirmed

by the other prisoners, the Vizier was struck with consternation. He immediately despatched some of his officers to endeavour to avert the danger. They were too late; they had barely had time to warn some of the Turkish commanders, and to give the signal of retreat, when the magazine blew up with a deafening explosion, the tower was hurled into the air, and more than three thousand of the Ottomans were torn to pieces, or buried beneath the ruins.

THE SIEGES OF SANCERRE.

SANCERRE, famous for the courage with which its inhabitants sustained two sieges and a long blockade, is situated about a quarter of a mile from the Loire, on the left bank of the river, in that part of the late duchy of Berri which now forms the department of the Cher. Standing on a lofty conical hill, which descends with a rapid slope on all sides, it overlooks a wide extent of country. The town is small, and, though ancient, has never been of great magnitude. At the period when it was besieged, its circumference was not more than 2500 paces, and its only fortifications were a castle on the crown of the hill, and a wall flanked by eight or nine round towers. Its advantageous position, however, rendered it of infinite importance to the Hugonot party, of which party the inhabitants were zealous and resolute members.

The first siege of Sancerre took place in 1569, and was conducted by Claude de la Châtre, the governor of Berri, who had collected a body of between three and four thousand troops from the neighbouring cities. The besiegers kept up a hot cannonade, from eight pieces of cannon, on the side of the gate of Bourges, and a practicable breach was speedily made. But the besieged had *cut a deep fosse* behind it, and raised entrenchments on

its flanks. When, therefore, d'Aigueville, a young and daring officer, led his men to the assault, he met with such a vigorous resistance, that he was driven back with heavy loss. The battery was then removed to the side of St. Satur, where it was hoped that fewer obstacles would be found. A breach still larger than that at the Bourges gate was effected, and another assault was given. The result was even more disastrous than on the former attempt; the carnage made among the assailants was very great, and d'Aigueville himself was one of the slain. Encouraged by their success, the besiegers now assumed the offensive, and severely harassed their enemies by incessant sallies. After having been five weeks before the place, and lost five hundred men, the royal army was at last under the necessity of raising the siege.

Sancerre remained unmolested till after the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Subsequently to the discontinuance of the siege, many protestants, from various parts, established themselves there, in the hope of finding it a safe asylum. In September 1572, the citizens received a letter from the murderous Charles the Ninth, commanding them to admit a garrison. They, however, objected to obey this order, and prayed that, in conformity with the edicts, they might still be suffered to enjoy liberty of conscience. A negotiation ensued, in which an artful attempt was made to induce the old inhabitants to expel the new comers, who were described as seditious men, especially obnoxious to the sovereign. It was insinuated that, on this condition, the people of Sancerre might expect favourable terms. For a moment the citizens seemed disposed to yield on this point; but the recent comers, who knew that their destruction would be the consequence of expulsion, made such strong and pathetic remonstrances to some of the most popular preachers, and placed in so clear a light the gross impolicy, as well as the cruelty and baseness, of delivering

them up, that it was finally resolved to protect them, at whatever risk.

Having failed to overreach the people of Sancerre, the royal commanders resorted to the use of treachery. Charluchet and De la Bertauche, who held authority in the castle, were gained over, with about thirty of their men. As the castle overlooked the town, it was imagined that the possession of it would ensure the reduction of Sancerre. On the night of the 9th of November, Racan, with a picked body of men, silently approached the gate of the citadel, and planted scaling ladders against the walls. Thirty soldiers had reached the summit of the rampart, and been joined by an equal number of traitors within the fort, when the alarm was given to the town by that part of the garrison which was not implicated in the plot. With admirable presence of mind, La Fleur, a brave captain of the townsmen, immediately sent a detachment to prevent any more of the enemy from entering the castle. The service was effectually accomplished; the royal troops taking flight on the approach of their adversaries. The citizens now bent all their exertions to recover the castle. To burn and break down the gates was the plan which they adopted, and they resolved that the wives and children of the traitors in the fort should be compelled to apply the torch. They proceeded with so much vigour that, by the evening, an opening was made, a large quantity of straw was set on fire, and an assault was given. Unable to make an effectual resistance, Racan, who had held his conquest only fifteen hours, took flight with the remnant of his troops, and the citadel was joyfully entered by the victorious citizens.

Convinced that their safety could henceforth be secured only by union and vigorous measures, the Sancerrese with one accord resolved to abolish all distinctions between old inhabitants and new-comers, and to act

strenuously together. Their first step was to establish a town militia, or, as it would now be called, a national guard. Five hundred men were furnished by the original citizens, and three hundred by the recent settlers; besides these regular forces, there were a number of peasants, miscellaneously armed with swords, pikes, and other weapons. Slings were among their means of offence; and the peasants used them with such singular dexterity as to annoy severely the king's troops during the second siege: their effect was so deadly that they obtained the name of Sancerre harquebusses. This is, I believe, the last instance in which the sling is known to have been used in war by a civilised people.

In proportion as the remembrance of danger dies away caution diminishes. The citizens soon remitted in their exertions. A large part of the blame must, however, be borne by Jouneau, a brave but wrong-headed man, whom they had elected governor. He was one of those who, having once adopted an opinion, can never be prevailed upon to own that they have been mistaken. Charles the Ninth was then besieging Rochelle; and, as the citizens of that city defended themselves with advantage, and the king's army sustained heavy losses, Jouneau concluded that no regular siege would be laid to Sancerre, and that it was only necessary to guard against a surprise. In consequence of this erroneous belief, he neglected to store the magazines with provisions, and he neither hastened the construction of some works which had been begun after the recovery of the castle, nor destroyed several buildings which would favour the approaches of an enemy.

On the 3rd of January 1573, the citizens were aroused from their dream of security by the arrival of the van of a hostile army before their walls, which was soon followed by the remainder, with a considerable train of artillery. This force was commanded by La Châtre, the

governor of the province of Berri. The besiegers began by taking such measures as showed that they did not mean lightly to relinquish their enterprise. They fortified various important positions, and even succeeded in planting cannon upon spots which had been regarded as inaccessible. Nor, now that peril was at hand, were the citizens slow in providing for their defence. They strengthened the weak parts of the walls and the castle. made interior works and fossés, and lowered one of the towers, by the fall of which the garrison might have been endangered.

Nearly six weeks were spent in preparations by the besiegers. It was not till the 19th of February that they opened their batteries; but when they did open them they seemed bent upon making up for lost time, no fewer than three thousand shot being fired in the course of a few days. The art of gunnery must, however, have been very imperfectly understood by the assailants; for, with all this lavish expenditure of powder and ball, they killed not more than five-and-twenty of the garrison, and did but little damage to the town. Twice they attempted to cross the ditch, by weans of covered wooden galleries, and as often the citizens sallied forth and burned the galleries. They formed mines, but their labour was frustrated by the countermines of their vigilant antagonists. The besieged now dug a deep cut behind the gate which was most exposed, walled up the gate and the windows of the neighbouring houses, and made loop-holes for the musketeers.

Exactly a month after the opening of the trenches, the royal troops advanced to the assault. The attack was made in three places, and in all of them the besiegers were driven back with terrible slaughter, three hundred of them being slain, and as many wounded, while the loss of the garrison was only twenty-seven men. In this conflict the peasants used their slings with wonderful

effect. The women, likewise, took a distinguished part in the defence: some of them rolled down upon the enemy immense stones and red-hot iron hoops, others hurled boiling oil and fire-works upon them, and many of them fought gallantly on the breach, by the sides of their husbands, relatives, and friends.

A second assault having been as unsuccessful as the first, La Châtre resolved to trust wholly to the slow but sure aid of famine. He accordingly abandoned a tower on wheels, in the ancient fashion, which had been constructed to convey the soldiers in safety to the walls, withdrew his cannon, and took post at a short distance from the town, where he raised several forts, and connected them by lines, so that all the roads to the place were hermetically sealed up.

Though they were competent to defend their walls, the besiegers knew that they were not strong enough, alone, to break through the blockading force, and introduce supplies. Early in May, therefore, they despatched messengers, to ask for aid from the protestants of Languedoc. Succour was promised, but their Languedocian brethren declared that it could not be got ready in less than six weeks. Fearful that they should not be able to hold out, the citizens sent other messengers, to quicken the movements of their friends. These messengers were intercepted by La Châtre. The scarcity of provisions had begun to be felt in March. To relieve it in some degree, all who pleased were allowed to quit the place, and the grain in private houses was ordered to be sent to the public granaries, that it might be doled out by officers appointed for the purpose. The daily quantity of half-a-pound of bread, which was originally allowed to each person, was soon reduced to four ounces, and at length ceased entirely. From the beginning of March to the end of June the pressure of want grew daily more terrible. When the usual articles of animal food were con-

sumed, recourse was had to the flesh of horses, asses, and mules; and when even this was no longer to be had at any price, dogs, cats, rats, and moles, were eagerly sought for.

Dreadful as was the situation of the citizens, their courage remained unshaken. At a council, held on the 12th of July, it was resolved to persist in defending themselves. It was decreed, that those who were of a different opinion should be permitted to depart; but that such as staid, and were guilty of sedition, should be thrown from the ramparts into the moat. Yet, at the moment when this stern resolution was taken, the very rats and moles were all eaten up, and substances at which the stomach revolts began to be employed to satisfy the cravings of hunger. Hides of every kind of animal, not excepting those which were tanned or curried, and parchments, however mouldy, public records, and even the title-deeds of families, were converted into food. For bread, seeds of different kinds were used, and, when these were gone, chopped straw, nut-shells, and slate, reduced to powder, supplied their place. When the hides and parchments failed, every scrap of leather, and morsel of bone and horn, was turned into aliment; straps, bits of harness, workmen's aprons, old shoes, bones from dunghills, the boars' feet, which for several years had been nailed on the gates, pieces of rancid fat, and the tallow from the inside of lanterns, were bought at an exorbitant price, to sustain life. So dreadful was the extremity of famine that an infant, three years old, which had died of hunger, was disinterred and devoured by its starving parents.

Individuals were now hourly dropping down dead in the streets. But their fate was rather a subject of envy than of sorrow among the survivors, who were weary of a languishing existence. They were less terrified at death, says De Thou, than at the slowness of his ap-

proach. Some persons, who had quitted the town and been driven back by the enemy, remained in the ditches of the works, where they struggled to prolong existence by means of snails, wild herbs, and the tendrils of vines. These, too, perished.

But, notwithstanding the measureless sufferings which they endured, no wish to surrender was manifested by the majority of the citizens. The massacre of St. Bartholomew steeled their hearts against the perpetrators of it, and made them resolve rather to die the worst of deaths than submit without obtaining some assurance against treachery. The exhortations of their ministers contributed greatly to keep alive this spirit. It was on the gallant resistance of their fellow-religionists of Rochelle that the citizens principally relied for their own deliverance; they being confident that, in any treaty which the people of Rochelle might conclude, they would take care to provide for the safety of their brethren of Sancerre.

The valour of the people of Rochelle was at length triumphant. After having, by the sword and disease, lost 49,000 men, and sixty officers of distinction, Charles the Ninth found himself compelled to relinquish the siege, and conclude a peace, which, though indispensable to him, must have deeply wounded his pride. Less than was expected was, however, done for the inhabitants of Sancerre; all that was stipulated in their favour being that they should enjoy the same privileges as hitherto, with respect to preaching, baptism, and marriage. It was the opposition of the Duke of Anjou that prevented more from being granted.

Though human aid seemed to have become hopeless, and death in its most hideous form was hourly trampling down its inhabitants, Sancerre nobly held out for six weeks after the peace of Rochelle was concluded. The court now began to fear that the desperation of the citi-

zens would lead to some horrible catastrophe, which would bring fresh odium upon the monarch. Besides, the Polish protestants had interfered in behalf of their French co-religionists; and it was deemed impolitic to render the Duke of Anjou unpopular in a country of which he had just been elected the sovereign. The court, therefore, hastened on a negotiation with the Sancerrese, and the treaty was signed on the 19th of August. It conceded to the citizens the same advantages which were granted to the rest of the protestants by the treaty of Rochelle. The only article which indicated that the inhabitants were overcome, was one which imposed on them a fine of forty thousand livres.

During the siege and blockade, which lasted eight months, five hundred of the townsmen died of famine; only between eighty and ninety were slain; of the besiegers an immense number were wounded, and more than twelve hundred were killed, among whom were several distinguished officers.

THE SIEGES OF HAARLEM AND LEYDEN.

Throughout the long and sanguinary struggle, for the establishment of their liberty and independence, which was supported against the Spaniards by the Dutch, the hostile parties vied with each other in displaying a courage, a power of endurance, and a tenacity of purpose, which have seldom, if ever, been exceeded, and which command our admiration. Among the numerous instances in which these qualities were conspicuously manifested, two of the earliest are furnished by the cities of Haarlem and Leyden, in their heroic conduct during the sieges which they sustained with equal merit, though not with equal success. But, though one of them was compelled at last to succumb, it had the consolation of knowing that its protracted defence had given a fatal

wound to the designs of its tyrannical conquerors. While, for month after month, Haarlem was holding the Spaniards at bay, and exhausting their resources, the spirit of resistance was spreading almost unchecked, and the rest of the country was gaining strength and means for a lengthened and vigorous conflict.

Haarlem, one of the most important of the Dutch cities, is situated almost at the extremity of South Holland, between the North Sea and the lake of Haarlem, but considerably nearer to the latter than to the former. By the river Sparen, which intersects the place, it has a communication with the lake on the south, and with the river Y and the Zuiderzee on the north. At the period of the siege, it was fortified in the antique style, with walls flanked by towers, and surrounded by a moat. Though its walls were massy, the unscientific nature of its works seemed to preclude the possibility of a lengthened resistance against an enemy who was well supplied with artillery. To the east of the town, on the road to Amsterdam, the Sparen and a parallel river form an island, in which is the village of Sparendam. Here the Haarlemers had constructed a strong fort, which barred the passage from Amsterdam to their city. The garrison of Haarlem, at the outset, consisted only of a small number of regular troops, and the citizens in arms; but it was powerfully impelled to behave valiantly, by the feelings which the recent Spanish cruelties at Naarden had excited, and it was commanded by Wybalt Riperda, a native of Friesland, a gallant and able officer, whose spirit and eloquence had mainly contributed to rouse the Haarlemers to make head against their tyrants.

The besieging force consisted of twelve thousand men, all veterans, confident in their own invincibility, and eager for carnage and spoil. They were led by Don Frederic of Toledo, a son of the Duke of Alba, who put them in motion early in December. The severe frost

which then prevailed was favourable, in one respect, to his operations, as it enabled him to cross canals and moats, which would otherwise have materially retarded his progress. Availing himself of this auxiliary, Don Frederic resolved to begin by burning the ships which lay frozen up in the Sparen. Several thousand pairs of skates were accordingly provided for the troops by which the service was to be performed. But the scheme was frustrated. Having obtained a knowledge of his purpose, the Haarlemers broke and melted the surrounding ice with red-hot irons, and thus rendered the vessels inaccessible.

Foiled in this project, Frederic turned his arms against the fort of Sparendam, the possession of which was indispensable for the investing of Haarlem. In a first sally, the garrison, consisting of three hundred men, obtained some advantage; in a second, they were worsted, and were followed up so closely, that the Spaniards entered the fort along with them, and made themselves masters of it. The path was thus opened for Don Frederic to advance against the city, and hem it in on every side.

Haarlem was completely invested on the 12th of December. The besieging army and its general were both fully persuaded that little exertion would be required to subjugate the rebellious city; and this delusion was heightened by the success which, as soon as they had taken up their ground, they obtained over Lumai, whom the Prince of Orange had despatched to throw succours into the place. Lumai was defeated at Berkenrode, and his convoy was the prey of the victors. As is often the case, this triumph was productive of evil to those by whom it was gained. It made them neglectful of the plainest suggestions of prudence. Instead of assailing the city on the Leyden side, which was the weakest, Don Frederic made his attacks on the western front, where it

was much stronger; and, instead of proceeding regularly, and giving to his men the protection of trenches, he hastily formed a battery of sixteen heavy cannon, the fire of which was directed against the Holy Cross gate, and its covering ravelin.

Though the cannonade from this battery was warmly maintained, more than fifteen hundred shot being fired in three days, the result was by no means commensurate with the violent effort which was made. A breach was, indeed, formed, but it was far from being of easy access, and the besieged laboured diligently in repairing the damage, and in throwing up additional defences to the menaced quarter. Don Frederic, nevertheless, resolved to storm the place. To facilitate the approach to the breach, the engineers constructed a portable bridge. The assault was given on the 21st of December, and it miserably failed. After having passed under a heavy fire in their way to the brink of the ditch, the Spaniards found their antagonists prepared to receive them, and full of courage. They found, too, that the breach was too small to be attempted without much difficulty, and that the bridge, which only admitted of three men abreast, was not long enough to reach it. Yet, hurried away by intemperate bravery, and an arrogant contempt of their enemy, they persisted in pressing forward, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances. The bridge was soon blocked up with men, who could not advance, and would not retreat, and were all the while exposed to musketry, cannon-shot, and a shower of fireworks. A few, who gained a footing on the breach, were speedily driven back, or slain, by the pikemen of Steenbach, to whom the defence was committed. The besieged now loaded their cannon with iron chains, and made frightful ravages in the ranks of their exposed assailants. The baffled and dispirited Spaniards were at length obliged to retire, amidst the scoffings and shouts of the Haarlemers, leav-

ing two hundred of their number dead upon the field, among whom were several officers. A few days after this conflict, the victors received a reinforcement of eight hundred infantry, and a considerable convoy of provisions and ammunition.

The Spanish general was taught caution by this rebuff. There was no longer any hope of winning Haarlem merely by dint of daring. Trenches were therefore opened, or, rather, a substitute for trenches was adopted, which resembled in some respects what is called the double sap; instead of being zigzag, the line of approach was straight, and enclosed with piles, over which were rafters, covered with sacks of wool. Don Frederic also exerted himself to accumulate a stock of provisions and military stores. In this, however, he was greatly thwarted by the sleepless activity of the Dutch parties, which scoured the country in all directions, and often intercepted or drove back the convoys intended for the besiegers. Nor did he succeed in preventing necessaries and reinforcements from entering into the town. The frost, which had favoured him at the outset, was now favourable to the citizens. The proficiency of the Dutch in skating was turned to good account upon this occasion. From Leyden, and the towns on the borders of the lake, swarms of peasants, and of detached soldiers, bearing supplies of various kinds, were constantly issuing forth, and contrived, under cover of the night, to elude the vigilance of the besiegers. Sledges, drawn by one or two horses, were also employed on the same service, and with equal success. At different times, within a short period, no less than three hundred and fifty-six of these vehicles, laden with provisions, and despatched from Sassenhem, near Leyden, effected their entrance into the city. This was rendered the more galling to the Spaniards, by the circumstance of their being themselves suffering severely from scarcity of food, the rigour of *winter, and consequent* disease.

By the numbers which in this manner made their way into the place, Haarlem received a considerable accession of strength. During the month of January alone, an addition of six hundred men was thus obtained; and, before the Spaniards could effectually shut up every avenue, the garrison was raised to little short of four thousand regular troops. The soldiery were rivalled in zeal and bravery by the citizens, and even the softer sex cheerfully bore a part in the toils and dangers of war. A heroine named Kenau Simonsz Hasselaer set the example, and signally distinguished herself. She was a widow, of a noble family, and about fifty years of age. At the head of a company of three hundred females, which she had formed, she was continually either among the foremost in the fight, or in assisting to raise new defences, or repair the old. Even their enemies were compelled to admire the courage and activity of this amazonian band.

During the early part of January, Don Frederic was employed in pushing forward his approaches, and collecting means to prosecute the siege with vigour. The covered gallery was at length brought to the brink of the ditch, and a new battery was constructed, to breach the curtain between the Zyl gate and that of the Holy Cross. A breach was effected; but, as it was flanked by the ravelin, an assault could not be ventured upon while the latter work was held by the besieged. Open force had already failed against it, and the sap and the mine were therefore resorted to for its reduction. The garrison defended every inch of it by countermines, and by incessant sallies, from which the Spaniards sustained a heavy loss; but at length, it being no longer tenable, they withdrew from it on the 17th of January. A few hours after he had taken possession of the deserted ruins, Don Frederic met with a mortifying check in another direction; the garrison broke into the German quarters,

at Rustenberg, on the opposite side of the city, and made a terrible slaughter among the discomfited troops. Nor did the conquest of the ravelin enable the Spanish general to undertake an immediate assault. While they had kept him at bay before it, the Haarlemers had diligently cleared and entrenched the breaches, and had strengthened the vulnerable parts of their walls, particularly the gate of the Holy Cross, in every manner that skill and prudence could suggest. Another fortnight was therefore necessarily consumed by the besiegers, in taking countervailing measures. To obtain a commanding fire into the town, the ravelin was raised much higher, and two pieces of cannon were planted upon it, and mines were excavated, to procure an easier ascent to the ramparts. These labours, however, failed to produce their intended purpose; the battery on the ravelin was neutralized by the precautions of the besieged, and their countermines and sallies, which were admirably timed, prevented the hostile miners from making any serious progress. In the daily conflicts which occurred, the Spaniards lost many men, and several valuable officers.

Impatient at seeing his army waste away, Don Frederic resolved to delay the storming no longer. The assault was given on the last day of January, at four different points, from St. John's gate to the Zyl gate. The Spaniards came on with their wonted gallantry, and repeatedly returned to the charge, but could gain no ground from their sturdy opponents. At one of the breaches an accident proved fatal to many of them. A countermine, opportunely sprung by the garrison, threw up a mass of earth, which separated from their companions those who were scaling the breach, and who, being thus insulated, were all slain. The besiegers were finally driven back, on every side, and had to lament the death of three hundred of their choicest troops, besides many officers. The

chagrin excited by this defeat was aggravated by another sinister event. A convoy of a hundred and seventy waggons, laden with provisions, broke through the Spanish outposts, and reached Haarlem in safety, while the combat was raging under the walls of the city.

Irritated by these disasters, Don Frederic adopted a mode of proceeding which proved that he was a true son of the ferocious Alba. In a recent attempt to throw supplies into Haarlem, a Dutch officer of rank had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards. Don Frederic ordered the head of the captive to be cut off, and thrown into the city, with an inscription round it, "The head of Philip Conincx, who attempted to succour Haarlem with two thousand men." Another head was thrown into the place, some days after, on which was inscribed, "The head of Anthony Olivier, who betrayed Mons to the French." The Haarlemers were not slow in taking a terrible revenge for this barbarity. They cut off the heads of eleven Spanish prisoners, trimmed their hair and beards in the fashion used by the Dutch revolters, and then put them into a barrel, which they rolled down to the trenches of the besiegers. On the barrel was written, "Tribute of the tenth, sent to the duke of Alba, by the citizens of Haarlem, with interest for the delay of payment." Don Frederic answered this by hanging several of the citizens who were prisoners, some of whom were suspended by the neck, and others by the feet; and the besieged promptly retaliated by subjecting their Spanish captives to the same ignominious death. Nor did the Haarlemers satisfy themselves with this vengeance. To wound the devotional feelings of their enemies, they brought out upon the ramparts the relics and images from the Catholic churches, mimicked the Catholic ceremonies, and concluded the mockery by scourging, dismembering, and beheading straw figures of monks, nuns, and Spaniards, and then hurling them into the

Spanish camp. Such are the deplorable scenes which a civil war produces, more especially when envenomed by religious rancour.

Discouragement now began to spread through the besieging army. The hardships to which it was exposed, the rigour of the season, and the desperate bravery of the Haarlemers, had wofully thinned its ranks: it had hitherto made no progress; and there seemed little prospect that its future efforts would be more successful than its past. Some of the superior officers, more far-seeing or more tenacious than their comrades, were for persisting in their labours; but the majority, among whom appears to have been the general himself, were of opinion that to continue the siege would be a ruinous enterprise. The sentiments of the council of war were made known to his father by Don Frederic. Alba was then lying ill at Brussels; but though his body was weakened, his mind retained all its energy. His answer was short and pithy, implying reproach, and tinged with sarcasm. It pointed out the vast importance of reducing Haarlem, recommended perseverance, and a noble contempt of difficulty and danger, and ended with a sentence which could not fail to stimulate the flagging courage of a soldier. "If," said the duke, "you still resolve to raise the siege, I, ill as I am, will be carried to the camp, to take the command, and, should my malady increase so as to render me incapable of acting, I will summon your mother from Spain to fill my place, that so glorious an undertaking may not be left without a leader." Alba, however, did not confine himself to mere exhortation; he promptly sent reinforcements to his son, and took measures to keep up a supply of all that was requisite to bring the siege to a triumphant conclusion. Thus schooled and strengthened, the Spanish army felt its spirit revive, and discarded all thoughts of shrinking from the task which it was expected to perform.

Early in February, the citizens thrice received some addition to their stores; not enough, however, to set them above the fear of being straitened for provisions at no distant period. To avert this danger, they spared no pains to keep open the communication between the town and the lake. On the landward, they were equally active, and the Spaniards were perpetually annoyed by sallies and mines. Though the besiegers still carried on their works, and kept up a constant fire, it was rather for the purpose of wearing out the garrison, and making ready for a distant and decisive effort, should that be necessary, than with any intention of risking an immediate assault. It was more upon famine than the sword that they calculated. Accordingly, they omitted nothing that could seal up every avenue to the town on the land side. But, while access to Haarlem was obtainable by water, the reduction of the place must be doubtful, and, at all events, be long deferred, and dearly bought. It was, therefore, an indispensable object to gain the mastery on the lake. In this respect, the proximity of Amsterdam, and other maritime cities, was favourable to the Spaniards. Of this advantage, the frost being now broken up, they hastened to avail themselves. Vessels were collected at Amsterdam, and despatched into the lake, and others, resembling galleys, and impelled by oars, were built, for the purpose of acting in shallow water. The Dutch, on their side, were not backward in sending out a naval force. While the hostile squadrons were yet weak, nothing decisive was done; partial actions now and then took place, throughout the months of February, March, and April, in which victory sometimes declared for the Spaniards, and sometimes for the Dutch. It was not before nearly the close of March, that the Count de Bossu, the Spanish admiral, could succeed in partly cutting off the Haarlemers from communicating with the lake. By land, since the breaking up of the frost, the

besieged had ceased to have any intercourse with their friends: the country was no longer a solid plane, over which the skate and the sledge could glide in all directions, and elude pursuit. Pigeons were now become the bearers of correspondence between the beleaguered city and the quarters of the Prince of Orange. These new couriers had been employed for three months before the Spaniards, by mere chance, became acquainted with the circumstance.

Though the army of Don Frederic had been largely reinforced, it had sufficient occupation in repelling the desperate attacks which were made on it by the besieged. The fire from the town was so vehement, the mines of the garrison were so destructive, and their sallies so many and well sustained, that the besiegers suffered enormous loss. In one of these sorties, which was made on the 25th of March, from the Zyl gate, the Haarlemers completely overthrew the German division, slew more than eight hundred men, burnt the tents and baggage of their opponents, and carried off seven pieces of cannon, nine standards, and a considerable booty. Only eight men were killed on the side of the victors. In these daily encounters instances of heroism were of frequent occurrence. One must be recorded. Returning wounded to his tent, Ferdinand d'Avalos learned that his brother was missing. He went back to the breach, discovered him almost expiring under a pile of dead, took him on his shoulders, and bore him to the camp, amidst a shower of shot from the ramparts of the city.

Towards the middle of April, the besieged were tantalized with the hope of receiving succour. Twice the fleet of the Prince of Orange appeared off the mouth of the Sparen. In the first instance it made no attempt, in the second it landed two thousand men. This reinforcement, however, essayed in vain to reach the city, and was obliged to re-embark. The besieged revenged them-

selves for their disappointment by attacking, and once more carrying, the post of Rustenberg, the garrison of which they put to the sword. The Spaniards strove to recover it, and were defeated with great slaughter. This success was more gratifying to the feelings of the victors than conducive to their benefit, for it did not enable them to break through any part of the fortified circle which their enemies had drawn round them, and were daily rendering less penetrable.

At the beginning of May, by which time the Spaniards had opened additional batteries, the scarcity which was experienced in the town began to border upon famine. Each man was limited to a pound of bread a day, each woman to half that quantity, and a pound was divided among three children. Yet the Haarlemers abated not a jot of their spirit. At this trying moment they struck a gold coin, one side of which bore the city arms, and the other the motto, "Vincit vim virtus,"—*courage conquers force.* But, however great might be their courage and patriotism, it was obvious that, unless something effectual was done in aid of them, they must sink at last under the pressure of want. To put an end to the siege, the Prince of Orange formed the plan of turning against Don Frederic the very arms on which that general placed his chief reliance. The Spanish army drew its supplies principally from the neighbourhood of Utrecht, whence they descended, by the Vecht and Amstel rivers, to Amsterdam. By seizing and fortifying certain positions on the Vecht, the convoys would be intercepted, and the besiegers must either decamp or suffer equally with the besieged from famine. The project seems to have been less vigorously executed than conceived. The force employed was insufficient for the service. It succeeded in gaining possession of Breukelen, and the opposite castle of Gunterstein, on the Vecht, but while it was engaged in fortifying the former post, it was assailed by a large body

of troops from Utrecht, and put to the rout. A second attempt of the same kind, which was made soon after, had no better success.

This scheme having failed, the Prince of Orange resolved that a decisive effort should be made to obtain the superiority by water. If this could be accomplished, the relieving of the city would follow as a matter of course. Each of the parties had at this time a numerous flotilla on the lake. De Thou estimates the Dutch fleet at about a hundred sail, and the Spanish at about sixty; while Bentivoglio raises the former to a hundred and fifty, and the latter to nearly a hundred. The Dutch had undoubtedly the advantage in point of numbers, but it was counterbalanced by the larger size and better equipment of their enemy's vessels. The hostile squadrons met on the 28th of May, and an obstinate and sanguinary engagement ensued. It terminated in the defeat of the Dutch, twenty-one of whose ships were captured, and the remainder so roughly treated, that they were rendered unable to renew the contest. This victory was succeeded by the reduction of the fort of Fuyck, at the mouth of the Sparen, which, after a gallant defence, was compelled to surrender for want of powder, and thus an additional obstacle was opposed to the succouring of the town.

The scarcity of provisions, meanwhile, was daily becoming more oppressive in the city, and more difficult to be remedied. Don Frederic was now receiving large reinforcements, and, as fast as they arrived, he drew still closer the line of blockade round Haarlem. Every point of approach to the place was watched with unceasing vigilance. In the hope of finding a vulnerable quarter, the Prince of Orange despatched from Leyden a body of cavalry, each soldier having behind him a sack containing supplies. The attempt failed; the detachment was attacked on its march, and driven back with

great slaughter. The besieged themselves strained every nerve to procure the means of prolonging the struggle. They broke down the dikes of the Sparen in various places, and laid under water a portion of the country between the town and the lake, that boats and small vessels might reach the place; but they derived little benefit from their labour. Another plan was equally fruitless. Soldiers, disguised as peasants, were secretly sent forth, to seek for flour and powder in the neighbouring towns. They proceeded at night through by-ways, and each man had a pike, at the bottom of which was a disk of wood, several inches in diameter; the one end served for defence, the other enabled him to leap over the ditches and canals which he found in his path. The Spaniards soon discovered this new stratagem, and counteracted it by additional outposts, armed in a similar manner.

While famine was doing its work within Haarlem, war was incessantly raging without. By this time more than ten thousand cannon-shot had shaken the walls of the devoted city, and mines and counter-mines had been, and still were, spreading destruction among the besiegers and the besieged. On the 15th of June, after having sprung a mine, which destroyed several of the garrison, the Spaniards, under cover of the smoke, advanced for the third time to the assault. They found their opponents ready and undismayed, continued the contest but for a little while, and were then glad to retreat. The Haarlemers, that they might be prepared against a new and perhaps more successful attempt, now threw up within the city a strong entrenchment, which covered the whole space between St. Margaret's church and the gate of St. John.

Yet, while the citizens were fighting and labouring with such admirable spirit, their bodily strength was rapidly on the decline. Every day added to their suffer-

ings, and diminished their power of endurance. The stock of corn and meat was exhausted; the only food that was to be procured was the flesh of cats, rats, and other animals, and a wretched kind of bread, made of a mixture of lentils and hemp-seed. When these were gone, the skins of horses and cows, leather, and wild herbs, were eagerly devoured. Men, women, and children, shrunk to skeletons, were hourly dropping in the streets, and expiring of hunger and disease. Twice the garrison sallied out to the shore of the lake, in expectation of receiving a promised succour from the Dutch fleet, and both times in vain. In neither case did they meet with any opposition; Don Frederic not choosing to sacrifice his troops in a contest with men who were rendered furious by despair, and who must ere long be subdued by famine.

Reduced to nearly the last extremity, and the garrison being diminished to fifteen hundred regular troops, the Haarlemers now apprised the Prince of Orange that, unless a supply of provisions were thrown into the place, their defence could be protracted only a few days longer. A plan for relieving them was promptly formed by the Prince. It was arranged that, while the Dutch fleet approached Fuyck, and kept up a heavy fire, to draw the enemy's attention to that quarter, the convoy should advance by land from Leyden, under an escort of about six thousand men. On the appearance of this force, a sally was to be made by the garrison; and it was hoped that the besiegers, being taken between two fires, would be compelled to raise the siege, or at least would be thrown into such confusion, that the convoy might effect its entrance into the town. The scheme, promising as it appeared, was, however, frustrated, and even rendered deeply prejudicial to those who were engaged in it. Some deserters betrayed it to Don Frederic, and, instead of waiting to be assailed, *he* became himself the assailant. The Dutch advanced-

guard of cavalry was unexpectedly attacked on its march, and driven back in confusion on the foot, which it threw into disorder. The Spaniards followed up this success, fell upon the infantry before it could rally, and utterly routed it. Twelve hundred of the Prince of Orange's troops, with their commander, were slain; and fourteen standards, several pieces of cannon, and the whole of the convoy, were taken by the Spaniards. The victors returned in triumph to their camp, paraded the captured standards round the city walls, and sent a letter into the place, to make known to the citizens that they must cease to hope for deliverance.

This event was a death-blow to the people of Haarlem. They had but little powder left, and still less of the coarse aliment on which they had contrived to subsist; deaths from famine and sickness were hourly becoming more numerous. A deputation of citizens was, therefore, sent to the Spanish camp, to inquire what terms would be granted. "Surrender at discretion," was the laconic reply of Don Frederic. Hopeless and exhausted as the Haarlemers were, they were still not so spirit-sunk as to yield themselves up without restriction to the tender-mercies of the duke of Alba and his son. The gallant Riperda proposed, and they readily agreed, to sally out in a body upon the Spaniards, and, either break their way through the lines, or find an honourable death. The women and children were to remain in the town; it being thought improbable that the Spaniards would be so unmanly as to wreak their vengeance upon them. But when the women heard what was intended, they opposed it with cries, tears, and lamentations, and insisted upon sharing the fate of those whom they loved. The heroine Hasselaar was foremost in demanding arms, that they might participate in the combat. Their wish was granted. It was resolved that the whole of the males able to bear arms should form a hollow square, in which

the females, old men, and children, should be placed; that they should quit the city at night-fall; and should either open a passage or perish.

Information of this desperate resolve was obtained by Don Frederic, and it induced him to change his tone. He considered that to brave the fury of men who were fired to madness by revenge, despair, patriotism, and affection, might be fraught with peril; the result was doubtful, and, even if favourable to him, must be dearly bought. He, therefore, lost no time in assuring the citizens that he was disposed to treat them in a very lenient manner. A great number of the inhabitants, distrustful of his promises, hesitated for a while; but at length submission was decided upon. The gates of the city were thrown open to the Spanish army on the 12th of July, after a siege of seven months. How well the victor kept his word is recorded in history. A part of the shame must be borne by the duke of Alba, who, as De Thou expresses it, hurried from Amsterdam, "to begin the butchery;" which he did effectually by hanging three hundred Flemings the moment he entered the town. His son was a worthy rival of him. "'Toledo,' says Bentivoglio, "had scarcely got a regiment of Spanish infantry into the place before he disarmed all the inhabitants, and instantly ordered a great many of them to be led to execution. Riperda was beheaded; Lancelot de Brederode had the same fate. Such of the townspeople as were deemed guilty of revolt or heresy perished by the halter or the sword. All the foreign soldiers who had served at Mons, and had promised not to bear arms any more against the king, were condemned to death. The number of unfortunate persons who were sacrificed in these frightful executions amounted to more than two thousand. The very executioners were so tired with the lavish shedding of blood, and so filled with horror, *that they* drowned a great number in the Sparen to get

rid of them. Though the troops had flattered themselves with the hope of plunder, and murmured exceedingly at being deprived of it, the general treated their complaints with contempt, and the city ransomed itself by the payment of two hundred and forty thousand florins. Thus ended this celebrated siege."

The calamities which Bentivoglio enumerates were not all that befel the Haarlemers. Though they had ransomed their half-ruined city, they were not allowed to enjoy the benefit of that measure. Irritated by not having been permitted to pillage, and by a long arrear of pay being due, the Spanish troops broke out into open mutiny, levied contributions on the citizens, seized upon whatever they chose, and treated them in as brutal a manner as though the place had been taken by assault. When the soldiers were at last brought back to obedience, the cruelties of Alba and his son were renewed. Three hundred English, French, and Flemings, who had been kept in prison since the surrender, were mercilessly slaughtered on the 11th of August; the same fate was shared, five days afterwards, by a number of the principal inhabitants, and the leaders of the Flemish part of the late garrison; the sick soldiers were next dragged from the hospitals and executed; and, lastly, fifty-seven citizens were placed on a list of proscription, which mockingly professed to be a general amnesty.

Instead of answering the purpose for which it was intended, this barbarous conduct only served to defeat it. Far from being intimidated into submission, the revolted towns were but stimulated to redouble their efforts, that they might avert a similar doom. Mortifying proofs of this were soon afforded to Don Frederic and his father. While the former was engaged in the siege of Haarlem, the town of Alkmaar, in North Holland, hoisted the standard of liberty. It was the last place which the Spanish monarch possessed in that province. The reco-

very of it being indispensable for that of the province, Don Frederic, as soon as the mutiny was suppressed, led thither an army of sixteen thousand men, and laid siege to it on the 21st of August. Alkmaar was more strong by its situation, in the midst of marshes and canals, than by its works; it was scantily provisioned, and its garrison did not exceed thirteen hundred armed citizens and eight hundred soldiers. Yet its inhabitants resolved to brave the storm which threatened them. Having completely invested the place, and made himself master of a detached fort, Don Frederic opened the trenches against it on two sides, in order to weaken the besieged by the division of their forces. The labourers employed in the trenches were brought from Haarlem, that the Spaniards might enjoy the pleasure of seeing the friends of liberty contributing to each other's destruction. The Spaniards, however, did not enjoy that pleasure without some serious drawbacks. The besieged harassed them by frequent sallies, in one of which, on the 15th of September, they drove them from the trenches, spread alarm throughout the camp, and made many prisoners. This was followed by another and worse misfortune. The Spanish fleet in the Zuyderzee was defeated by the Dutch, and its admiral, the count de Bossu, was captured, but not till he had defended himself with a desperate valour which is worthy of admiration. Though surrounded by twenty hostile vessels, he prolonged the contest for twenty-eight hours, and he did not strike till, out of a crew of three hundred men, two hundred and twenty were killed, and sixty-five of the remainder were wounded.

More than two thousand cannon-shot having made practicable breaches in the walls of Alkmaar, the besiegers, on the 18th of September, advanced simultaneously to the assault; one column on the side of the Red *Tower*, the other on that of the Friesland gate. At the

very commencement of this enterprise an unfavourable circumstance occurred. The bridges, which they had provided for crossing the deep and wide moat, stuck fast in a slough, and the assailants had to gain the breaches by swimming or wading. When they reached them, they met with the most violent resistance. All Alkmaar was there in arms; old men, women, and children, regardless of danger, took an active part in the contest. While the regular troops and the citizens charged the assailants with pike, sword, and musket, their auxiliaries seconded them with whatever could be converted into a means of annoying their detested enemies; some hurled upon the Spaniards fragments of stone, and iron hoops heated red-hot, others grappled them with hooks; and the women showered down boiling oil, and melted pitch, rosin, and lead. So great was the carnage, that, at last, detachments which were sent to support the storming columns, were unable to make their way over the heaps of slain. After a long struggle, the assault was discontinued, and the discomfited besiegers retired to their quarters, leaving between seven and eight hundred of their number on the field of battle.

The fire from the batteries of the besiegers was now recommenced with increased fury. In the course of two days, eight hundred shot were expended by them in widening the breaches. It was their purpose to try their fortune in another assault, and, if that failed, to desist from the siege till a more convenient opportunity; for they already began to suffer greatly from the setting in of the rains, and the humid nature of the country. But that projected assault was prevented by alarming intelligence which they now received. The Dutch were labouring round them to pierce the dikes, and lay under water the whole of that portion of North Holland which extends from the town to the southern coast of the province. If this operation were carried into effect, the re-

treat of the Spanish army would be cut off, and destruction would stare it in the face. Don Frederic, therefore, hastily raised the siege, and before the middle of October, Alkmaar was delivered from the danger which had threatened it.

Foiled at Alkmaar, the Spanish general and his father resolved to take their revenge in another quarter. Leyden was marked out as the victim. The success obtained in South Holland, by the Spanish troops, rendered this project feasible. In the course of October, they made themselves masters of the Hague, and of various forts in the Rhynland and Delfland, between the mouth of the Maas and Haarlem, which enabled them to form a distant blockade of Leyden. It was intended to commence the siege in the winter, when the frost should have given solidity to the numerous canals and watercourses, which form a sort of net-work round the city, and make regular approaches a matter of extreme difficulty. Circumstances, however, caused a delay in this undertaking. The Duke of Alba resigned his government in the autumn, and quitted Flanders with his son, pursued by the curses of the Flemings. The vacant seat was filled by Don Louis de Requesens, a man who might perhaps have pacified the Netherlands, had he not had so hateful a predecessor, and so hateful a sovereign. Shortly after his accession to power, events compelled him to postpone for the present the reduction of Leyden. The necessity of endeavouring to throw succours into Middleburg, in order to retain a footing in Zealand, and the still more pressing necessity of taking measures to ward off the formidable invasion which was threatened by Prince Louis of Nassau, called for all the forces which Requesens could muster; and, in March, Valdez was therefore reluctantly ordered to relinquish the blockade of Leyden, which, to the great discomfort of the citizens, he had *watch*fully maintained throughout the winter months.

The total defeat of the Prince of Nassau, at the battle of Moock, would have enabled Requesens to resume the suspended project in April, had not a sudden stop been put to his operations, by the mutiny of the victorious troops, and their rebellious proceedings at Antwerp. When this obstacle was removed, a further delay was occasioned, by an abortive attempt to open a negotiation with the Prince of Orange. In consequence of these hindrances, it was not till late in May that Valdez was directed to march once more against Leyden.

The city of Leyden stands on that comparatively trifling stream which retains or usurps the name of the Rhine, and pours its diminished waters into the sea at Catwyck, a few miles from the city. The country round is marshy, and intersected by canals in all directions. At this period the fortifications were of no great strength, nor had the place any regular garrison; its defence depended chiefly on the difficulty of access to it, and on the resolute spirit of its burghers. To keep the enemy as far as possible from their walls, and to favour the entrance of supplies, the citizens had established various fortified posts, on the canals and passes, at some distance from the town, particularly at Alphen, which lies on the Rhine, midway between Gouda and the city. The governor of Leyden was John Vander Does, better known by his Latinised name of Douza. Eminent for literary talent, at once a philologist, critic, historian, and poet, he was also a man of unshrinking courage, and an active and elevated mind. He had not yet attained his thirtieth year, and therefore possessed all the vigour of youth, to bear him through the trials and privations with which he was destined to contend.

Valdez began his operations by reducing all the outlying fortified posts of the Leydeners, and some, more remote, which, in the hands of the Dutch, might facilitate the throwing of succours into the place. This

was not accomplished without loss on the part of the Spaniards; considerable resistance having been made to them, especially at the posts of Alphen, Maaslandsluys, and Vlaerdinghen. It, however, enabled Valdez closely to hem in the city, before which the Spanish army took up its ground on the 26th of May. In this siege, or rather blockade, we shall not have to contemplate the constant firing of batteries, struggles on the breach, or explosions of mines and counter-mines. The sieges of Haarlem and Alkmaar had taught the besiegers a lesson which was not forgotten; and Valdez determined that Leyden should not, like Haarlem, be won by the sacrifice of twelve thousand men. Looking upon powder and ball as only secondary instruments, he relied on the slow but irresistible progress of famine for a safe and certain triumph. His design was, to girdle the city with numerous forts and redoubts, which should close up every avenue by land and water, and be strong enough to bid defiance to an attack. The nature of the country was favourable to this plan, as the works were secure from being turned, and would be approachable only by narrow paths and causeways.

Previous to commencing hostilities, Valdez tried what could be effected by persuasion. Letters were thrown into the town, and others conveyed to the burghers, holding out the most flattering offers, to win them over to submission. But the remembrance of what had been done at Haarlem was yet rankling in the minds of the citizens. They answered from the ramparts, that his hopes were delusive; for that while an ox was heard to low or a dog to bark in Leyden he must not expect them to yield. The only reply which Vander Does condescended to make was a quotation from Cato's Distichs: "Fistula dulce canit, volucrem dum decipit auceps"—

> "While the bird listens to the flute's sweet air
> The wily fowler traps it in his snare."

When other letters, of the same kind, were subsequently intercepted, he appended sarcastic comments, in Latin verse, and sent them back to the Spanish leader.

The construction of the circumvallating line of forts and redoubts was now unremittingly pressed forward by the besiegers. Wherever there seemed to be a possibility that succour might find access, there a barrier was interposed. So determined was Valdez to seal up every opening, that no less than sixty-two works were raised round the town, many of which were of considerable magnitude and strength. Some of the largest of these forts, among which that of Lammen was conspicuous, were at a short distance from Leyden, and greatly annoyed the citizens, by contracting the space within which their cattle could find pasture. Several sharp skirmishes took place, in consequence of the Leydeners striving to enlarge their bounds. In one attack they were near making themselves masters of the Lammen fort, but they were finally repulsed, and Valdez secured this important post from future attacks by materially adding to its defences.

In one respect, and one alone, with relation to this siege, there appears to be reason for censuring the citizens, and, still more strongly, the Batavian government. A want of foresight was manifest, in the strange neglect to provide the city with an adequate store of provisions, while the enemy's force was drawn to another quarter—a neglect which had nearly proved fatal. When Valdez resumed the blockade, there was not in Leyden more than a month's ordinary supply for the population of fourteen thousand persons. Yet no succour was to be looked for before the expiration of three months. To remedy in some measure this evil, the magistrates, as long as egress was possible, sent out of the place all who had no means of subsistence, or were unfit to bear arms. They likewise made various strict regulations to limit the consumption of food. Each individual was allowed

only half-a-pound of bread daily, except when on duty, in which case the quantity was doubled; other kinds of aliment were doled out in a similar proportion. There being a scarcity of money, the governor issued a paper currency; on one side was the Belgic lion, bearing the cap of liberty on a spear, with the motto, "For freedom;" on the other side were the words, "God protects Leyden." The holders of this paper money were afterwards honourably reimbursed.

These tardy measures could, however, only act as palliatives, and the citizens soon began to feel the bitter consequences of that imprudence which had neglected to replenish their magazines. The rations were gradually lessened, and, by the time that the blockade had lasted a month or five weeks, the population had much to endure. The poorer inhabitants, of course, suffered most, and they endeavoured to add to their scanty means of living by incursions into the neighbouring garden grounds, to carry off the vegetables, especially the beet-roots, which grew there to an enormous size. The sallies gave rise to frequent and sometimes sharp skirmishes; for the Spaniards had taken the precaution of throwing up entrenchments to cover the points which were the most exposed to these outbreaks.

Though Valdez had so effectually shut up the city that access to it by the ordinary messengers was impossible, he could not prevent a regular correspondence from being kept up with the prince of Orange. Pigeons were the couriers here, as we have seen that they were at Haarlem; and they often bore letters from the prince, in which he exhorted the Leydeners to manifest their patience and valour, and encouraged them with the hope of a speedy deliverance.

To relieve Leyden was, however, a task of such extreme difficulty, that doubts might well be entertained of its success. Situated at a greater distance from the

lake than Haarlem is, and having no navigable communication with it, the city was on that side unapproachable by its friends. In every other direction the labyrinth of forts and redoubts seemed to form an insuperable obstacle to an army, which must be embarrassed by an unwieldy convoy, and could advance only along narrow dikes. There was scarcely a chance that the line of blockade would be penetrated by the succouring force, and if that force met with a serious defeat, the worst consequences might ensue. Yet the fall of Leyden would spread such discouragement, and give the Spaniards so firm a footing in South Holland, that there was an absolute necessity for making a vigorous effort to prevent it. The vast importance of the object to be attained is proved by the desperate means which were finally adopted. That they might bring their naval resources into play for the relief of the city, the prince of Orange proposed to the States of Holland to cut the dikes of the Maas and Yssel, and lay under water the whole of the flat country which lies between those two rivers, the sea, and the lake of Haarlem.* When he introduced this subject to them, he is said to have declared, that the idea was suggested to him in a dream. The proposal was listened to with surprise and general repugnance. It was, indeed, of a nature to excite such feelings. The territory designed to be inundated was an oblong space, containing about four hundred square miles, and the damage which would be caused by the flood could not be estimated at less than six hundred thousand florins, and might greatly exceed that sum. But however they may at first have been startled by the project, it was not long before they learned to view it with favour. The calls which the Leydeners made for succour became hourly more pressing, and the only plan

* This scheme is attributed to Admiral Boisot, by Bentivoglio and other writers; but Duplessis Mornay affirms that the Prince of Orange told him that he was himself the proposer of it.

by which succour could be afforded was that of deluging the country. The States wisely decided, that pecuniary loss and individual interests ought to be as dust in the balance, when weighed against the preservation of their religion and liberty, and they accordingly gave orders, towards the close of July, that the breaking of the dikes should be carried into execution.

Having resolved upon this measure, the States spared nothing to insure its success. Nearly two hundred flat-bottomed boats, of considerable magnitude, rowed by from ten to sixteen oars, were constructed at Rotterdam and in its neighbourhood. The largest of them had each two pieces of artillery on the prow, and three smaller pieces on each side. Transports were also provided, for the conveyance of provisions and ammunition. But the most curious part of this flotilla was a sort of floating battery, called the Ark of Delft, which affords, perhaps, the first instance of a ship moved by machinery. It consisted of two vessels, firmly joined together, and having neither sails nor oars, the motive power being paddles worked by men. "It was closed in on all sides," says De Thou, "and was musket-proof. The advantage of the new fabric was so great, that fifty men in this machine, as though they were in an impregnable fort, might pass anywhere in safety, and defy every attack." To head this expedition, admirals Boisot and Willemszoon were summoned from Zealand. They brought with them more than a hundred pieces of cannon, and also eight hundred experienced and daring mariners, bearing numerous marks and scars, the tokens of honourable service, habituated to victory, and animated by a deadly hatred of their Spanish foes. Each wore on his cap a silver crescent, round which was inscribed, "Slavery under the Turk rather than under the Pope."

The people of Leyden, meanwhile, were undergoing a

severe trial. Famine and disease were making frightful havoc among them. For a moment, the fortitude of some of the citizens was shaken; they assembled tumultuously, and with loud clamours called upon the magistrates either to give them food, or accept the favourable terms which were offered by the Spanish general. They were silenced by the noble reply of the burgomaster Vanderwerf. "Take my body," said he, "and divide it among you as far as it will go. I shall be happy if the sacrifice will sustain your lives long enough to prevent you from giving yourselves up to the mercy of a cruel and barbarous enemy." His courage and patience revived theirs, and thenceforth not a single inhabitant breathed a wish to surrender. On the contrary, as though anxious to atone for a momentary weakness, they displayed a more determined resolution. When the Baron de Liques, the governor of Haarlem, wrote to advise their acceptance of the monarch's proffered clemency, his messenger was sternly told, from the ramparts, that "famine should never make them yield, for that, when all other food was gone, every citizen, rather than submit, would eat his left arm, and use his right in defending the city, or in firing it, when it ceased to be defensible."

The dikes being broken, the water began to enter in the beginning of August. The wind, however, being adverse, and the tides in consequence less high, the inundation made but a slow progress, and was of inconsiderable depth. So tardily did it advance that, in the beginning of September, the Dutch admirals found it necessary to order openings to be made in other dykes, to enable them to proceed towards the city. The besiegers made an attempt, in which they were foiled, to prevent this operation. But, even then, it was not till near the latter end of the month, and with much difficulty, that the flotilla could come within view of

Leyden. As it moved onward, the Spaniards abandoned their outer line of redoubts, but they strengthened the forts near the place, which were the most important, and they flattered themselves that they should yet frustrate the design of their enemy. They were not without some reason for indulging this hope; an unfavourable wind, and the shallowness of the water, compelling Boisot to remain at anchor for several days.

Dreadful indeed was the situation of the Leydeners, while they were thus tantalised with the sight of supplies which might perhaps never reach the city, and for want of which they were perishing. For nearly seven weeks there had been no bread in Leyden. A scanty portion of starved cow's or horse's flesh was all that the richest burgher could procure, and this was bought with its weight in gold. Dogs, cats, rats, and mice, had all been devoured. The scourge, which was felt by all classes, fell with double sharpness on the poor, who were reduced to the necessity of wandering about in quest of the merest refuse. Scraps of leather, the scales of dried skins of fish, old bones from ash heaps, weeds of all kinds, the leaves and bark of trees, and substances even more repugnant to the taste, were eagerly sought for to prolong existence. The child died on its mother's breast for lack of nutriment, and the parent and the babe were frequently found lying lifeless together. Disease, the constant follower of famine, was also rapidly depopulating the city. Six thousand persons had already been swept away by it, and the survivors were so enfeebled that, when they carried the dead to their last abode, they often sank under their burden. "It was," says De Thou, "a spectacle worthy of compassion, to behold those who were left alive, with death-like faces, hollow cheeks, and trembling knees, moving along like skeletons, and scarcely able to support themselves."

Yet a little while longer, and Leyden would have been

a city of the dead. At last, when hope itself was dying, the hour of deliverance arrived. On the 2nd of October, a high spring-tide arose, the waves poured through the ruptured dykes, and, at the same time, the wind, which had hitherto kept back the inundation, turned suddenly round, blew with violence from the south-west, and impetuously drove forward the waters towards Leyden. In a very little while, the depth of the inundation was more than trebled. Boisot, who had almost begun to despair, was overjoyed at this providential change, and instantly put the flotilla in motion. While the provision ships, with their escort, held their course to the city, the rest of the vessels were employed in giving chase to the Spaniards, who were retreating from the forts, and, in many instances, were up to their shoulders in water. Small was the mercy shown to those who were overtaken by the exasperated mariners. The fort of Lammen was held by the besiegers till the latest moment, because, while it remained in their possession, the town could not promptly be relieved, the principal passage being closed by it. Measures were consequently taken for attacking it, and, in case the attack should not succeed, pioneers were in readiness to open a passage at some distance. But an event which, under other circumstances, would have been ruinous to Leyden, rendered an attack unnecessary. In the course of the night, more than thirty fathoms of the city wall fell to the ground. The garrison in Lammen heard the noise, imagined that it was caused by an advancing enemy, and made the best of their way from the fort. Their disorderly flight was not unperceived, they were hotly pursued, and their killed, wounded, and drowned, were numerous. The total loss of Valdez, in the siege and retreat, was not less than fifteen hundred men.

Early in the morning of the 3rd, the deliverers entered the city in triumph, amidst volleys of cannon, shouts of

applause, cries of gratitude, and exclamations of "Leyden is saved! Leyden is saved! The Lord be eternally praised!" Yet even this joyful moment proved fatal to some unfortunate beings. Maddened by hunger, numbers rushed into the water, to seize the food which they had wanted so long, and many of them perished on the spot, by too hastily satisfying the cravings of nature. A stop was, however, soon put to this by the magistrates, who appointed persons to regulate the supply. As soon as the succours were landed, and order was restored, the officers and seamen of the fleet, and a multitude of the citizens, proceeded to the church, to offer up thanksgivings to their Almighty Father, for having brought their labours and sufferings to a happy termination. This duty being performed, alms were abundantly distributed to the poor, that none might be prevented from sharing in the general gladness. On the morrow, an incident occurred, which was piously regarded as an additional and striking manifestation of the goodness of Providence. The wind veered round again to the north-east, driving the waters back towards the Maas; and, soon after, a violent northerly gale arose, which hurried them through the broken dykes, and accelerated their evaporation, and thus contributed powerfully to restore the submerged territory to the dominion of man.

A solemn festival, held by the townsmen, on the 3rd of October, still commemorates the deliverance of Leyden. The establishment of the celebrated university, by the Prince of Orange, in 1575, was the reward which was bestowed upon the citizens; it was wisely and nobly chosen by them, in preference to an exemption from taxes.

DARING ENTERPRISES OF SPANISH TROOPS IN ZEALAND.

THERE are no perils which brave soldiers, under able and respected leaders, have not willingly confronted; the mine, the breach, the furious charge with bayonet or sabre, the escalade, the fiery shower of shot and shells, have all, in turn, put their courage to the test; but in no case, perhaps, has that courage been so hardly tasked as in those enterprises in which they have had to make their way through the trackless waves, enveloped in darkness, and surrounded by foes whom their situation deprived them of the power to combat. Of such enterprises the number is scanty.

The march of Alexander from Lycia into Pamphylia is, I believe, the first recorded attempt of the kind to which I allude; for the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites belongs to the class of supernatural events. There is, however, very little to excite wonder in what was done by Alexander, though it was magnified into a miracle by interested and shameless flatterers. His course was in open day, near the shore, along a firm and level beach, in a tideless sea and shallow water, where his troops were never immersed higher than the middle of their bodies, and where no enemy was at hand to alarm or impede them. The danger was trifling, and the merit is, of course, the same.

Far more embarrassing were the many obstacles which barred the way of the men whose exploits I am about to relate. They were, indeed, such as might well excuse some hesitation and misgiving in the minds of the most courageous. Encumbered not only with their arms, but also with additional burdens, the daring adventurers had to accomplish, in the dead of night, a march of several

miles, through arms of the sea, exposed to the influence of the tide, and having an oozy and treacherous bottom, intersected by deep indentations; while, at the same time, they were every moment liable to attack from a naval force, manned by enemies who abhorred them, and whom they had neither the power to resist, nor the possibility of flying from. Nor was this all; when, drenched and exhausted, they had effected a landing, there still remained the risk of being suddenly assailed and overpowered, before they could put their disordered ranks into military array. It required no common nerve to face such manifold peril, where ruin seemed almost inevitable, and even the hope of glory was doubtful. There are many who would rush upon death to win renown, who would shrink from falling unseen and unhonoured. Ajax himself could not endure the thought of perishing in darkness. "He," says Burke, "who would pray for nothing else towards his defence, is forced to pray for light."

On the northern margin of the island of South Beveland, in the province of Zealand, stands the town of Goes, or Tergoes. It is the principal town of the island, and was formerly a fortress of some consequence. In 1572, at an early period of the struggle made by the Dutch against the tyranny of Spain, Tergoes was besieged by the revolters, who reduced it to great extremity, in spite of a vigorous resistance on the part of its defenders. To save it was of the utmost importance, not only for its own value, but because the loss of it would almost necessarily involve that of Middelburg, the capital of Walcheren. The ferocious Alba, therefore, who had recently compelled Mons to surrender, determined to succour the beleaguered town. Mondragone, a veteran and skilful officer, was ordered to perform this service. But it was a task of extreme difficulty. The maritime force of the Dutch was much superior to that of their

antagonists; and, after several fruitless attempts had been made to descend the East Scheldt, the design of relieving Tergoes, by reaching it on that side, was reluctantly abandoned.

All hope of saving the town seemed now to be extinguished. It was reserved for a very brave Flemish officer, named Bloemart, to revive it. He was well acquainted with the whole of the surrounding country. His plan was characterised by startling boldness, which at first sight might appear like almost insane temerity. In the years 1530 and 1532, a considerable portion of South Beveland, at its eastern extremity, was submerged under the waves, since which time it has been known by the appellation of "the drowned land." It was across this wide expanse that Bloemart proposed to conduct the troops, under cover of the night. His scheme was listened to with astonishment by all, and probably with contempt for its author by some. It was objected to him, that, from the Brabant shore to the spot where the troops were to land, they would have to traverse a distance of at least seven miles, and that, though the water might be shallow in places, the bottom was muddy, and was moreover furrowed in various parts by the beds of former streams, which could not now be seen, and might prove fatal in a nocturnal march. Nor did the objectors fail to point out the risk of being caught by the rising tide, or attacked in a helpless state by a vigilant enemy. Assuredly, if the dictates of cold calculating prudence ought always to be obeyed, his opponents were right; but the general who yields that obedience has little chance of immortalising himself by any splendid achievement. In war, great triumphs are to be gained only by forming vigorous plans, and then taking all possible precautions to ensure their success. So Bloemart appears to have thought. He adhered steadily to his project, explained the grounds on which it was formed, refuted the objec-

tions which had been urged, and offered to go himself in search of a ford, and to act as guide in the proposed expedition. The strictest secrecy was, he said, all that was necessary to give a happy result to their enterprise. His perseverance and arguments prevailed so far, that it was resolved he should reconnoitre "the drowned land." Accompanied by two Spaniards, and a peasant who knew the submerged district, Bloemart proceeded on his mission, and discovered a ford, which, though full of difficulty, was not impracticable. Mondragone was now convinced, and he no longer hesitated to adopt the sole plan which afforded a chance of rescuing Tergoes from the danger which threatened it.

The troops selected to make this hazardous attempt were three thousand in number. To excite emulation, they consisted of Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, in an equal proportion. Each soldier carried on his shoulder a small sack, containing powder, ball, match, and biscuit, as well to furnish a supply to the besieged town, as to provide refreshment for the men after they had landed. At the appointed time, the whole of the force silently arrived at the spot where they were to commence their singular march. Here, in an explanatory and animating harangue, Mondragone first made known to them the nature of the service which they had to perform. His speech was received with clamorous applause. All were really or professedly eager to move forward.

That he might not be endangered by the rising tide, Mondragone resolved to depart some time before the waters ceased to ebb. The necessary arrangements were speedily completed. The Spaniards formed the van, the Germans occupied the centre, and the Walloons brought up the rear. They were directed to keep in close order, that they might not deviate from the ford, and might also be at hand to succour each other. Accompanied by Bloemart, Mondragone himself, who was nearly sixty

years old, entered the water at the head of them. The secret of their expedition had been so well kept that not an enemy was nigh; they had to contend only with the darkness, the discomfort of being immersed in water, the deep beds of the streams and canals, and the slippery and unstable nature of the saturated soil.

After having continued this dreary course for more than two hours, during which they were sometimes up to their shoulders in the waves, they reached the land, at the village of Yrsche, about two leagues to the eastward of Tergoes. Had the enemy at this moment been on the alert, their wearied and disordered antagonists might have found it difficult to make head against them; but they were in utter ignorance of what had taken place. Having lighted a fire, which was at once to be a signal of his safety to his friends on the mainland, and of succour to the defenders of Tergoes, Mondragone halted his troops for the remainder of the night, to rest and refresh them. It was his intention to approach Tergoes at day-break, and fall upon the besiegers. They, however, did not allow him an opportunity of bringing them to battle. No sooner did they hear of his arrival than they hastily retreated to their vessels, pursued by the garrison and four hundred of the new-comers, who cut off nearly eight hundred of their rear guard. In the passage of "the drowned land," the Spaniards are said to have sustained a loss of not more than nine men.

Three years afterwards, the same kind of plan, but on a smaller scale, was again resorted to, and by the same commander. Between the north-west of Dutch Brabant, the island of Overflackee, and the two estuaries called the Noorderdiep and Hollandsdiep, is the island of Finaart. A portion of the channel which separates it from Brabant has a width of little more than a mile. To obtain possession of this isle was of importance to the Spaniards, as it would facilitate their enterprises against

Zealand and South Holland. It was held by a weak Dutch garrison, and the channel was guarded on the Brabant side by nine small vessels. Mondragone resolved to make himself master of it. The channel was sounded, and a part of it was discovered to be fordable at low water, though not without much danger. At the head of thirteen hundred men, Mondragone began his march, at night, when the tide was out, and succeeded in crossing the strait, without being seen by the Dutch naval force. The garrison capitulated, and was allowed to retire with arms and baggage.

Their success in these two instances encouraged the Spaniards, in 1575, to venture upon a third enterprise of the same kind, but under more adverse circumstances. There was, indeed, a strong inducement to undertake that enterprise, even at considerable risk. The possession of the largest part of the maritime province of Zealand gave, in various respects, such a preponderant advantage to the Dutch, that Don Louis Requesens, the successor of the Duke of Alba, determined, if possible, to deprive them of it. South Beveland, Tolen, and the small island of St. Philip, still owned obedience to the Spanish monarch; all the rest of the islands were held by his enemies. If the latter could be wrested from them, a heavy blow would be given to the cause of liberty.

It was by the reduction of the isles of Duyveland and Schowen that the governor-general designed to commence his operations. The conquest of them would facilitate that of North Beveland and Walcheren, and likewise enable him to threaten those insular portions of South Holland, which lie between Zealand and the Maas. The point of departure for the troops was the small island of St. Philip, situated to the south-east of Duyveland. The distance from thence to where they were to land is between four and five miles, across a channel called the Zyppe. By order of Requesens, the channel was twice

carefully reconnoitred, and the result of the inquiry was, that, though it was not impossible to wade over, there would be much more of difficulty and danger than in the former attempts. Not only was the ford itself less trackable, but there was little or no hope of traversing it without being assailed on the way. The Dutch suspected that something was meditated in this quarter, and had stationed in its vicinity a squadron of large ships, and also a number of flat-bottomed boats, that they might have the means of opposing their antagonists in shallow water. Besides all which, it was known that there was a considerable force in the two islands, and there could be little doubt that it would be at hand to repel invasion.

The probability, and almost certainty, that the troops would be attacked while they were on their toilsome march, and again on their landing, induced many of the less enterprising leaders to feel doubts as to the prudence of the projected attempt. Their objections were, however, overruled. Three thousand men, Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, and a corps of pioneers, were, in consequence, conveyed from Tolen to St. Philip, for the purpose of the expedition. Each soldier carried with him a supply of powder, a pair of shoes, and provisions for three days. The command was entrusted to Don Juan Osorio de Ulloa, a man of tried bravery and talent; the veteran Mondragone was among the officers by whom he was seconded.

The troops were put in motion to the shore, on the eve of St. Michael, the night of the 29th of September. Previously to their setting off, Requesens addressed them in a few animating words. It was a brilliant starlight night when they entered the water, which was as soon as was practicable after the tide began to ebb. The setting moon, also, lighted them on their way for awhile. There occurred, too, a natural phenomenon, an aurora borealis,

which the Spaniards regarded as a miracle that omened their success, and their spirits were in no small degree heightened by its appearance.

Foremost in danger as in rank, Ulloa, with the guides, led the way for the vanguard, consisting of fifteen hundred men; the main body followed closely; and the rear was brought up by Gabriel de Peralta, with his own company, and the two hundred pioneers. They were ordered to keep in serried order, and the whole formed a long but compact column, with a front of only three men. Some galleys and light vessels had been got ready, in which Sanchez d'Avila was embarked, with four hundred cavalry, and directed to make the best of his way to the place of landing, while the enemy's attention was occupied by the passage of the infantry. It was not long before the advance of the Spanish column was perceived by the Dutch. Their large vessels kept up a heavy fire, which, however, did little execution, as the shallowness of the water did not allow of their making a near approach, and the darkness prevented them from taking certain aim. Their flat-bottomed boats and light vessels, crowded with men, which they despatched to take their station on each side of the ford, were a more formidable annoyance. While some of the Spanish troops were up to their armpits in the water, and others even up to the chin, their antagonists came so near as to destroy many of them by blows with oars and boat-hooks. In some instances the Dutch leaped into the waves, and fought hand to hand with the soldiers. They also threw out long cords with grappling-irons, to entangle and drag them to the boats; taunting them all the while with their folly, in thus madly running into a danger from which there was no hope of escaping. Had the fleet been able to act efficiently, the danger would no doubt have been extreme. As it was, the delay caused by the enemy's attack was productive of much evil. The march

being retarded, gave time for the rising tide to become a serious obstacle; and the hostility of the Dutch, though it failed in repulsing the column, succeeded in throwing a part of it into disorder, and inflicting upon it considerable loss.

Ulloa, with the van and centre unbroken, effected an unopposed landing upon Duyveland, and was speedily joined by Sanchez d'Avila, who had met with no opposition; his rear was not so fortunate, near three hundred pioneers and soldiers were drowned, and it was not without infinite labour that Peralta contrived to lead back the remnant of his shattered band to the island of St. Philip. The expedition was not, however, frustrated by this untoward circumstance. The Spaniards defeated a Dutch force, secured Duyveland, forded another arm of the sea, stormed the fort of Bommene, invested Ziericzie, the capital of Schowen, and, by a strict blockade of eight months' duration, compelled it to surrender.

THE SCALING OF DUNBARTON CASTLE.

At the point where the Leven falls into the Clyde, near the town of Dunbarton, the two rivers form a small peninsula, which, at spring tides, becomes an island. The peninsula is, for the greater part, a lofty, precipitous rock, with two peaks, the one higher than the other, rising to the height of five hundred feet. The summit is crowned by an antique fortress, to which the ascent is by a long narrow flight of stone steps. In former times this castle was held to be impregnable, and was looked upon as the key of the western Highlands; and, though its military importance has ceased, it still continues to be garrisoned.

But, however fenced round they may be by natural or artificial obstacles, there are few places that are proof against courage, perseverance, and skill, even when those

qualities are not seconded by that powerful auxiliary, "an ass laden with gold," which the Macedonian Philip regarded as irresistible. Forts supposed to be inaccessible are endangered by their own reputation; the vigilance of their defenders is lulled to sleep by it, and a daring enemy takes advantage of this un-soldierlike folly. So it chanced, in 1571, with respect to Dunbarton castle.

Three years had passed away since the fatal battle of Langside, and the much more fatal retirement of Mary into England, yet the castle of Dunbarton still recognised her as its mistress. It was the only fortified place in Scotland of which she had continued to hold possession throughout the civil wars. The garrison was commanded by Lord Fleming, who had recently received an envoy from France, with a small supply of money. Fleming had an overweening confidence in the strength and importance of the position which he held; in his letters to the French court, he did not hesitate to assert, that as long as he held the fort he held Scotland in shackles, and that a competent reinforcement of troops would enable him to bring the whole of the country under subjection to the queen. He was justified, perhaps, in thinking that his "castle's strength would laugh a siege to scorn;" but he ought not to have forgotten, that in war it is full as necessary to guard against stratagem as against force.

It was by revenge that the design of seizing this impregnable fortress was formed. Fleming is said to have exposed a soldier's wife to the ignominy of being publicly whipped; an insult which her husband resented by deserting to the Regent Lennox, to whom he proposed a plan for taking the castle by surprise. As a pledge of his sincerity, and of his assurance of success, he offered himself to guide the party employed upon this service. He made his scheme appear so feasible, and the recovery of this stronghold was of such vast importance, that Len-

nox resolved to hazard an attempt. The first step was to occupy all the approaches to the place, so that the governor might obtain no knowledge of the necessary preparations. This being done, scaling-ladders, and all other materials, were hastily collected. The conduct of the business was committed to Captain Crawford, who was known as an intelligent and venturous officer. The detachment of infantry commanded by him was covered by a small body of cavalry, under Captain John Cunningham.

It was towards evening that Crawford marched from Glasgow upon this hazardous enterprise. About midnight he arrived in the neighbourhood of the fortress. A broken bridge over a torrent unexpectedly retarded his progress, and some alarm was excited by the appearance of lights before him, which was supposed to indicate that the garrison was aware of the coming danger; but the bridge was speedily made passable, and the lights were discovered to be those phosphorescent meteors which are frequent in marshy spots. By the time that the troops reached the foot of the rock, the night was far advanced, and the clearness of the sky, and the brilliancy of the stars, made them fear that the sentinels would discover them. Luckily for them, at this moment a dense fog arose, and hung like a veil over the summit of the hill, hoodwinking the sentinels, yet not impeding their enemies below.

The ladders were now reared against the loftiest part of the rock, it being reasonably supposed that, relying on its apparent inaccessibility, the garrison would keep a less careful watch in that quarter. But the ladders had been insecurely fixed against a slippery part of the cliff, and they were overturned by the hurried ascent of the soldiers. No one was hurt, however, nor was the garrison aroused by the noise. Crawford and the guide clambered up the precipice, and tied the ladders to the roots

of a tree, which grew out of a fissure. The men made their way up to this first landing-place with no small difficulty. A long distance yet remained to be passed over. The ladders were again fixed, and the ascent was recommenced. But, before they had got half-way up the hill a mishap occurred, which threatened the most serious consequences. One of the foremost soldiers was seized with a sort of epileptic fit, stopped, and clung with a convulsive and unconscious grasp to the ladder. To proceed was impossible for those behind him, to go back was nearly so. Prudence, as well as humanity, forbade to throw him off; his fall might awaken the dormant attention of the garrison. Had Crawford been merely a bold and humane man, he might have been embarrassed in this emergency; but he had all his senses about him, and immediately devised a remedy. He ordered those who were near to the man to tie him to the ladder, that he might not fall when the fit left him, and then to turn the ladder round, that they might mount over the belly of their comrade. This was accomplished, and the party at last approached the crown of the hill. There was yet a high wall to scale; an obstacle which, encouraged by their past success, they were not long in overcoming. The first man who appeared on the summit was perceived by a sentinel, who gave the alarm. It was too late; he was cut down; and the assailants rushed on with shouts of "God! the king! and the regent!" Thus taken unawares, the garrison entirely lost heart, some running one way, some another, in a vain endeavour to escape. Lord Fleming alone reached a boat, and fled into Argyleshire. His wife, Verac the French envoy, Hamilton archbishop of St. Andrew's, and other persons of note, were among the prisoners. Thus, in a few hours, and without their having sustained the loss of a single man, was this seemingly impregnable fortress reduced by a mere handful of intrepid adventurers.

Four days afterwards, on an unproved accusation of having been accessary to the death of Darnley and Murray, the archbishop was hanged, without a trial, at Stirling. In the course of a few months this murder, for it was nothing less, was heavily avenged on the Regent Lennox, at the surprisal of Stirling. Though he had surrendered, he was slain by Kirkaldy's soldiers, amidst cries of "Remember the Archbishop of St. Andrew's!" and such was the fury of the queen's troops, that the officer to whom he had yielded shared his fate, in a noble but fruitless attempt to save him.

THE SURPRISAL OF THE FORT OF FECAMP.

GREAT as was the daring displayed, and the peril encountered, in the surprisal of Dunbarton Castle, an instance is on record, in which the daring and the peril were yet more conspicuous. This instance is furnished by the desperate attempt made, in 1593, upon the fortress of Fécamp, on the coast of Normandy. That the first of these achievements may have served as an example and a stimulus to the second, is by no means improbable; great deeds naturally inspire a generous emulation in noble minds.

Fécamp, once celebrated for its richly endowed and splendid monastic establishment, is situated at the lower end of a pretty valley, on the Norman coast, about five-and-twenty miles to the north-east of the Seine. On each side, to the seaward, it is flanked by steep and lofty rocks, called falaises, which bear a resemblance to the cliffs that girdle many parts of the British shore. The falaise which lies to the northward of the town, has an elevation of more than six hundred feet towards the sea, and rises from the water in an abrupt unbroken precipice; on the land side it slopes rapidly down to the

valley. At the time when the Leaguers were warring against Henry the Fourth, this height was crowned by a strong fort, which contained four hundred men, and was supposed to be capable of holding out for a long period, even though pressed by a regular and vigorous siege. It is, indeed, obvious that its commanding and almost unapproachable situation, and its rocky site, gave it considerable advantage over a besieging army. A few stones and shapeless masses of earth are all the vestiges that remain of it.

Yet, formidable as the fort of Fécamp was, there existed a man sufficiently hardy to risk an attempt to make himself master of it, and that, too, with a scanty force, and in a manner which, at first sight, might almost seem to have been prompted by madness. This daring soldier was a Norman gentleman, named Charles Goustemenil de Boisrozé. He was an active leaguer, had distinguished himself highly, under Villars, in defending Rouen against the French monarch, and had been rewarded by the government of Fécamp. The capricious and insolent Villars, however, soon deprived him of it, to gratify some one else. Boisrozé was not of a temper to bear that which was at once an injury and an insult, and he determined, at all hazards, to recover his government.

As without confederates in the fort nothing could be effected, Boisrozé began by introducing into it two of his trusty partisans. They represented themselves as deserters from the enemy, and were admitted into the ranks of the garrison. Boisrozé was convinced that to penetrate into the fort by the land side was impossible; it was too strong, and too vigilantly guarded, in that quarter, to leave him the shadow of a hope that he could enter there. He must, therefore, either relinquish his design, or ascend the dizzy height from the sea, on which side the garrison, fearing no attack, might be

taken unprepared. Yet the very idea of such an ascent would, to an ordinary mind, have appeared one of the wildest of dreams. Boisrozé, however, had no common mind; he was confident in its resources, he possessed a cool head as well as a brave heart, and he was resolved to succeed or perish.

The beach, beneath the falaise, which is now always accessible at low water, has probably been raised by the ceaseless action of the waves pushing the sand towards the shore; for, at the period in question, it was dry only a few times in the year, during extremely neap tides, when about twenty or thirty fathoms of it were left uncovered. Boisrozé was consequently obliged to wait for one of those opportunities, that he might have a footing at the bottom of the rock. One of his two emissaries in the fort, was constantly on the look-out for him, when the neap tides occurred. Some months elapsed before Boisrozé could carry his plan into effect, as the favourable circumstances took place so seldom, and, moreover, could be turned to account only when they happened in the night.

The long-desired moment at length arrived. On a pitch-dark night, Boisrozé approached the rock, with two boats, containing fifty resolute and well armed fellows, whom he had wisely selected from men accustomed to the sea service, who were therefore less likely to be affected by dizziness. He brought with him a cable, equal in length to the height of the falaise; it had been formed into a rude sort of ladder, by making knots in it, and inserting rounds of wood into them. At the given signal, his confederate dropped a rope to which he tied the cable. The cable was then drawn up, and firmly fastened to one of the embrasures of the fort.

To lead the way, Boisrozé picked out two serjeants, on whose spirit he thought he might rely; the remainder of the men followed in file, each with his weapons tied

round his body; he himself brought up the rear, that no one, in case of his heart failing, might have a chance of deserting. A more terrific situation than that of these men cannot easily be conceived, suspended as they were between heaven and earth, in utter darkness, the waves booming below, the winds whistling around, and their safety depending upon their tenacious grasp of a fragile rope, and no less so on the fidelity and carefulness of the men who had fastened that rope to the rampart of the fort.

They had ascended midway, and were hanging in the void, vibrating fearfully with every breeze, at an altitude equal to that of St. Paul's cathedral, when there was a sudden stoppage. On enquiring the cause, Boisrozé was told that the leading serjeant had declared he was overcome with terror, and could proceed no further. At his setting out, Boisrozé had made up his mind, in case of mutiny, to cut the rope behind him, and preclude escape; but, even had he been disposed to depart from this resolution, the change would have been unavailing, for the tide had already risen high, and the boats had been obliged to put off to a distance, lest they should be dashed to pieces upon the rocks. With the utmost coolness and promptitude, though doubtless not without some painful misgiving, he proceeded to avert the danger which threatened them. Directing the men to hold on firmly, he made his way over them, with his dagger between his teeth, till he reached the trembling serjeant. Finding that prayers, reproaches, and remonstrances were too weak to make him move, he resorted to a more potent stimulus. Sharply, though not dangerously, he pricked the dastard in the legs and loins, till the sense of pain mastered the fear of peril, and urged him onward. The summit of the falaise was soon reached by the assailants, the garrison was taken wholly by surprise, and overpowered, and the fort remained in the hands of its

intrepid conquerors. Villars, enraged beyond measure, soon after besieged the place, but he was foiled by its gallant governor, and compelled to turn the siege into a blockade. Boisrozé held out for thirteen months; and finally, when all the rest of the leaguers were beginning to treat with their sovereign, he gave up the fort to him, and received the merited reward of his valour and conduct.

THE MARCH OF ALEXANDER THROUGH GEDROSIA.*

All was at length prepared for the departure of Alexander from the land which, unprovoked by injury or insult, he had ravaged and covered with slaughter, and where, after a lapse of more than twenty centuries, tradition still faithfully preserves the remembrance of him, as "the great robber and murderer." It has been seen that Craterus, with a considerable portion of the Macedonian army, had already been despatched through Arachosia and Drangiana. Of the remainder, a small part was destined to embark in the fleet, another to garrison the posts on the lower

* I think it right to mention that this article is an extract. It is taken from my narrative of that part of the Grecian History which extends from the death of Agesilaus to the death of Alexander. The narrative was written to supply, in Mr. Tegg's edition, that portion of Mr. Mitford's History of which the copyright was not expired. The fact is obvious on the title-page of the work. A certain long-eared animal, ycleped James Bohn, has, nevertheless, thought proper to caution the public against purchasing a spurious edition, which, as he is pleased to say, an attempt has been made to "pass off" as the genuine, though it contains only a part of Mr. Mitford's composition, "continued by an inferior hand." The charge against the publisher, of having attempted to pass off a spurious edition, I might leave *him* to answer—it being his affair, not mine—but I do not hesitate to declare that it is false and slanderous. With respect to the "inferior hand," as I am politely and elegantly denominated, I will only say, that there is something

Indus, and the rest was to return by land, under the guidance of Alexander. The fleet could not yet commence its intended voyage, the prevailing monsoon being adverse to its progress. Nearchus was, therefore, directed to remain in port till the setting in of the favourable north-east monsoon, which begins in November. The line which Alexander chose for his homeward march was beset with difficulties and dangers. It lay through the province of Gedrosia, now Mekran, a sterile inhospitable tract, the largest portion of which seems to lie under the ban of nature. An attempt has been made, to discover a rational motive for his leading his army over this frightful desert. It is urged that he was anxious to keep near the sea coast, in order to form wells and provide subsistence for the fleet under Near-

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irresistibly ludicrous in Jemmy constituting himself a judge of literary merit. Nature has disqualified him from knowing anything more about books than what relates to their price, size, and binding.

> With powers of speech endow'd, of old,
> A single ass there stands enroll'd;
> In modern times, we hear each day
> Asses in human accents bray;—
> They even assume the critic's tone—
> For proof of this see Jemmy Bohn.

So much for Jemmy Bohn! Before I conclude I must remark, that I should have considered it no compliment to be told that, as a writer, I was not inferior to Mr. Mitford. The screaming of a peafowl, and the setting of a saw, are melody compared with the style of Mr. Mitford; and he has the far worse defect—unpardonable in an historian—of being under the dominion of violent prejudices, and of misrepresenting and distorting facts, for the purpose of rendering them subservient to those prejudices. The public, however, can now procure a History of Greece which is worthy of their confidence. The Reverend Connop Thirlwall's History is distinguished by profound research, an invariable reverence for truth, a spirit of acute and discriminating criticism, and an animated, flowing, and perspicuous style. It must supersede all its predecessors, and leaves no room for a future rival.

chus. This supposition is not borne out, or rather, it is contradicted, by the facts. It was only under the influence of necessity, and for a short time, that he proceeded along the coast, and we shall find that not more than once or twice did he endeavour to furnish supplies to the naval expedition. Had the care of his fleet been the main object, it might have been accomplished by the formation of magazines on various points of the Gedrosian coast. There could be no necessity to risk the safety of his numerous host, for a purpose which a single division could more readily effect. The real motive of Alexander was probably that which is assigned by Nearchus, who tells us that the monarch was fully aware of the perils of the march, but was resolved to brave them. The king was warned that no general had ever succeeded in crossing the desert; Semiramis, it was said, had saved from it only twenty men, and Cyrus only eight, when they traversed it in their retreat from India. Far from alarming him, this intelligence but excited an ardent desire to surpass Semiramis and Cyrus, and the consequence of this baneful emulation was the march through Gedrosia.

It was early in September that Alexander put his army in motion from Pattala, to the westward, and directed his course towards the river Arabis, which is now called the Pooralee. Before he reached the river, he sent forward Hephæstion with the main body, and, with a select body of troops, turned to the sea coast, to direct the digging of wells for the use of the fleet under Nearchus. Unable to resist him, the tribe of Arabites took flight on his approach. He then proceeded on his way inland, for the purpose of attacking the Orites, a people who had immemorially preserved their freedom, but who had given offence by their neglecting to pay court to him. The territory occupied by them, which is bounded on three sides by mountains, bears at present

the name of Lus, and forms one of the districts of Beloochistan.

After having crossed the river Arabis, and a narrow strip of desert, Alexander entered the cultivated country of the Orites. Leaving his infantry on the frontier, to follow him at leisure, he spread his cavalry in all directions, slaughtering many of the natives, and taking many of them prisoners. Being joined by Hephæstion, he pushed on to Rambacia, the Orite capital, the advantageous situation of which determined him to establish a colony there. The natives, meanwhile, had retired to the pass which leads through the mountains into Gedrosia, and had formed a junction with some of the Gedrosian tribes, in the hope of arresting the progress of the invader. When, however, he advanced to attack them, their courage failed at sight of his overwhelming force, and they deemed it prudent to submit. Their country was constituted a satrapy, of which Apollophanes was appointed satrap, and Leonnatus, with a considerable body of troops, was stationed at Rambacia, to retain the people in subjection.

At this point the toils and perils of war ended, but toils and perils of another kind, and more intolerable, arose in place of them, for Alexander now led his army into the Gedrosian desert. The march, at the outset, did not threaten that accumulation of suffering and calamity by which it was subsequently attended. It lay through a part of the province where the heat of the climate favoured the growth of aromatic plants. The myrrh-bearing shrub grew there in profusion, and the herb which produces nard was equally abundant. The latter, trodden under foot by the Grecian host, sent forth into the air a "stream of rich distilled perfume," which delighted the sense. Following the army for commercial purposes were some Phœnician merchants, who loaded their cattle with a rich burden of nard and myrrh, which,

however, they did not long retain. As the army moved onward, its progress became hourly more wearisome and slow. The burning sun over head, the burning sand under the feet, and the cloud of impalpable dust which floated around, exhausted the vigour of the soldiers, and excited the most tormenting thirst. But water, even in scanty quantities, was to be procured only at wide distances, and the protracted marches which the Greeks were under the necessity of making, in order to obtain it, contributed still further to diminish their strength. At times, they were compelled to halt where none was to be found, and, then, the miseries of the following day were aggravated in a tenfold degree. In many cases, the men drank to such excess, that death ensued; in others, they rushed madly into the refreshing fluid, and rendered it unfit for their companions to drink, so that the king was at length compelled to order that his troops should always encamp at a certain distance from the stream whence their supply was to be obtained. There was also another reason for his issuing this order. On one occasion, by a singular contrast of circumstances, while they were thus almost perishing for want of water, they were suddenly exposed to the danger of perishing by its superabundance. They had encamped in a ravine, through which flowed a diminutive brook, that descended from the mountains. In the night a storm burst among the highlands, the torrent came thundering down with irresistible impetuosity, and it was not without much difficulty that the Greeks escaped from its fury. Nor did all escape. Many men, women, and children, with beasts of burden, and the king's equipage, were swept away by the raging flood.

In the midst of the distress of his followers, Alexander won their admiration, and stimulated them to exertion, by an act of extraordinary self-denial. To encourage them, by setting an example of patient endurance, he

himself, since they entered the desert, had marched with the phalanx on foot. He was one day nearly fainting with heat, toil, and intense thirst, when some light troops, who had been sent out to search for water, were fortunate enough to find a small portion stagnant in the channel of a dried up rivulet. Filling a helmet with the prize, they hastened to present it to the king. He received it with due thanks, but, magnanimously declining an indulgence in which others could not participate, he poured out the tempting draught upon the sand in the presence of his soldiers.

The impracticable nature of the country towards the sea having compelled Alexander to direct his course into the interior, he, at an early period of his march, despatched Thoas with a party of horse to the coast, to examine whether fresh water and provisions could be procured there by the fleet. Thoas returned with intelligence that water was scarce and brackish, and that the only inhabitants were a few fishermen, who lived in wretched huts, constructed of shells and the bones of fishes. As soon, therefore, as Alexander reached a spot where corn was obtainable, he loaded some horses with it, sealed the packages with his own seal, and sent a detachment with it to the shore. But, on their way, those who had the charge of it were overtaken by famine, and were reduced to the alternative of starving, or of applying to their own use the grain which they were conveying. They broke the signet, and divided the grain among them, and for so doing they were forgiven by the monarch on the ground of urgent necessity. Another supply was forwarded, under the care of Craterus, but it does not appear to have reached Nearchus.

Day after day, as the Greeks plunged further into the desert, their difficulties increased, while their diminished strength became less able to support them. Drifting into hillocks and ridges, the sand impeded their progress,

sinking beneath their feet like mire or snow. Many of the beasts of burden, which were too much weakened to surmount these obstacles, died of hunger, thirst, and excessive exertion. Provisions now became scarce, and numbers of horses and mules were in consequence killed and eaten by the soldiers, who pretended that they had dropped on the road. The falsehood of this assertion was known to Alexander, but he prudently affected to credit the tale, because to punish the offenders would be a harsh measure, and perhaps imprudent, if not impracticable. The loss of the cattle was necessarily followed by that of the carriages, which were broken to pieces or abandoned by the soldiers, to rid themselves of the laborious task of dragging them along; and this step was decisive as to the doom of the sick and wounded. Every individual was too much absorbed in the preservation of self to lend a helping hand to others; and those unfortunate beings who had been smitten by disease or by the sword were, therefore, left to breathe their last sigh amidst the parching and barren solitude. The same calamity often befel the feeble. To shun the heat, the army sometimes marched by night, and, then, whoever was overcome by sleep, and halted for a moment's repose, was deserted, and saw his comrades no more. In all cases, indeed, to lag behind was to die.

There was a moment when the same fate which had overtaken the sick and the stragglers seemed to impend over the whole of the Greeks. The guides declared that they knew not where they were, nor in what direction to proceed. The winds, sweeping violently over the waste, had obliterated every vestige of a track; there was no hill, or tree, or other object, which could serve as a landmark; nothing was visible but the boundless extent of billowy sand, a sandy ocean, continually changing its appearance as the blast rushed over it. It is probable, also, that the feeling of danger was heightened by the gloomy

veil which, at times, hangs around the traveller in the desert, and, as it were, imprisons him within a narrow space. This phenomenon the wild natives attribute to "the dust of the desert" being impelled or attracted into the air by the solar rays; a solution more poetical than philosophical, and which doubtless was suggested by the circumstance never occurring except when the heat of the sun is intense.

In this emergency Alexander, who appears to have suspected that the sea could not be far distant on his left, commanded his army to turn its course to that quarter. He himself, with a band of cavalry, spurred onward to reconnoitre the country. So worn down were the horses, that the number of his followers rapidly diminished, till, at last, when he reached the coast, only five of them were remaining. Wells were immediately dug, and a copious supply of excellent water was fortunately procured. The army was conducted to the shore, along which it continued its progress for seven days. At the expiration of that period, the guides informed him that they were well acquainted with the road into the interior; and, accordingly, turning from the sea, the monarch moved with his army towards the fertile part of Gedrosia, which borders on Carmania.

At length, after sixty days' wandering in the desert, the Macedonian army reached Pura, the Gedrosian capital, which, at this time, is represented either by Bunpoor or Puhra, but probably by the latter. The wearied troops were now allowed to repose, and were amply supplied. What was the amount of loss sustained in traversing the desert is unknown, but it must have been enormous. From Arrian we learn, that historians agreed in stating it to surpass all that which had been sustained in the preceding campaigns.

THE RETREAT OF THE SWEDISH ARMY FROM NORWAY.

THERE are not, perhaps, many darker pages in the history of military sufferings, than those which record the disastrous fate of the Swedish army, in its attempt to retreat over the Norwegian Alps. Late in the year 1718, Norway was invaded by Charles the Twelfth. While he himself, with about eighteen thousand men, entered the southern provinces, and laid siege to Frederickshald, lieutenant-general Ahrenfeld, with between nine and ten thousand men, passed the Dovrefi-eld, or Dofrine mountains, and penetrated into the centre of the country, to the neighbourhood of Trondheim, for the purpose of reducing that northern capital of the kingdom. The death of the Swedish hero occasioned the retreat of the two invading armies. The withdrawing of the forces in the south was an easy operation; it was not so with those in the north. Winter had set in with considerable severity, and Ahrenfeld had, besides, other difficulties to encounter. He could not retire by the route which he took on entering Norway, because not only were the passes rendered almost impracticable by the great quantity of snow which had fallen, but he was liable to be attacked in flank, by the Danish army from Trondheim. Nor could he move southward, to re-enter Sweden, by the way of Osterdalen, as there was another Danish army advancing, from that quarter, which would at least have stopped him till the forces came up from Trondheim, and placed him between two fires. In this dilemma, he adopted the desperate resolution of attempting to recross the Dovrefi-eld, into the province of Jæmland, by nearly impassable tracks, over frightful cliffs, and through a desert extending for many leagues, between Meragher, Fidalen, and Handelske.

Ahrenfeld, whose army was diminished to about 7300 men, began his retrograde march, in two columns, on the 12th of January, 1719. During the first day, the Swedes proceeded on their way through the desert, with no more difficulty than they expected, though very slowly, as the snow would not allow of their accomplishing beyond a league in four-and-twenty hours. But, on the second day, a sudden and dreadful change took place. A heavy and blinding fall of snow came on, which continued for three days and nights, and the frost increased to a degree of deadly intensity, which had not been experienced for many years before. The situation of the Swedes now became horrible in the extreme. The only account ever published of it is, I believe, that which appeared at Trondheim, shortly afterwards, and which was partly derived from some Danish dragoons, who were prisoners. The narrative is in a homely style, but it gives a vivid picture of the terrible scene, and is now seldom to be met with, and I shall therefore adopt it.

"The dragoons say, that they were tied six together to a long rope, and led by a musketeer in their vanguard; that they received from time to time mouthfuls of rye, sometimes barley or a little oats, and meat very sparingly, without any salt at all, and so were dragged along with them. When the aforesaid bad weather befel them, they observed on the 13th of January as they marched along, a lieutenant with fifty men, who were gone foremost, lying all on a heap dead of cold, except one musketeer only, who stood sentry, but as he was not relieved in time, he at last dropped down dead like the rest. General Ahrenfeld himself coming up and seeing this misery, was struck with the utmost horror, and gave leave to the said prisoners to untie themselves; but, starved with cold as they were like all the rest, they were unable to do it, till a Swedish dragoon cut the rope with which they were tied together. The general, however, continuing to

march on that day, ordered the prisoners to remain with the vanguard, promising that if any one could show him the way through that desert to Handelske, he not only would set them all at liberty, but give them a good reward besides, and that they should be kindly treated in Sweden till the next spring; but the said prisoners being themselves in a miserable condition, nor being able in so horrid weather to judge either of the roads or the situation of the country, remained with the cavalry in the vanguard, where numbers of men were continually perishing of cold; they heard all that day nothing but lamentable voices and groans, and saw such misery as is beyond expression.

"This most grievous weather continuing the 14th of January, the prisoners observed that the lamentable voices behind them had diminished in some measure, and that all about them in the vanguard were partly dead, partly dying in the snow, to that degree that not one Swede was left alive before them that could have watched the said prisoners, they resolved to turn back, keeping, as much as they were able to judge, to the same way they were come, and found at length the main body of the Swedes, where their eyes met with a far more terrible spectacle; they saw whole squadrons of files sunk in the snow, dead and stiffened with frost, some being trod by their horses under foot, others pitched upon their heads in the snow, and oppressed by their accoutrements and arms, others lying by troops close and upon each other, holding still their horses which had likewise perished, and of some of which nothing appeared but here and there a head rearing out of the snow.

"Of the infantry many were found dead, who for want of wood had broke the stocks of their muskets to make fire, but at the very time they were employed to do it they fell dead upon each other. Those that were still alive might, according to the prisoners' account, amount to some hundreds of men, but without any comfort or

help against the rigour of the weather; they found also many officers dead in their full equipage, and among others, the majors-general Horn and Labarre, sitting in their sleds, with their servants about them in the snow, some dead, some half-alive, the latter begging the said dragoons for God's mercy to make away with them; but they having their hands and feet starved, had enough to do to save their own lives; and so they went on without knowing whither, taking only care to secure their shoulders against the wind, and without stopping one moment, they walked night and day in the snow up to their necks, till on the fifteenth in the morning they got out of that desert, and fell into the road of Meragher, where they met three peasants going towards Fidalen, who took them along with them, and refreshed them a little, after they had been four days together without any manner of sustenance.

"The said dragoons having made a report of all this to the Danish major-general Budde, he commanded two hundred fusileers to view the situation and condition of the Swedes, who found everything as the dragoons had reported; adding, that if they had had a sufficient number of sledges and carts, and had been able to get through the deep snow, where the Swedes lay like in a field of battle, they could have carried off a great booty; but this being impossible during the winter, we must expect the melting of the snow to find almost the whole of the Swedes, both horse and foot, lying dead and dispersed with all their accoutrements and arms. The said fusileers, however, have brought along with them a hundred and fifty sledges, with accoutrements, arms, and equipages, of the officers, as also a field-piece; they report, that in the said desert, a vast number of wolves have gathered together, raking the dead bodies of men and horses out of the snow and devouring them.

"We have had further advice since of the march of the rest of the army under the command of General Ahrenfeld;

namely, that a party of fifty men, commanded by Adjutant-general Diverrau, passed over the mountain named Raub Gebirg, of whom five died by the way; the said General Ahrenfeld himself retired over the mountain of Fidal with 5250 men, of whom only two thousand could reach the great village of Handel, but in such a miserable condition, that 564 of them died soon after, namely, 280 in one inn, 150 in another, and 134 in a third; and the remaining 1436 were obliged to march three leagues and a half further over mountains almost inaccessible, so that only 870 Finlanders arrived at Dunaschantz in Sweden, in which fort they were laid for a garrison. The number of all who thus miserably perished in this march amounts to 4380 men; the general himself and the other officers have extremely suffered by the cold in their faces and on their feet. Of the other body, consisting of 1500 foot and 500 horse, who passed over the mountain of Sant, only 1300 arrived in Sweden, 700 of them having lost their lives in the snow, among whom is M. Zogher, major-general and president of war; so that in all but 2215 men from that army are returned home again."

Thus, in less than a week, more than 5000 of this unfortunate army, two-thirds of its whole strength, were numbered with the dead; a loss which, comparatively, exceeds that sustained, from the rigour of the season, by the French army in its disastrous retreat from Moscow*. Unlike the French, too, the unhappy Swedes had not the consolation of occasionally meeting an enemy in the field, and supporting their military renown. Bereft of those heroic feelings and hopes which might have thrown at least a gleam of comfort on the darkness of their dying hour, they perished in a dreary solitude, unseen, unpraised, and unrevenged.

* For a narrative of the retreat of Napoleon's army from Moscow, see Ségur's work, vol. ii., Family Library, vol. lx.

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS FROM EXPLOSION.

EXPLOSION AT HATRASS.

About midway between Agra and Allyghur, in that part of Hindustan which lies between the Ganges and the Jumna, and is therefore called the Dooab, stand the town and fort of Hatrass. At the period to which this story relates, they belonged, with a part of the surrounding district, to an independent rajah, named Dyaram Jakoor. Both the fort and the town, which were about 700 yards from each other, were of the kind called mud forts. From the epithet prefixed to them, the reader must not be led to imagine that they were contemptible works; they were, on the contrary, of great strength, each having several enormously thick bastions, and ditches ninety feet wide and seventy-five deep, containing five feet of water.

The suspicions of the Indian government having been excited, with respect to the Rajah's designs, he was summoned, in 1817, by the Marquis of Hastings, to dismantle his fortifications and disband his troops. At first he seemed inclined to yield, but he changed his mind, and resolved to brave the worst. A force, under Major-general Marshall, was therefore despatched against him. The kuttra, or town, was the first object of attack. Breaching batteries were erected, and an incessant shower of bombs, Shrapnell shells, and Congreve rockets, was also poured into the place. Had the courage of the enemy been equal to the strength of his defences, he might have made the besiegers purchase the town at a

dear rate. But, at the expiration of three or four days, long before anything like a practicable breach could be effected, the garrison evacuated the kuttra, and retired into the fort. It was not without difficulty that the besiegers got into the deserted town. They were obliged to scale the walls with ladders, the fugitives having barricaded the two gates with stones and immense bales of cotton.

An incessant cannonade and bombardment was speedily opened upon the fort, the defenders of which returned the fire with much spirit, and were apparently resolved to hold their ground to the last extremity. Their desperate resolution to fight till the death seemed to be indicated by their mad refusal to accept an offer, which was humanely made to them by the British general, who entreated them to send their wives and children to their homes, and promised to guarantee their property, and cause them to be guarded to any part of the country. But, however determined they may originally have been, a terrible event occurred, within the course of a few hours, which made their spirit quail. A ten-inch shell penetrated into the great powder magazine, and a tremendous explosion ensued. The catastrophe is forcibly described by that gallant officer, Lieutenant Shipp; a man who well deserves to be numbered among the 'bravest of the brave.' "I was this day," says he, "on a working party, with one hundred men, and had just arrived in the tool-yard, about three hundred yards from the left of the trenches, when I was thrown flat on my face by some violent shock of the earth. Before the general shock, the earth seemed in violent convulsions. The walls surrounding the tool-yard were propelled forward from the fort, and fell to the ground. Stones, bricks, pieces of wood, and, nearer the fort, bodies and limbs, were to be seen soaring in the air in all directions. For the moment, consternation and dismay were depicted in

every face. When I arose, I felt much alarmed; the earth seemed still to move under me; and at first I thought something had happened to me alone; but, on looking around, I found my men, some in the attitude of prayer, and others lying down, hiding their faces with fear. Having recovered my senses, I looked towards the fort, and saw it enveloped in one dense cloud of smoke or dust; and, now and then, streaks of fire issuing from its battlements. In the midst of this momentary alarm, there was an indistinct buzzing that the grand magazine of the enemy had been blown up. This report having reached my ears, I ran, or rather rolled, along the trenches, and was informed that their grand magazine had really been blown up by one of our shells. Again looking towards the tomb of destruction, what a sight met the eye! The smoke which arose from the ruins seemed to be a solid and substantial structure, gradually and majestically ascending to the skies, bearing on its top variegated volumes of vapour, that seemed to ride upon its summit. From this ascending mountain were ever and anon vomited forth sheets of vivid fire; and glittering sand fell in showers upon the spot. Through this dense but really insubstantial mass, was to be seen the setting sun, spreading his luminous beams through the gigantic phenomenon; and the beauty of the sight was beyond human fancy to imagine. This tremendous volume of smoke seemed almost to rise perpendicularly, bearing off a little with the wind, which scarcely breathed. When it had ascended so that the sun was visible under it, the mass above changed colour, and you might trace on it the most brilliant rays of the rainbow. This continued ascending in various forms, until, at last, it was buried in distance; after which every eye was directed towards the destruction below, and the sight was frightful indeed. Heads, bodies, legs, arms, hands, spears, guns, muskets, planks, and colours, lay indiscri-

minately among the pile of ruins. Four thousand maunds, or three hundred and twenty thousand pounds, of gunpowder, an accumulation of years, were contained in this magazine. This was buried in stone magazines, far under the earth, and it was supposed that the major part of the garrison had sought refuge in those excavated vaults from the destruction of our shells, and were there entombed in this pile of ruin and desolation. The cries of men, women, and children, and the groans of wounded horses, could be distinctly heard, and drew from every eye the tear of pity. Our guns had ceased firing, no one knew why. There were no shoutings of exultation; but, on the contrary, loud were the expressions of commiseration and sorrow."

Another spectator, whose eyes were fixed on the fort at the moment, states that the whole interior of the place appeared to be raised up bodily; then came a flash, which was instantly followed by an appalling report, and, in a few seconds, the whole of the fort was completely hidden by the volume of earth and stones which was hurled into the air. So dreadful was the shock, that it was distinctly felt as far as Merut, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles. Much of the interior of the fort, and four or five hundred persons, besides horses and cattle of all descriptions, were destroyed. It is a singular circumstance, that a scarcely-finished temple, which stood on the very verge of the magazine, remained uninjured, only the scaffolding being blown away, and that the works of the fortress sustained no damage whatever.

But, though their defences were still standing, the courage of the defenders was gone. To impress the besiegers with a belief that a protracted resistance was intended, they kept up a sharp fire during the remainder of the day, and at midnight the majority of them suddenly sallied forth. Though many of the fugitives

were cut down, numbers of them, among whom was the Rajah Dyaram, succeeded in escaping. The fort was then given up by the few who remained behind; and, as well as the town, it was immediately dismantled.

EXPLOSION AT LEYDEN.

THE city of Leyden has been subjected to so many calamities, that the Dutch, by dint of an indifferent pun, have made its name a synonyme of "to suffer*." We have seen the depth of misery to which it was reduced during the siege, and it has also been devastated by plague, fire, and explosions of gunpowder. One of the latter disasters occurred in 1481, and was highly destructive. It was insignificant, however, when compared with an event of the same kind, which took place on the 12th of January 1807. On that day a vessel, containing two hundred and fifty barrels of gunpowder, which was proceeding from Delft to Utrecht, stopped for a while at Leyden. It was moored to a tree, and lay in the Rappenburg Canal, which runs through one of the finest streets in the city. Numerous traders and pleasure-yachts were lying near it, the crews of which were unconscious of the deadly freight that it bore. About a quarter-past four, in the afternoon, it exploded. A student, who was passing through a street which had a full view of the canal, had the good fortune to escape, and was, perhaps, the only survivor who witnessed the blowing up of the vessel. "I saw it," says he, "torn from its moorings; a stream of fire burst from it in all directions, a thick black cloud enveloped all the surrounding parts, and darkened the heavens, whilst a burst, louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder,

* In the Dutch language, the name of the city, and the verb *lyden*, to suffer, are pronounced in a similar manner.

instantly followed, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin. For some moments horror and consternation deprived every one of his recollection, but an universal exclamation followed, of 'O God, what is it!' Hundreds of people might be seen rushing out of their falling houses, and running along the streets, not knowing which direction to take; many falling down on their knees in the streets, persuaded that the last day was come; others supposed they had been struck by lightning; and but few seemed to conjecture the real cause. In the midst of this awful uncertainty, the cry of 'O God, what is it!' again sounded mournfully through the air, but it seemed as if none could answer the dreadful question. One conjecture followed another; but at last, when the thick black cloud which had enveloped the city had cleared away a little, the awful truth was revealed."

All the inhabitants who had escaped being seriously hurt, now hurried to seek for their friends, and assist the sufferers. The scene was terrific. Nothing but sounds and sights of horror was to be heard or seen on every hand. In the focus of the explosion, on a circular space, nearly five hundred paces in diameter, every building was levelled, with the exception of a church spire and a large stone house, the latter of which threatened every moment to fall; at a little distance beyond, houses were seen in every stage of dilapidation, some completely unroofed, some half destroyed, some wholly so; still further on, demolished windows, shutters, and doors, and the slates and tiles swept off, marked the diminished violence of the shock; and, at the extreme point of its influence, the damage was mostly confined to panes of glass, which were uniformly shivered into minute fragments, and scattered in all directions. It is a curious fact, that the broken glass was diffused in such a manner

as to make nearly all the provisions in the place too dangerous to be used. Amidst this dreadful chaos, wives and husbands were wringing their hands, seeking, amongst mutilated and blackened bodies, for each other, or for their offspring; while on all sides, in union with their melancholy exclamations, rose the shrieks, groans, and piteous appeals of the wounded, the half-buried, and the dying, and the frequent and heavy sound of the descending ruins. During this heart-rending search, new victims were continually added to the number, by the falling of the shattered edifices.

In the Rappenburg there were five large schools, which, at the moment of the catastrophe, were crowded with children. Thither thronged crowds of despairing parents, who dug for many hours in vain. At length they succeeded in getting up some of the youthful sufferers, but many of them were in such a state that even their mothers could not recognise them. Many, both of the dead and of those who recovered, bled profusely, though no wound could be discovered in any part of the body. Some were miraculously preserved unhurt, but more than forty perished; twelve of them were lost in one school. In every part of the town marvellous escapes occurred; some were saved by the rafters falling angularly over them, some got out of their windows only an instant before their abodes sunk to the ground, and others made their way through the rents which the shock had opened in the walls.

Another calamity was speedily added to the first. Flames broke out from the ruins, and threatened destruction to the remaining part of Leyden. The multitude seemed animated as it were with one common soul in extricating the sufferers, and stopping the progress of the conflagration. None withdrew from the awful task, and the multitude increased every moment, by people coming from the surrounding country, the explosion

having been heard at the distance of fifty miles. Night set in, the darkness of which, added to the horrors of falling houses, the smothered smoke, the raging of the flames, and the roaring of the winds on a tempestuous winter night, produced a scene neither to be described nor imagined; while the heart-rending cries of the sufferers, or the lamentations of those whose children and friends were under the ruins, broke upon the ear at intervals. Many were so entirely overcome with fear and astonishment, that they stared about them without taking notice of anything, while others seemed full of activity, but incapable of directing their efforts to any particular object.

Fortunately, however, efficient assistance was by this time at hand. Louis Bonaparte, who then reigned over Holland, was at the Hague. That something dreadful had happened was obvious, not only from the explosion, which shook the Hague like an earthquake, but also from the stupendous column of flame, which, at the same time, rose to a great height, and continued steadily blazing for thirty seconds, and was succeeded by the permanent light of the conflagration. Louis instantly despatched an aide-de-camp, to make inquiries. On the return of his messenger, the king hastened to the spot, and ordered all the nearest garrisons to join him at Leyden, without arms. He reached the city at night, and lost not a moment in taking the requisite measures. His first step was to visit the scene of destruction with the soldiers, set them to work, and promise ten ducats to whoever should save a victim; his next was to provide for the care of the wounded, to call for aid from the neighbouring towns, and to direct that the palace in the wood should be thrown open, as an asylum for the homeless. While this was being done, the fire-engines were brought into vigorous action, and the flames were at length suppressed. This being accomplished, the king

returned to the Hague, and set about collecting the means of alleviating the distress of the citizens, and securing their subsistence.

"Some degree of order having been restored, the inhabitants were divided into classes, not according to their rank, but the way in which they were employed about the ruins. These classes were distinguished by bands of different colours tied round their arms." Their labours were lightened by thousands of workmen, whom the government sent from all the neighbouring cities, to assist in removing the rubbish to the outside of the city, where it was deposited in vast piles, which covered a considerable extent of ground. The widely extended ruins now assumed the appearance of hills and valleys, thronged with variously occupied labourers. The keel of the fatal vessel was found deeply embedded in the earth far from the canal, along with the remains of a yacht, which, with a party of pleasure, was lying close by the powder ship, at the moment of the explosion. The anchor was found in a field, beyond the city, and a huge piece of lead, which had lain near the mast, was projected into a distant street.

The shock overthrew upwards of two hundred houses, and damaged six hundred; it destroyed nearly three hundred persons, and wounded two thousand more. Among those who were killed on the spot were the two eminent professors, Gay-Lussac and Kluit; professor Rau survived for some time, but ultimately died of the injuries he had received.

Nothing was left undone, by either the government or the people, to console and relieve the sufferers. Contributions, for which Louis and his consort set a splendid example, were lavishly poured in from every corner of Holland; they amounted to more than a million of florins. It is honourable to England, that, though it was then at war with the Dutch, a subscription for the

Leydeners, by which several thousand pounds were raised, was promptly opened in the British metropolis. The Dutch government also displayed a spirit of enlightened generosity. Among other boons, it took upon itself the city debts, extended the privileges and honours of the university, and exempted the citizens from the payment of various taxes for a considerable number of years. These measures were so efficient, that no long period elapsed before Leyden was re-edified, and its inhabitants were restored to their former prosperity.

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS IN MINES.

EXPLOSIONS AT FELLING COLLIERY.

THE life of a miner is one of no common toil, discomfort, and danger. Working in the bowels of the earth, in a constrained posture and a close atmosphere, and by a dim light, he has, also, constantly to apprehend sudden irruptions of water, falls of the masses around him, and the fatal effects of unrespirable or explosive gases. Not a year passes in which numerous accidents, from one or other of these causes, do not happen to the labourers in mines. Explosions of carburetted hydrogen gas are, however, the accidents which are of most frequent occurrence; they are too often brought about by the criminal carelessness of the miners themselves; but their primary cause is the ventilation of the mine having by some means been obstructed.

"When," says the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, "care has not been taken to place the stoppings and trap-doors in proper places, or the trap-doors are carelessly left open, or stoppings fall down—in all these cases, accumulations of *fire-damp* (carburetted hydrogen), called *stythe* by the colliers, immediately commence in places deprived of the atmospheric current, and continue to train their dreadful artillery, and grow strong in danger, till the *waste men* or ventilators of the mine discover them, and wash them off, or they ignite at the workmen's candles. Blasts occurring in partial stagnations, though they generally scorch the persons in their way, seldom kill them; but when the air has proceeded lazily for several

days through a colliery, and an extensive magazine of fire-damp is ignited in the wastes, then the whole mine is instantly illuminated with the most brilliant lightning —the expanded fluid drives before it a roaring whirlwind of flaming air, which tears up everything in its progress, scorching some of the miners to a cinder, burying others under enormous heaps of ruins shaken from the roof, and, thundering to the shafts, wastes its volcanic fury in a discharge of thick clouds of coal-dust, stones, timber, and not unfrequently limbs of men and horses. But this first, though apparently the most terrible, is not the most destructive effect of these subterraneous thunderings. All the stoppings and trap-doors of the mine being thrown down by the concussion, and the atmospheric current being for a short time entirely excluded from the workings, those that survive the discharge of the fire-damp are instantly suffocated by the after-damp, which immediately fills up the vacuum caused by the explosion. This *after-damp* is called *choke-damp*, and *surfeit*, by the colliers, and is the carbonic acid gas of chemists. While the mine is at work, it lies sluggishly upon the floor, and suffers the atmospheric air, as a lighter fluid, to swim upon it; fire-damp, being the lightest of the three, floats upon the atmospheric air, and therefore occupies a space, according to its present quantity, nearest the roof of the mine."

Before the invention of safety-lamps, frightful catastrophes arising from explosion were of frequent occurrence; and, even now, the criminal obstinacy and carelessness of the miners but too often produce them. Among the most calamitous explosions on record, may be reckoned that which, on the 25th of May 1812, took place at Felling Colliery, near Gateshead, in Durham. This mine, which has a depth of nearly two hundred and fifty yards, had then been opened not more than eighteen months, and was considered to be one of the

best managed and ventilated mines in the north. At its two opposite extremities, it had two entrances, the working or downcast shaft, which was called the John Pit, and the upcast or air-furnace shaft, denominated the William Pit; the latter was the outlet by which the noxious vapours were drawn off into the open air. At the fatal moment there were a hundred and twenty-one persons at work in the mine.

It was about half-past eleven in the morning when the tragical event occurred. A tremendous explosion filled with alarm the surrounding villages, and was succeeded by two heavy discharges from the John Pit, followed, almost instantaneously, by another from the William Pit. For a circuit of half a mile in the vicinity, the earth had a tremulous motion; and the thunder of the ignited gas, which had a dull sound, and much resembled an unsteady fire of infantry, was audible at a distance of three or four miles. From the mouth of the pit there rose high into the air, in the form of an inverted cone, the fragments of the shattered implements and machines, and an immense quantity of dust, small coal, and fragments of burning coal, the latter of which had been rent from the solid stratum of the mine. The heavier matter fell round the mouth of the pit; the lighter was carried by a strong west wind as far as a mile and a half, and descended in a continued shower, which caused a darkness like early twilight, and covered the roads so thickly, that a deep impression was left on it by the feet of travellers.

The loud report brought the trembling wives and children of the miners to the mouth of the working pit. Several hundreds of females, and their offspring and friends, were soon collected. Every countenance bore the signs of consternation or despair; some called on a husband, some on a son, others on a parent. The machines being destroyed, the rope of the gin was let

down into the pit, and, as no horses were at hand, a number of men put their shoulders to the shafts of the gin, and exerted their strength with an almost convulsive effort. By twelve o'clock all who remained alive, only twenty-nine persons, were brought up; three of them, who were boys, died in the course of a few hours. The survivors were received with a frantic joy by their kindred and friends; while shrieks, howlings, wringing of hands, and the most extravagant gestures, testified the dreadful anguish of those who were bereft of the beings whom they loved.

After a short time had elapsed, Mr. Straker, and Mr. Anderson, overseers, with seven men, descended the John Pit, in the hope of rescuing some more of the victims. As it would have been madness to use candles, they took with them steel mills, which gave light by the action of a thin steel plate rapidly revolving against a flint. Knowing that, when the explosion occurred, many of the men must have been at work near the crane, they endeavoured to penetrate to that quarter. They had, however, gone but a few paces when they were stopped by the passage being filled with carbonic acid gas, into which the sparks fell from the mill like dark drops of blood. Unable to breathe or to see, they turned back, and essayed to reach the crane by another direction. There they were met by a dense column of smoke, which plainly showed that the mine was on fire. It was now obvious that no one could have been left alive in the pit, and they therefore resolved to withdraw. The overseers and three of the men had already ascended, two were actually ascending, and the remaining two were below, when a second explosion, much less powerful than the first, heightened the terror and grief of the surrounding relatives of the miners, and placed the four men in imminent jeopardy. Happily, they were uninjured. The men in the shaft felt no other effect of the blast

than an unusual heat. The two who were at the bottom were saved by their presence of mind. "Hearing its distant growlings, they laid themselves down at full length on their faces, and in this posture, by keeping firm hold of a strong wooden prop, placed near the shaft, to support the roof of the mine, they experienced no other inconvenience from the blast, than its lifting up their legs, and poising their bodies in various directions, in the manner that the waves heave and toss a buoy at sea. As soon as the atmospheric current returned down the shaft, they were drawn to the bank."

As fast as the men were landed, they were encircled by a throng of anxious inquirers. At first, their answers seemed to satisfy the crowd that it was impossible for any of the miners to have survived; but the effect of their assurances was soon counteracted by the wild stories which credulous or mischievous persons related, of men who had been brought up unhurt, after similar accidents and forty days' confinement. There were some even base enough to suggest, that the men who had just ventured their lives were unworthy of belief, for that either bribery or cowardice had made them magnify the danger of attempting to save the victims. The minds of the people were terribly soured by these slanderous hints; and, accordingly, when, for the purpose of extinguishing the fire, it was proposed to exclude the air from the mine, furious cries of "murder" were heard, and a determination was expressed, to prevent the measure from being carried into effect. The idea was consequently given up. Night dispersed the multitude; but many unhappy widows wandered round the John Pit till morning, in hopes of hearing from it some well-known voice.

On the following day, immense crowds of colliers flocked in from all the mines on the Tyne and the Tees, and contributed greatly to exasperate the relatives of the

sufferers, by censures and reproaches upon the owners and managers of the mine, for not having made sufficient exertions. All were loud in talking of like cases which had ended happily, all were loud in boasting of their willingness to assist; but, when it came to the point of who would brave the danger of descending, all shrunk back. By dint of argument, and a clear statement of facts, the proprietors at last succeeded in silencing their clamours. They declared that they would spare no expense in executing any feasible project for the recovery of the men, that they would aid to the very utmost any person who would try to enter the mine; but that, as the most competent judges had positively attested to them that the workings of the mine were unapproachable, they would be accessary to no man's death by persuasion or a bribe. The second day was spent in these debates. Nothing else was done, except partly closing, with planks, the mouth of the William Pit.

On the morning of the third day, the borders of the pit's mouth were again crowded by women and children, who vociferously called for another examination to be made. To satisfy them as far as was possible, Mr. Straker and one of the overseers ventured to descend. At the bottom of the shaft they found a mangled horse. Before they had gone more than six or eight yards, the sparks from the mill were extinguished by the gas, and the man who played the mill began to falter in his steps, and would have dropped, had not Mr. Straker supported him to the shaft. Even there, they breathed with difficulty. Yet, when they landed, their report was disbelieved by the half insane and thoroughly ignorant women who surrounded them. That nothing might be left undone to convince them of their error, another attempt was made to explore the mine. The desperate service was undertaken by Mr. Anderson, and a man

named Turnbull, one of those who had escaped the blast on Monday. This trial was as fruitless as the former. At thirty fathoms from the bottom, the air was found exceedingly warm, and at the bottom it was nearly unbreathable, and almost instantaneously brought on symptoms of apoplexy. "When they ascended, their clothes emitted a smell somewhat resembling the waters of Gilsland and Harrowgate, and more particularly allied to that of the turpentine distilled from coal tar."

The throng was staggered by this evidence, but not convinced. Some went away in sullen incredulous silence, others renewed their entreaties or demands that more should be done to rescue their friends; many unjustly loaded the managers of the mine with curses, and threatened them with revenge; and others, the worst of all, lamented that they had not that consolation of fiends which is derived from having partners in misfortune—"they could," they said, "have borne their loss with firmness, had none of the workmen survived the calamity, they would have had some comfort had all their neighbours been as miserable and destitute as they themselves were!"

As the smoke which rose from the William Pit gave unequivocal proof that the fire was making a rapid progress, it was resolved to stop up both shafts, in order to extinguish it. This was performed by suspending scaffolding in the pit, and covering it with clay, till the aperture became air-tight. This was not accomplished till the 1st of June, the scaffolding having twice given way.

"About this time," says Mr. Hodgson, "many idle tales were circulated through the country, concerning several of the men finding their way to the shafts, and being recovered. Their number was circumstantially told—how they subsisted on candles, oats, and beans—how they heard the persons who visited the mine on the

day of the accident, and the Wednesday following, but were too feeble to speak sufficiently loud to make themselves heard. Some conjuror, it was said, had set his spells and divinations to work, and penetrated the whole secrets of the mine. He had discovered one famishing group receiving drops of water from the roof of the mine —another eating their shoes and clothes—and other such pictures of misery. These inventions were carefully related to the widows, and answered the purpose of every day harrowing up their feelings afresh. Indeed it seemed the chief employment of some to make a kind of insane sport of their own and their neighbours' calamity."

It was not till the 7th of July that the pit could be opened. It emitted a thick continued volume of vapour, alternately blackish and grey, which soon changed to a light steam colour, and in a few hours ceased to appear. On the following morning, the melancholy search for the bodies was commenced, and it was continued without intermission till the 19th of September, when the ninety-first corpse was brought out; the ninety-second was never discovered. The labour was rendered heavy by the shattered state of the mine; the wood-work being torn to pieces and dispersed, and numerous large masses of rock rent from the roof, by the tremendous explosions. In the course of the search, only one alarming circumstance occurred. A burst of fire-damp from the works, on the 14th of July, compelled the workmen to make a hasty retreat, and excited much terror in the vicinity of the pit, but, providentially, no person was injured by it.

For the purpose of searching and clearing the mine, shifts of eight men were employed, each shift working four hours, resting eight hours, and then recommencing. On the morning of the day when the heart-breaking task was begun, a great concourse of people was assembled

round the pit. Many, whose tears and sighs betrayed their anguish, came to see the defaced remains of their lost husbands, parents, or children; numbers were idle or curious spectators; and some visited the spot to enjoy the malignant gratification of blaming and calumniating the managers and owners of the colliery, and stimulating the revengeful feelings of the living sufferers.

The bodies were mostly in an appalling condition; too burnt and mangled to be recognisable by their features. Putrefaction had also contributed to disfigure them. It was only by the clothes, shoes, and contents of the pockets, that they could be identified. Near the crane, twenty-one bodies "lay in ghastly confusion; some like mummies, scorched as dry as if they had been baked. One wanted its head, another an arm. The scene was truly frightful. The power of the fire was visible upon them all; but its effects were extremely various; while some were almost torn to pieces, there were others who appeared as if they had sunk down overpowered with sleep." In other parts of the mine men were found lying on their faces, their heads downwards, and their hands spread and stretched forwards. In death they seem to have made a last convulsive effort to escape. The hair of one of the sufferers had been burned off, but had grown again to the length of more than an inch. A horse had been turned round and thrown upon its back by the strength of the blast. Its skin was as hard as leather, and, like that of all the men, was covered with a white mould. It was dragged whole to the shaft, and landed in a net; but, when it had been for a short time exposed to the action of the atmospheric air, its skin and flesh lost their solidity, and putrefactive decomposition ensued. Such was, indeed, the fury of the fiery blast that nothing could withstand it. In one instance it had driven a horse and four waggons against a part of the mine with such violence, that, though the waggons were strongly framed

of oak, strengthened with hoops and bars of iron, they were "twisted and shattered, as if they had been fired from a mortar against a rock."

On finding the first human body, the men stood over it in speechless horror, dreading to touch it, lest it should fall asunder by lifting. Nor was it till they had made several attempts, covered their hands with oakum to avoid coming in contact with it, and encouraged each other "in the name of God," to begin, that they contrived to lay it in a coffin. Orders had previously been given for ninety-two coffins to be in readiness, and they were piled up in a heap at a joiner's shop; a mournful spectacle, which had an agonising effect on the feelings of the passers by. As the cart-loads of them slowly moved through the village of Low-Felling, on their way to the mine, the howlings of the women, who began to assemble about their doors, came upon the breeze in low fitful gusts. It was feared that a still worse effect would be produced on the females who were wandering round the pit; but, fortunately, they were so much shocked by the description of the condition of the first corpse, that a part of them went home, and the remainder kept in silence at a distance. Each family had originally intended to take the bodies of their relatives to their abode, and had made provision for the entertainment of their neighbours on this solemn occasion. This intention, however, they prudently relinquished, on being assured that, by persisting in it, they would spread a putrid fever throughout the neighbourhood. It was settled, therefore, that the victims should be interred without loss of time, and that on its way to Heworth burying-ground, the hearse should pass by the door of the deceased. With the exception of four, who had single graves, the whole of those who perished were laid in a trench, side by side, two coffins deep, with a partition of brick and lime between every four coffins.

LITTLE more than eighteen months elapsed before Felling colliery was again the scene of a similar catastrophe. The calamity took place on the morning of the 24th of December, 1813. Twenty-three persons and thirteen horses were killed; twenty-one persons escaped with life, but thirteen of them were severely scorched. Of the victims, part were destroyed by the explosion, and the others by the rush of carbonic acid gas, which succeeded the explosion, and suffocated them; the bodies of the former were horribly torn and shattered, those of the latter were apparently uninjured. Terrible as was the destruction, it might have been far more so, as it happened when the night shift of miners was being relieved by the morning shift. Several of the latter were waiting to go down, and their companions, who had just descended, "met the fatal whirlwind of fire" as they were proceeding to the place of their destination. This disaster was wholly unexpected. More than ordinary precautions had been taken to ventilate the mine, and the stream of fresh air through it was so powerful that it was difficult to keep the candles alight. The irruption of the explosive gas, on this occasion, was probably sudden and irresistible; one part of the mine "being intersected with several dikes or fissures, which not unfrequently discharged great quantities of inflammable air, through apertures called blowers, that made the coals on the floor dance round the orifice, like gravel in a strong spring." —When the mine had been properly ventilated, after this disaster, the workmen resumed their labours. At the expiration, however, of two days, they were obliged to discontinue them; the coal in the waste being found to have taken fire. It was therefore necessary to quit the mine, and close up the shafts once more, in order to extinguish the conflagration.

FALL IN THE HURST PIT.

THAT the accidents which arise from falls of earth or rock, and from irruptions of water, are not less fatal than those from inflammable air, the following examples will abundantly prove. The first of these occurred in 1785, in a coal-pit, ninety yards deep, at Hurst, near Ashton-under-Line. About eight o'clock in the morning, one of the colliers, named Travis, had descended into the mine, and several of his companions were about to follow him; but he had only just reached the bottom when the sides of the pit fell in, and he was effectually cut off from any external supply of air. Such an enormous quantity of earth had fallen in, that the labour of six days was required to remove it; and even then the foulness of the vapour was so great that twenty-four hours more elapsed before any one could venture into the works. When they at length entered the mine, Travis was not to be found. They conjectured therefore that he had tried to work his way into another pit, which was not far off; they soon found the traces of his working, and followed him by them. On Saturday afternoon, the eighth day after his being inhumed, he heard them, and implored their speedy assistance. When they reached him, he was lying on his belly, in a cavity which he had excavated, of about three yards in length, and two in width. The earth which he had dug out he had thrown behind him as he proceeded. He raised his head when they entered, looked at the men, and addressed one of them by name. It was evident that he saw them, but his eyes were so shockingly swollen and protruded, that his companions shuddered at them, and prevailed on him to have a handkerchief tied round them, lest they should be injured by the light. He soon, however, complained that the handkerchief hurt him, and it was consequently

removed. The eyes had sunk back into their sockets, but the power of vision was irrecoverably gone. At the moment of his being discovered, his hands and feet were cold, and the pulse of the wrist had ceased. By administering a little warm gruel, holding sal volatile to his nostrils, and covering him with blankets, the pulsation was restored. He then complained of pain in his head and limbs, and said his back felt as though it had been broken. To revive the natural warmth, two men now lay by his sides; he put his hands into their bosoms, said it was comfortable, and slept till he was roused up to take nourishment. Thus he lay for several hours, while a road was being made for his conveyance out of the pit. At one o'clock on Sunday morning he was taken home, put to bed, and fed with chicken broth; but he was become indifferent to food. At first the vital powers seemed to rally; this, however, was only the last effort of nature. About five o'clock, he told them that he was going off, and he died, without a struggle, in the course of a few minutes. He retained his senses till he expired. With respect to the duration of his confinement in the pit, he was unable to form a correct estimate; he calculated the time to be only two days, but added that he thought them very long ones.

INUNDATION OF THE BEAUJONC MINE.

In 1812, an accident happened, in the Netherlands, which was very near causing the destruction of a hundred and twenty-seven persons. Not far from the Brussels gate of the city of Liege, there are several coal mines. Descending into some of these mines, and situated at no great distance from each other, are three perpendicular bores or shafts, called Triquenotte, Beaujonc, and Mamonster, the first two of which have an underground communication with each other, while the last two have

not. The water in these mines is directed to a particular part of them, where it is penned up by a wooden frame, or dam, denominated a *serrement*, whence it is raised to the surface by forcing-pumps.

About an hour before noon, on the 26th of February, 1812, the Beaujonc shaft was suddenly inundated by the breaking of the Triquenotte serrement, which was a little more than a hundred and fifty yards off. At the moment when the water began to enter, thirty-five of the miners, out of the hundred and twenty-seven, were nigh the foot of the shaft, and they lost no time in making their escape up it, in which they were assisted by M. Goffin, the overseer. So eager indeed were they to secure themselves, that, discarding the feelings of humanity, some of them tore the boys from the ropes of the basket to which they had clung, and took the places they had thus pitilessly gained. Goffin, however, who had nobly determined to rescue those who were still in the mine, or to perish with them, took up the poor boys himself, and then returned to perform the perilous task which he had undertaken.

By the time that the whole of the thirty-five miners had reached the summit of the shaft, all communication with it, from the interior of the mine, was cut off by the height to which the water had risen. Gloomy as the prospect was, Goffin lost neither his courage nor his presence of mind. It was his intention to open a passage into one of the galleries connected with the Mamonster shaft. Three men, Bertrand, Labeye, and Clavier, who might have gone with their comrades up the shaft, had resolved to share his fate; and, while he was accelerating the escape of the others, he sent those individuals to collect the remaining miners, and conduct them to the part of the mine which was supposed to be nearest to the spot where the passage was to be attempted. The buried miners had with them a few candles, but not a morsel of food.

As only two workmen could be employed at a time, the progress made could be but slow. They had, nevertheless, penetrated to the extent of twenty-three feet when a violent explosion of inflammable air took place. Instead of mining towards the galleries of Mamonster, they had misdirected their course towards the old and abandoned workings of Martin Wery. Though death lay before them in this quarter, some of the men proposed to proceed; in the melancholy hope, perhaps, that their sufferings would the sooner be brought to a close. But Goffin put a peremptory negative upon this desperate suggestion. "No!" said he, "not now. When every chance of being succoured is lost, I will myself lead you hither, and then all will soon be over."

No one was hurt by the explosion, but their spirits were sunk to the lowest ebb. At first they all refused to recommence their labours, and resolved to perish without any further struggle. The scene was terrible; old men were bemoaning their own fate, and the misery and want which awaited their bereaved wives and children, and boys were kneeling before their parents, to implore a last blessing from them. The remonstrances and arguments of Goffin at length prevailed upon them to renew their attempts in another quarter. When they came to the newly-chosen spot, they heard a distant sound, and this revived their courage, as they believed it to be made by their fellow-miners, who were at work to relieve them. But, exhausted by hunger and their agonising feelings, they soon relapsed into despondency. Thrice were their tools thrown down in utter despair, and all would have been lost had not Goffin, sometimes by entreaties, and sometimes by threats and reproaches, induced them to take up their pickaxes, and resume their toil. On the second day, the air was become so impure, that their candles went out, and they were thenceforth in total darkness. By this time they had excavated a gallery which was *thirty-six* feet long.

For the first two or three days the pangs which they endured from famine were dreadful. Some had concealed a few candles, and these they eagerly devoured. Thirst also tormented them, and they endeavoured to alleviate it by moistening their parched mouths with the natural secretion, the water of the mine being still more loathsome than that, in consequence of its extreme putridity. Many of them now began to look forward to the speedy death of some of their comrades, as a means of furnishing the survivors with food. A sound sleep suspended for awhile these horrible ideas, calmed their minds, and enabled them to continue, though feebly, the gallery which they had commenced. Hope, too, began to dawn upon them; for they could hear the movements of those who were hastening to relieve them.

The prefect of the department had, meanwhile, been taking vigorous and well-contrived measures to extricate the buried miners. A difficulty arose at the outset, there being no exact plan of the Mamonster workings, on which side alone the prisoners could be succoured; but this difficulty was removed by the skill of M. Migneron, an engineer, who ascertained the precise spot at which the opening must be made. Every four hours the twenty men, who were driving a gallery towards the Beaujonc mine, were relieved by fresh workmen; gunpowder was at the beginning employed, to accelerate their progress; and more than a hundred horses were day and night occupied in pumping out the water, that it might not rise so high as to reach the unfortunate sufferers. When they neared their buried comrades, the labourers worked without a light, to prevent explosion of the carburetted hydrogen gas. On the fifth day the rescuing party could make themselves heard by those of whom they were in search. They learned that their incarcerated comrades were seventy-four in number, that none of them had died, and that, though they were up to the

middle in water, they were distressed by a dreadful heat.

It was not till seven o'clock in the evening, on the 3rd of March, after having penetrated through a space of more than five hundred feet, that the workmen from the Mamonster shaft broke into the cavern where the miners were confined. At the moment when the communication was opened, a kind of detonation took place, from the sudden releasement of the condensed air. In removing the prisoners, great care was taken to prevent their being injured by too abrupt an exposure to air and light. A little wine and broth were given to them, and they were then wrapped up in flannels, and laid for a short time on straw in the mine before they were brought above ground. Though more exhausted than any of them, the brave and humane Goffin was the last to quit this den of horror. He was accompanied by his son Matthew, a boy worthy of such a father. Throughout the whole period of their remaining in durance, this boy had displayed extraordinary coolness and intrepidity. When the miners gave way to despair, and wept, he would say, "Come! come! you behave like children: follow the orders of my father, and show those that survive us that we kept our courage to the last moment of our lives;" and when, on coming out, he saw his mother, he smilingly greeted her with, "What, mother! are you not married again yet?"

INUNDATION OF THE HEATON COLLIERY.

Far more fatal than the calamity which occurred near Liege was that which happened at the Heaton colliery, in Northumberland, on the 3rd of May, 1815. This colliery, which lies about a mile and a half to the east of Newcastle, had then been worked for a quarter of a cen-

tury, and was about two hundred and twenty yards deep. To the west and north-west of it are the wastes of ancient collieries, which had then been long abandoned, and had become enormous reservoirs of water. To guard against these dangerous neighbours, the proprietors of the mine had erected three gigantic steam-engines, which were capable of drawing off twelve hundred gallons per minute. By this means they had already got rid of the water which threatened them on the west, and they were taking additional measures to secure themselves on the north-west quarter, when the disaster, which they were providing against, unexpectedly occurred. Ninety-five men and boys, and thirty-seven horses, were in the mine when the catastrophe took place.

About four in the morning, on the day above-mentioned, two of the workmen, who were employed in taking the precautionary steps against irruption, perceived a dripping of water from the roof. It was pointed out to the resident viewer, but he did not appear to think that it came from the neighbouring deserted pits, or that there was anything to be apprehended from it. In less than a quarter of an hour, however, the water began to flow more freely through the chink. Alarmed by this circumstance, they sent a boy to warn two more of their comrades, and also the distant miners, of the danger which seemed at hand; but the faithless messenger made the best of his way towards the mouth of the pit, without delivering his message. The two men, who sent him, had quitted the spot, and were proceeding towards the shaft, when one of them recollected that he had left his jacket behind, and proposed to his companion that they should return for it, and "see how the water was coming off." The words were scarcely out of his mouth before a horrible crash was heard, a violent wind rushed by and extinguished their lights, and the roar of descending waters echoed through the mine. They fled in

terror towards the shaft, which was at a distance of about a mile, and reached it only just in time to save their lives. This, however, would have been impossible, had not the pursuing deluge been retarded, by flowing first to the lowest level of the pit. Near the bottom of the shaft, besides these two men, there were eighteen men and boys; they all escaped, but their escape was a narrow one, for the water rose to the waist of the last man before he could be drawn up. Seventy-five unfortunate beings remained entombed, to suffer all the horrors of a lingering death.

As one part of the mine lay much higher than the other, a faint hope was entertained that the missing miners would, perhaps, be able to retire to it, and prolong existence till a communication could be opened with them. Accordingly, an attempt was made to uncover and descend one of the old shafts; but it was frustrated, by the falling-in of the earth, which drew with it some trees that grew round the place. A second attempt was made at a shaft in another quarter, and at the outset it seemed likely to succeed. It failed, however; for, after the workmen had penetrated eighty yards, they were reluctantly compelled to desist, the constant heavy falls from the roof, and the prevalence of the two noxious gases, rendering it impossible for them to proceed. The victims were therefore abandoned, per force, to their fate.

That fate could not be doubtful, but it was long before the circumstances of it became known. Several months elapsed ere the mine was freed from the mass of water which drained into it from the neighbouring deserted works. Though the steam-engines were kept constantly in action, it was not till the early part of the next January that the workmen could begin to search the mine. The scene is thus described by an eye-witness. "On the 6th of January the first body was found; it was that of an old man employed on the waggon-way;

and a fact worthy of notice is, that the waste water in which he had been immersed had destroyed the woollen clothes, and corroded the iron parts of a knife the deceased had in his pocket, yet his linen and the bone haft of the knife remained entire. Shortly after, Mr. Miller, the under viewer, the waste men, and a few others, were discovered; they had met a similar fate, having been overtaken by the water about a hundred yards from the shaft to which they had been hastening to save themselves. But the lot of these eight persons may be considered fortunate, when compared with those which awaited the unhappy beings left at work towards the rise of the mine, and as yet unconscious of their dreadful situation. About the 16th of February, the higher part of the workings was explored, and now a scene truly horrible was presented to view; for here lay the corpses of fifty-six human beings, whom the water had never reached, being situated thirty-five fathoms above its level. They had collected together near the crane, and were found within a space of thirty yards of each other; their positions and attitudes were various; several appeared to have fallen forwards from off an inequality, or rather step, in the coal on which they had been sitting; others, from their hands being clasped together, seemed to have expired while addressing themselves to the protection of the Deity; two, who were recognised as brothers, had died in the act of taking a last farewell by grasping each other's hand; and one poor little boy reposed in his father's arms. Two slight cabins had been hastily constructed by nailing up deal-boards, and in one of these melancholy habitations three of the stoutest miners breathed their last; and, what seems singular, one of them had either been stripped of his clothes by his surviving companions, or had thrown off all covering from mental derangement. A large lump of horse-flesh wrapped up in a jacket, nearly two pounds of candles,

and three others, which had died out when half-burned; were found in the apartment, if it can be so called. One man, well-known to have possessed a remarkably pacific disposition, had retired to a distance, to end his days alone and in quiet; and that this would be the case was predicted by many of his fellow-workmen, who were acquainted with his mild temper. Another had been placed to watch the rise or fall of the water, to ascertain which sticks had been placed, and he was found dead at his post. —There were two horses in the part of the mine to which the people had retired; one had been slaughtered, its entrails taken out, and hind quarters cut up for use; the other was fastened to a stake, which it had almost gnawed to pieces, as well as a corf or coal-basket that had been left within its reach."

The remaining eleven bodies, making up seventy-five in the whole, were found in various parts of the mine. The unfortunate men had not been able to reach the higher ground before the deluge overtook them; they had endured no lingering agony. It is, indeed, more than probable, that their comrades also were not exposed to very protracted suffering. By the torments of hunger or thirst they certainly did not perish; there was a spring of good water in that part of the colliery where they were collected, they had eaten but a small part of the horse-flesh, and there was besides a considerable quantity of horse-beans, which was untouched. There is therefore every reason to believe that suffocation was the cause of death; and the remains of candles, which were unconsumed, seem to show that the victims had not been long confined before they ceased to exist.

INUNDATION OF THE BOIS MONZIL MINE.

The town of St. Etienne, in the department of the Loire, has acquired, by its manufactures of iron and silk, the appellation of the Birmingham and Coventry of France. Though very far from contemptible, it is, however, at most only a miniature likeness of the two celebrated English towns to which it is compared. For its prosperity it is indebted to the circumstance of iron ore and coal being abundant in its vicinity. Among the coal mines in its immediate neighbourhood is that of Bois Monzil, the scene of the event which is now to be described. On the 2nd of February, 1831, about eight in the morning, when there were twenty-six men at work, a sudden detonation was heard, instantly followed by the roar of water rushing from an adjoining pit. The cry of alarm was quickly spread through the mine, but only ten of the labourers were able to reach the entrance. One of them was driven forward with such violence, by the condensed air and the torrent, that his escape was miraculous; another was so terrified, that he hurried forward, without thinking to disencumber himself of a sack of coals which he had upon his shoulders; a third, who possessed both presence of mind and humanity, snatched up a boy of eleven years old, and bore him away in his arms. Eight individuals perished. Some of them were swept away by the deluge; but at least one of them had to endure a lingering death—he was heard for some hours knocking against the side of his prison: at the end of that time the knocking ceased; the flood had overwhelmed him. The remaining eight workmen were fortunate enough to reach a gallery on a higher level; but, as it had no other outlet than that by which they entered, their fate was certain, unless the water should recede, or their friends could open a passage through the rock beneath them.

On hearing of the accident, the engineers of the mine hastened with their assistants to the spot. Thirty hours elapsed before the miners could penetrate into some of the lower galleries, from which the water had retired. They repeatedly called aloud to their lost companions, but no voice was heard in reply. They then struck with their pickaxes upon the roof, and, after several fruitless trials, they were rejoiced to hear an equal number of answering knocks. Measures were immediately adopted for opening a communication with the imprisoned men; the principal of them were the boring of a hole through the rock, in the supposed direction whence the sound came, and the forming of an inclined tunnel. But there was much difficulty in ascertaining the point to which they ought to direct their efforts; for "the sound of their blows on the roof, far from offering a certain criterion, or, at least, a probable one, seemed each time to excite fresh doubts." The rock, too, was so hard and thick, that the gunpowder employed in blasting it produced but a trifling effect; nor could the pumps be got to work; and they were therefore obliged to resort to the slow and incompetent method of forming a line of men from the gallery to the mouth of the mine, and passing the buckets from hand to hand. The persons who were thus employed had to work upon a rapid slope, in a crouching posture, with the water dropping all round them, and generally rising up to the middle of their bodies. They had to endure that which was still worse to men not devoid of humanity. "The wives of the hapless miners had heard that all hope was not extinct, and they hastened to the spot. With heart-rending cries, and shedding tears, alternately of despair and hope, they exclaimed, 'Are they *all* there?' 'Where is the father of my children?' 'Is *he* amongst them, or has he been swallowed up by the waters?'"

When it became known at St. Etienne, and its vicinity,

that there was a prospect of saving a part of the victims, the whole of the National Guards, and several hundreds of miners and other persons, thronged to lend their assistance. The pumps were now got to work, and the line of men with buckets was consequently discontinued. Yet, notwithstanding the number of additional hands, the work proceeded but slowly. Such was the flinty hardness of the rock, that frequently the tools either broke or remained immoveably fixed in the stone. The water, also, filtered in rapidly through the perforation which they were making, and seemed to threaten another irruption. It was now Sunday, and the spirits of the workmen began to flag. On the following morning, an alarming incident occurred, which spread a general panic. A terrific noise was heard, which was prolonged in echoes throughout the mine. When their terror had sufficiently subsided to allow of their investigating its cause, they found that an enormous mass of rock had fallen into one of the draining wells. Though this fall was attended by no bad consequences, the workmen were so much disheartened by it, that it required much management to bring them back to their labours, and revive their courage and perseverance.

By dint of persuasion and argument, the superintendants at length prevailed on the men to make a vigorous effort. In a very short time that effort was crowned with success. The instrument of one of the miners penetrated into the shut-up gallery, and was drawn from his hands by the poor imprisoned miners. But the man who had thus been the first to open a way into their dungeon, was still more unfortunate than they were. At the moment when hope dawned to them, it set for ever to him. "He was the father of one of the men who had disappeared in the mine. His paternal feelings seemed to have endowed him with superhuman strength. Night and day he never quitted his work but for a few minutes, to

return to it with redoubled ardour. One sole, absorbing thought occupied his whole soul; the idea that his son, his *only* son, was with those who were heard from within. In vain he was solicited to retire; in vain they strove to force him from labours too fatiguing for his age. 'My son is amongst them,' said he, 'I hear him; nothing shall prevent me from hastening his release;' and, from time to time, he called on his son, in accents that tore the hearts of the bystanders. His first question, on the instrument being drawn from his hand, was, 'My child?' —His Antoine was no more; he had been drowned."

For four days medical men had been present in the mine, to be ready to give their aid as soon as a passage should be opened. They now directed soup to be introduced through a tube, and air to be forced into the gallery by means of bellows. Food was, however, by no means the most urgent want of the captives; light was what they first and most pressingly requested. A tinder-box was conveyed to them, but the vitiated air of their dungeon rendered it of no use. At first they seemed to be strengthened by the soup, of which they had made their oldest and weakest companions the earliest partakers; but, afterwards, it had a contrary effect. They therefore, for the present, rejected the nourishment which was occasionally supplied, and expressed but one wish, which was that their friends would make haste. Yet one at least there was who had not lost all his gaiety. This was a man named Fereol. When he was asked what day he thought it was, he replied, "Sunday," and, upon being told that it was Monday, he rejoined, "Ah! I ought to have known that; for yesterday we indulged ourselves by tippling freely—of water."

But, though some of them retained their cheerfulness, the strength of all was rapidly failing. Their utterance grew gradually more faint; and, about six in the evening, *the last* words that could be distinguished were, "Brothers,

make haste!" And their brothers did make haste. By ten in the evening they had broken through sixteen feet of solid rock, and liberated the captives. Looking more like spectres than human beings, the miners, one by one, slowly traversed the gallery, and emerged into the open air, which they had so recently almost despaired of ever breathing again. "From the mouth of the mine to the temporary residence allotted them, the whole way was illuminated. The engineers, the pupils, and the workmen, with the National Guard under arms, were drawn up in two lines to form a passage; and thus, in the midst of a religious silence, did these poor fellows traverse an attentive and sympathising crowd, who, as they passed along, inclined their heads, as a sort of respect and honour to their sufferings."

When the rescued miners had recovered their strength, one of them, an intelligent man, Claude Fereol, who has already been mentioned, was interrogated by the municipal authorities, as to their situation and feelings while they were in durance. His replies are interesting. In substance they are as follows:—It was about eight in the morning that they suddenly heard a noise like a thunder-clap, which was succeeded by a cry of "The water! the water!" The cry was uttered by one of the overseers. Seven of them, who were working in the upper gallery, immediately hastened to him. At the distance of only four paces, they saw the flood rapidly sweeping by them, and filling, to within a few inches of the top, the whole of the gallery, which was twelve feet wide, and at least five feet deep. It continued to rush by for nearly an hour; but it did not rise towards them, because it proceeded towards a lower gallery, which it filled. But, though it did not reach them, it completely hemmed them in. After having watched its progress for an hour, they retreated to the ridge of the gallery, the length of which was about four-and-twenty yards. Giving themselves

up for lost, they simultaneously dropped on their knees, to implore the Divine mercy, and the oldest of them repeated several prayers. Having tranquillised their minds by spending an hour in this manner, they went to see in what state the water was, and found that it had fallen an inch. They then returned to the ridge, and resumed their supplications to Heaven. While they were thus occupied, all their lamps suddenly went out at once. Considering their situation, and their uncultivated minds, it is not surprising that they should have regarded this as an evil omen, and been much afflicted by it. "Three of us," says Fereol, "then exclaimed, 'So shall we expire, just like these lamps!' We now prepared ourselves for that death which we considered as inevitable, and redoubled our prayers, imploring pardon of God for our greatest faults. Previous to this, some of us had wept; but now the most perfect and entire resignation took place with us all. At the beginning, the married men frequently thought of their wives and children, but now some of them said, 'Let us rather think of those who are departing than of those we shall leave behind. May Heaven protect them, and pardon us!" Thenceforth they continued to offer up prayers hourly, during the whole of the time that they remained in the gallery.

It was no slight alleviation of their calamity, that the most admirable harmony and brotherly kindness reigned among them. They had all "the same will, the same sentiment, the same idea; what one proposed or desired the rest wished or concurred in." One circumstance will show the praiseworthy spirit which animated them. On the first day a division was made of their little stock of food, the whole of which consisted of only half-a-pound of bread and three tumblers of wine. Fereol, and another man, named Beraud, refused to partake of this scanty meal; "they alone," they said, "had breakfasted; and *it was* but fair to render their respective situations equal."

A partition of clothes was also made; each cheerfully giving up a portion of them to such of his companions as were thinly clad.

It is singular that none of them suffered severely from hunger. When Fereol was asked whether they were hungry, he answered, "No; none of us; except on the second day, when Brun, the youngest of us, said he felt an appetite. He then ate the leather of his braces; after which he complained no more of hunger. Beraud also ate a part of his shirt, and two wicks of our lamp, but without feeling hungry; it was merely to sustain his strength, and to garnish his stomach, as he said." The idea of prolonging existence by eating each other never for a moment entered into their minds.

Thirst was a more formidable enemy than hunger; some of them felt it often, especially towards the end of their confinement. At first they drank the water which had penetrated into the galleries; but they afterwards, by the sound of its running, discovered a little spring of water, and dug down to it with their hands. There was one of them who abstained altogether from drinking; he had a quid of tobacco in his mouth, which, he said, "stood in lieu of everything."

It was from cold that they had the most to endure. The cold produced by the constant leaking in of the water was extreme. "To warm ourselves," says Fereol, "we spread some brushwood, and two persons laid down upon it; he amongst us who suffered the most from cold, placed himself between the two, who pressed him as close as possible; another then laid himself upon the middle one, and, in this manner, we alternately endeavoured to keep ourselves warm."

They would not, however, have been able to contend much longer against cold, the want of sustenance, the privation of sleep (each having slept not more than two hours), and the contaminated air which they were

breathing. During the latter period of their imprisonment, Fereol lost his senses for two hours, and Teyssot, the oldest of them, was delirious, and raved incessantly for twenty-four hours. Such is the force of habit, that Teyssot's greatest and constant cause of complaint was his being deprived of snuff, and when he recovered his senses it was the first thing for which he asked. Some of the other miners were sinking into a torpid state. There were only two of the captives, Chevot and Sagnol, who preserved their presence of mind throughout. The latter occasionally went to examine the waters, and never came back without endeavouring to inspire his friends with the hope of being relieved. "Cheer up!" he would often say, "the waters are abating; and we shall see our friends here in two or three days."

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS FROM INUNDATIONS.

THE INUNDATION IN THE VAL DE BAGNE.

From the northern side of that portion of the Alps which divides Piedmont from Switzerland, descend, in the south-west extremity of the Canton of the Valais, two valleys, which bear the names of Entremont and Bagne. Through the first of these passes the road to the Great St. Bernard; the second joins it near the village of St. Branchier. The latter, which is called the Val de Bagne, is between twenty and thirty miles in length. As it intersects, nearly at right angles, several of the smaller Alpine chains, its width is suddenly narrowed where the intersections take place, and thus a series of gorges and basins is formed. The Dranse, which rises near Mount Combin, flows through the vale, is joined by a stream from the Val d'Entremont, and falls into the Rhone, below Martigny. In many of the gorges, the Dranse is confined to a narrow and rocky bed, which, in some instances, has been formed or enlarged by art. The spots where the vale expands were, at the period to which this narrative refers, remarkable for their beauty; they were covered with the richest verdure, and dotted with picturesque groups of houses and barns, which were overhung by lofty trees. More than two centuries had elapsed, since this romantic and happy valley had sustained any serious injury from its surrounding snows and glaciers. The only dreadful inundation then on record took place in 1595, when the

village of Bagne was destroyed, and a hundred and forty persons perished.

To give the reader a clear idea of the cause of the calamity which is here described, I will lay before him M. Escher's topographical sketch of the Val de Bagne. "The southern chain of the valley, setting out from the separation of the Val de Bagne from the valley of Entremont, which leads to the Hospice of St. Bernard, rises very soon to the elevation of perpetual snow, and forms the most northerly point of the icy peaks of Mount Combin. The northern chain does not rise so abruptly, and only reaches the line of perpetual snow at Mount Pleureur, situated six miles distant from the entrance of the valley. Thus far, this chain separates the Val de Bagne from the great valley of the Rhone; but, at that point where it rises to the line of perpetual congelation, it takes a southerly direction, and then separates the Val de Bagne from the valley of Hyères, which, like the former, is a lateral branch of the great valley of the Rhone. Mount Pleureur descends very rapidly into the valley of Bagne, and there forms with Mount Mauvoisin, which rises opposite to it, a pretty long gorge, in which the Drance is confined in a channel of from twenty to forty feet in breadth, and whose sides shoot up vertically to the height of about a hundred feet, so that the bridge of Mauvoisin, which connects the two sides of the valley, rests upon perpendicular rocks eighty feet above the bed of the river.

"By the side of Mount Pleureur, towards the bottom of the valley, rises Mount Gétro, whose steep sides, formed into steps by the strata of the rocks composing the mountain, and having but little inclination, are in some parts covered with pasturage, where there are many *chalets* in very lofty situations. A very narrow and pretty deep channel separates Mount Gétro from Mount *Pleureur*. The glacier of Gétro is situated at the top

of it, and forms the most advanced point, towards the north, of that great uninterrupted range of glaciers which, from the Great St. Bernard as far as the Simplon, crowns the vast chain of the Alps which divide Switzerland from Piedmont.

"At all seasons, the water of the glacier of Gétro falls in cascades into the ravine, which descends with a very rapid fall into the Dranse, at the upper end of that gorge in the valley where the bridge of Mauvoisin is situated. For some years back, however, the glacier of Gétro has advanced so far upon the ridge of the rocks which form the upper side of this extensive channel, that enormous masses of ice are constantly falling into it from the glacier above, and are swept over by the waters of the cascade, with a tremendous crash. Part of them are caught upon the steep ledges of the rocks of the gorge; the remainder falls down into the bottom of the valley, where these fragments accumulate more or less, according to the quantity of ice which the glacier furnishes, and the season accelerates or retards the melting of them.

"It is not five years since the accumulation of these blocks of ice, falling from the edge of the glacier of Gétro into the bed of the Dranse, began to form a new glacier in the shape of a half cone, whose summit is in the ravine, about a hundred feet above the bed of the river, and whose base so completely fills up this part (always a narrow one) of the Val de Bagne, that the side of this icy cone, inclined to about five-and-forty degrees, leans, to the extent of two hundred feet, against the almost perpendicular base of Mount Mauvoisin, which is opposite to Mount Gétro, in the chain on your right hand as you ascend the valley of Bagne.

"This new glacier, which thus absolutely closes the bottom of the valley, is certainly not exclusively composed of fragments of ice fallen from the top of the

glacier of Gétro: avalanches of snow seem to have had a part in the formation of it; and after this collection of ice and snow became once thick enough to resist the transient heat of the preceding summer, it is clear that the snow of the following winter, added to the new avalanches of ice and snow collected in this fatal ravine, was more than sufficient to enlarge the new glacier, which, by means of rain-water and melted snow filtering into it and freezing anew, composed at last a homogeneous mass of ice, of so enormous a bulk, that the period of its destruction cannot be calculated."

It is in the spring that, in consequence of the melting of the snow and ice in the mountains, the waters of the Dranse begin to rise. In April 1818, the inhabitants of the valley were alarmed by finding that, instead of rising, the Dranse showed a diminution in the quantity of water. Persons were sent up the valley, to ascertain the cause; and they discovered that the gigantic cone, which M. Escher describes as having been suspended over the river from the glacier of Gétro to Mount Mauvoisin, had entirely closed up the passage. It had now become a dyke, which was four hundred feet high, and six hundred wide, with a base of three thousand feet. Behind this dyke, the congregated torrents from the mountains had already formed a lake, more than half a league long; and its magnitude was increasing with frightful rapidity.

This event excited extreme and well-founded alarm throughout the Val de Bagne. In the preceding year, a temporary stoppage had taken place, but the swollen river had burst its way through the obstacle; not, however, without making considerable ravages in various parts of the valley, as it poured along its redundant waves. If the outbreak of a comparatively small quantity had produced such calamitous effects, what might not be dreaded from the present vast accumulation? It was

not to be imagined that the dyke could continue to resist the pressure of the mighty and hourly enlarging mass; and its rupture would spread swift destruction along the whole course of the valley of the Bagne, and probably even down that of the Rhone, as far as the Lake of Geneva.

In this emergency M. Venetz, an eminent engineer of the Valais, was consulted. The plan which he formed was that of cutting a tunnel through the barrier, to carry off gradually the confined waters. The tunnel was to be begun sixty feet above the present level of the lake; M. Venetz calculating that the water would not have risen quite to that altitude before the work was completed. The thickness of the barrier, at the part which was to be excavated, was rather more than six hundred feet. On the 10th of May, the excavation was simultaneously commenced on both sides of the barrier, and the labour was continued, day and night, by gangs of fifty men, who regularly relieved each other. Exposure to wet and cold was not the worst evil with which the labourers had to encounter. During their toil they had the apprehension of imminent and ineludible destruction ever present to their minds. There was no being certain, from one moment to another, that they would not be crushed and buried under huge fragments of ice, or that the dyke would not yield to the pressure of the water, and they be swept away with it. From the glaciers above, blocks of ice, each containing many thousand cubic feet, were every now and then falling around them. But there was another circumstance, which was still more alarming. From the bottom and sides of the dyke, detached with a loud noise by the action of the water, vast masses rose and floated on the surface. Some of these masses were believed to have a thickness of seventy feet.

In spite of these adverse appearances, the workmen

pursued their labour with exemplary courage and perseverance. On the 13th of June, thirty-four days after they began, they completed the tunnel, the length of which was six hundred and eight feet. As a change of temperature had, for some days, caused the water to rise with less rapidity than had been expected, M. Venetz availed himself of this to sink several feet lower the floor of the opening, that the torrent might have more space for egress. At the moment when the forming of the tunnel was brought to a close, the lake had swollen to an immense size. It was from ten to twelve thousand feet long, its medium depth two hundred feet, and its average breadth seven hundred at top, and one hundred at bottom. At least eight hundred millions of cubic feet of water were contained in this enormous reservoir. It was hoped, however, that, in rushing through the tunnel, the water would gradually wear down, and of course lower, the bottom of it, so that the surface of the lake would subside in the same proportion, and thus daily diminish the risk of the rupture of the glacier, and the sudden efflux of the water which it upheld.

It was on the evening of the 13th of June that the water began to issue from the tunnel. For about eighteen hours the lake continued to rise a little; for the channel was not yet sufficiently capacious to give vent even to the streams which incessantly descended from the melting snows and glaciers. But, after that time, the tunnel was so rapidly worn down, by the warmth and friction of the torrent which rushed through it, that, by six o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the lake had sunk ten feet. The drainage now proceeded with such accelerated velocity, that between the morning of the 15th, and six o'clock in the evening of the 16th, the lake had subsided no less than five-and-forty feet. Three *hundred* and thirty millions of cubic feet of water had

passed through the tunnel; sixty millions of which had descended from the mountains in the course of the last three days. Five hundred and thirty millions still remained behind.

This rapid erosion of the channel, and the heavy fall of the outbreaking waters, produced an unforeseen and direful catastrophe. By the evening of the 16th, the floor of the tunnel was reduced from the length of six hundred feet to no more than eight. This, however, would not alone have sufficed to cause the disastrous event which ensued. It was by the action of the descending torrent that the frightful mischief was accomplished. "After the cascade," says M. Escher, "had formed a channel some hundred feet deep in the lower mass of the glacier, and, after penetrating more and more, had at last fallen upon the base of Mount Mauvoisin, which passed under the glacier, and against which the latter rested—the base of the mountain not being at that point composed of rocks, but of a thick mass of *debris* covered with vegetable mould — the cascade, I say, attacked this loose mass, and carried it off by degrees; and thus the water filtering into the earth, which it liquefied, and which was continually growing weaker, found itself at last sufficiently strong to push forward this soft soil from the foot of Mount Mauvoisin, and to wear itself a passage between the glaciers and the layers of the rocks which composed the mountain."

Thus undermined as well as pressed, the barrier could no longer resist the mighty mass of waters. At six o'clock in the evening, on the 16th of June, it gave way with a horrible crash, which resounded through the upper part of the valley, and spread consternation among its inhabitants. Down with lightning swiftness poured the tremendous cataract into the vale, sweeping everything before it. "The great body of the water,"

says M. Escher, "forced its way out with such impetuosity, by the great opening which it had thus forced between the glacier and Mount Mauvoisin, that in half-an-hour the lake was completely emptied, and the five hundred and thirty millions of cubic feet of water which it contained, thundering down into the valley with a rapidity and violence of which no idea can be formed, destroyed everything in their course. It is probable that the rushing out of the lake would have been still more rapid, had it not been for the existence of a narrow gorge immediately below the glacier, between Mount Pleureur and an advanced point of Mount Mauvoisin. The water rushed into this gorge with such force, that it swept away the bridge of Mauvoisin, situated ninety feet above the level of the Dranse, and rose many fathoms above the projecting mass of Mount Mauvoisin. After leaving this narrow channel, the enormous mass of water spread itself over a broader part of the Val de Bagne, which forms a pretty large basin, contracted at the bottom by another gorge of the valley, through which it again escaped with such violence, that it carried off everything which covered the rocks, and even detached some of these, and hurled them into the abyss. A new basin in the valley then received this tremendous liquid mass, which swept on every side the foot of the mountains, carrying thence forests, detached rocks, houses, barns, cultivated land, and laying waste even the base of those steep, but more or less cultivated, sides of the two chains of mountains bordering this unfortunate valley. Many contractions, further down the valley, raised the water to a considerable height, and increased the fury with which it inundated the lower plains, where every obstacle was overthrown and swept away. Enormous heaps of pebbles and rocks, which the floods had carried off higher up, were deposited in the plains, which, but *an instant* before so beautiful and so populous, were now

converted in a moment into a dreary desert. On reaching Chable, one of the principal villages of the valley, the water was confined between the piers of a strong bridge; the body of the flood, which appeared to contain even more *débris* than water, rose more than fifty feet of the Drance, and began to encroach on the inclined plane upon which the church and the greater part of the village are built. A few feet more, and the water would have reached the village and destroyed it. At that important moment the bridge gave way, the houses at its two extremities were swept away; and the passage being now clear, the frightful mass of water and rubbish spread itself over the wide part of the valley, as far as St. Branchier; everything in its course was undermined, destroyed, and carried off. Houses, highways, fields covered with the first crops, noble trees loaded with fruit, everything was swallowed up and devoured. The moving chaos, charged with all these spoils, now throws itself into the narrow valley of St. Branchier à Martigny, through which lies the road of St. Bernard. As yet nothing resists the merciless torrent: all the parapets built along the edge of the Drance are precipitated into the flood, which, reaching Martigny, and escaping from the narrow valley, diffuses itself over the plain forming the great valley of the Rhone; covers the fields and orchards; runs through the town of Martigny; carries off from thence houses and barns; covers the whole plain with thick mud, thousands of trees torn up by the roots, wrecks of houses and furniture, dead bodies of men and animals; and, branching out, at last it precipitates itself into the bed of the Rhine. That river being at the time little affected by the water of the mountain snow, which had not yet begun to melt, received, without farther injury, all that remained moveable of that terrible flood, which had just laid waste one of the finest valleys of the Alps, to the extent of ten leagues in length.

"According to the unanimous testimony of the inhabitants, the flood took up half-an-hour in passing each point which it reached; thus, in the short space of thirty minutes, the whole mass of water of the lake, drawing with it all the *débris*, and forming a column of more than five hundred and thirty millions of cubic feet, passed every part of the valley. The flood then furnished in every second three hundred thousand cubic feet of water. The Rhine, below Basle, where all its waters, from the Tyrol to the Jura, are united, gives, during the season when its waters are highest, about sixty thousand cubic feet of water per second. The flood of the unfortunate valley of Bagne, then, must have contained five times more water than the Rhine bears when at its height. This comparison may aid us to form some idea of the mass of water which produced such dreadful effects."

The loss of life, though lamentable, was not so great as might have been expected; none of the accounts raise to more than fifty the number of those who perished; thirty-four is generally believed to have been the exact number. The inhabitants of the valley had been warned that the fatal event was possible, and had taken precautions accordingly. There were, however, many miraculous escapes. Among them may be reckoned the escape of an English gentleman, and his companions, a young artist and a guide. They had been visiting the works at the dyke, and were on their way back to the village of Bagne, when, chancing to turn round, the Englishman saw with horror the terrific mass of waters sweeping down on them. Calling out at the same time to the guide, who was in advance among a party of travellers with whom they had fallen in, he put spurs to his horse, and ascended the mountain, and was followed by the guide and the travellers. They were barely above its reach when the torrent thundered by *them*. The artist was nowhere to be seen, and it was

feared that he was lost. In the course of a few hours, however, he made his appearance. His mule had carried him away. The sagacious beast happened suddenly to shy at a fallen rock, and, in so doing, it providentially caught a glimpse of the descending cataract. Without waiting for whip or spur, it instantly dashed up the mountain, and never stopped till it had borne its rider far beyond the peril which threatened him.

The inundation destroyed four hundred cottages, and a considerable part of the town of Martigny. The village of Champsee alone lost fifty-two houses; a forest in its neighbourhood was torn out of the ground, and the ancient trees were shattered as though they had been twigs. The whole of the damage done by the inundation was estimated at nearly twelve hundred thousand Swiss livres.

The unfortunate inhabitants of the Val de Bagne had not yet recovered from this calamity, their ravaged fields were still encumbered with the mighty ruin, when indications began to appear, which menaced them with no distant repetition of the same disaster. When the waters burst from their confinement in June, they did not carry away more than a twentieth of the ice which had ineffectually barred their passage. In less than six weeks after the catastrophe, the fall of immense blocks of ice from the circumjacent glaciers had already begun to shut up the recently made aperture. The Drance could not wholly make its way under the masses, and a new lake was consequently formed, which, though shallow, was nearly a quarter of a league in length. The whole contents of the barrier, as it now stood, were calculated to be more than fifty millions of cubic feet, and this enormous quantity would gain a large increase from new avalanches, the snows of the coming winter, and a variety of other powerful causes. A trifling subsidence of the vast dyke, or the formation of ground ice, would suffice

to shut in the Drance once more, and destruction would ensue.

The means of averting this horrible event became an object of deep meditation to men of science in Switzerland. Against the gigantic mound of ice, which bridged the valley, even gunpowder would have been employed in vain, or worse than in vain. "If the most extensive mines were driven into it," says M. Escher, "the force of the powder would either be lost in the crevices which traverse the glacier, or cause new ones; or if, in more favourable circumstances, large blocks were blown up, they would fall upon the glacier, or, rolling perhaps down its side to its base, they would only serve to increase its circumference; and one avalanche would increase and probably double the mass which had been removed with so much expense and danger."

In despair of being able to remove the icy mound, a plan was formed, for opening a tunnel through the calcareous strata at the foot of Mount Mauvoisin, opposite to the glacier. This tunnel, which was to carry off all the water of the upper Drance, must have been at least eight feet broad, ten feet high, and two thousand feet long. Such an undertaking could not be accomplished without a heavy expenditure of time, labour, and money. In a poor country, which was also suffering from its recent losses, there was reason to fear that it might fail. The project was at length superseded, and the danger from inundation turned aside, by the talent of M. Venetz, the same engineer who planned the draining of the lake. He had observed that, in certain cases, the river had the power of cutting off pieces of ice, which then fell into it, and were dissolved. This observation he turned admirably to account. Collecting the rills of the neighbouring mountains, he brought them in a canal to Mauvoisin, in front of the highest part of the glacier where it touched *that* mountain. Thence he conducted the water, by

wooden troughs, on to the glacier. It was divided into two streams, in a direction parallel to the valley, the one falling on one edge of the Drance, the other on the other. Having in its course been warmed by the sun, the streams soon cut deep channels in the ice. Their effect was indeed extraordinary. Though their width was not more than four or five inches, yet, in fine weather, they pierced, in four-and-twenty hours, a hole which was six feet in diameter, and two hundred feet deep. When the cut reached the river, the troughs were removed a few feet, a new cut was made, and, when it was completed, the portion between the two cuts dropped into the river. It was calculated that, on favourable days, a hundred thousand cubical feet of ice was removed from the barrier. The operations were commenced in 1820, at which period the Drance was covered over for a length of one thousand three hundred and fifty feet. So successful, however, was the plan of M. Venetz, that, at the end of the season of 1822, nearly two-thirds of the mass had been severed and floated away, the remainder having an extent of only four hundred and eighty feet. The work has, I believe, been since continued with equal success, and the Val de Bagne is thus relieved from the dread of being once more the scene of such havoc as that which our narrative describes. The fields, however, still bear the deplorable marks of the ravages which they have undergone. As far as the sweeping torrent reached, they are in many places sterilised by deposits of sand and pebbles, and studded by immense blocks of stone; of the magnitude of those blocks the reader may form some idea, from being informed that no less than fourteen or fifteen hundred cubic feet is the quantity which one of them contains.

INUNDATION OF THE RHINE.

Rivers that rise in Alpine countries are subject to frequent and sudden overflowings, which ravage not only the district in which they rise, but also extensive distant territories in their progress to the sea. Among the number of these is the Rhine, which has often devastated the countries through which it passes. A single instance will suffice to show its power of doing mischief. The scene is Mulheim, a pretty little town, which stands on the right bank of the stream, about three miles below Cologne. The event happened in the winter of 1784, which was an extremely severe one. When the Rhine is closed up by the ice, it may be crossed without danger by the heaviest laden waggons; markets even are sometimes established on it. This icy bridge is not composed of a smooth connected sheet, but of huge masses, which, being stopped by some obstacle, accumulate, and become consolidated. In some places it has a thickness of from ten to twenty feet, and its surface is said to resemble one of the fields of lava nearest to the summit of Etna, excepting that they are black, and the ice is white, and shines beautifully in the sun. As soon as ever the ice stops, people begin to cross it, because they know that it will not be likely to move for some time to come, and that, before it does move, a preliminary cracking, which makes a report like a cannon, will give them timely notice.

Such was the state of things, in the winter of 1784, on the banks of the Lower Rhine. But, while the frost was still holding dominion in that quarter, an abrupt thaw took place in Switzerland, and the melted snow poured down in torrents from every mountain. The *Rhine* was speedily swollen to an enormous magnitude.

In the neighbourhood of Mulheim a six weeks' frost had rendered the ice so thick and compact, that the descending flood, vast as it was, could not break up the barrier. The consequence was, that it rose above it, and, not even then having room enough, it burst through the banks, at a bend above Mulheim, and came sweeping down upon the town. The misfortune was made more fearful by its occurring in the night. The water was mingled with immense masses of ice, and wherever it came it carried all before it. As soon as it reached a house, a loud crash was heard, the building disappeared, and only a cloud of dust was visible. Thus, one after the other, nearly a hundred and eighty houses, solidly constructed of brick or stone, were levelled with the ground. The inhabitants were compelled to leap, in the dark, from the upper stories, upon the moving ice, in the hope of being carried to land; for no boat could approach them. So rapidly did the torrent rise, to the height of thirty feet, that all attempts to save any part of their property were fruitless. One of the churches was involved in the widely-spreading ruin; but, happily, the steeple remained undemolished. It was not saved by its strength, but by huge blocks of ice clustering round it, so as to form buttresses. Here sixty or seventy persons found refuge, and were obliged to remain for two days, nearly famished. The rest of the population, except about eighty, who were lost, were collected in one spot, at the highest part of the town, which had not yet been reached by the flood.

The morning dawned upon a melancholy prospect. Instead of buildings, gardens, and fields, nothing was to be seen on any side but a cheerless expanse of water, icebergs, and floating fragments of demolished edifices. House after house was still falling down, as though they had been formed merely of cards. The fate of the inhabitants themselves seemed to be only suspended. If

another hour went by under the same circumstances, the whole of them must inevitably be swallowed up. "Here," says one who was present, "we stood, all like one family, looking on the desolating scene, and awaiting our doom in silent terror or resignation, without the possibility of any help but from above. No! not perhaps quite silent, for there was perhaps not a lip that did not offer up a fervent prayer to the Almighty; and in mercy he did hear them." At this moment, loud reports, like the discharge of artillery, reached the ears of the multitude, and were greeted with shouts of the wildest joy. The mound of ice on the Rhine had yielded to the pressure, and a free passage was opened for the pent-up waters. The deluge immediately began to recede, and in a short time the inhabitants of Mulheim were relieved from the danger of being drowned.

But, though this danger was removed, there was another which still threatened them. The flood had engulfed nearly the whole of their provisions; not a single animal of any kind was left alive. The small quantity of food that remained was now prudently brought into one stock, and secured in public magazines, over which guards were placed. It behoved them to be careful of it, and, accordingly, it was meted out in daily rations, to the rich and poor indiscriminately, in proportion to the number of each family. For three weeks after the flood no conveyance could approach the town; during which time the little that was added to their stock was procured by persons who, at the risk of their lives, scrambled over the ice on foot. As soon as a regular communication was opened with the surrounding country, their wants were liberally supplied by their fellow-countrymen.

The vestiges of the inundation long continued visible. "Lumps of ice were still found lying about in June. *There* was another church, in a higher part of the town,

which had been much exposed, but not carried away. Some weeks after the great floods, a lump of ice was found in the pulpit, supported by other masses from below, of such a size, that by no mode of human contrivance it appeared possible to have brought it through any of the doors or windows."—The land was scarcely dry, before the inhabitants of Mulheim (like the dwellers on Vesuvius and Etna) began to rebuild their fallen abodes. They have not since been exposed to such a calamity as that of 1784; and Mulheim, with a population of three thousand souls, is at this period a thriving town, having considerable manufactures, and a carrying trade upon the Rhine.

INUNDATIONS IN HOLLAND.

THE United States of Holland, which, with more wit than good-nature, the author of Hudibras describes as—

> "A country that draws fifty feet of water,
> In which men live as in the hold of Nature,
> And when the sea does in upon them break,
> And drowns a province, does but spring a leak—"

is, from its peculiar nature, more subject to widely destructive inundations than any other country in Europe. A very large portion of it consists of land conquered from the ocean, or of alluvial soil deposited by the rivers that intersect it. The territory thus gained, which the persevering industry of man has converted into a fertile and populous realm, can be held only by constant attention to guarding against the inroads of the restless element from which it has been won. It is consequently bulwarked in every direction by elevated and massy dykes. So low is the level of the soil, that, when the sea is swelled by a spring tide, or impelled to the shore by a north-west wind, the water on the exterior side of

the dykes is considerably higher than the land within them. The care of watching over these life-preserving mounds was, for more than five centuries, committed to a dyke-grave, or count of the dykes, and a board called the college of Rhineland. In later times it has been entrusted to a permanent council named the Waterstaat. This council consists of two inspectors-general, an inspector, and about a dozen engineers; and, subordinate to it, there are provincial and local colleges of engineers and officers. In this important branch of the public service, many valuable reforms and improvements were made by Louis Bonaparte during the short period that he wore, and not unworthily, the crown of Holland.

The Dutch provinces are exposed to inundation from two quarters, the rivers and the sea. When the Rhine, the Meuse, and the Scheldt, pour down their collected floods, serious damage is frequently done. Zealand, Utrecht, South Holland, and a part of Guelderland, are the principal sufferers on these occasions. But the ravages committed by the sea are more extensively destructive, as they reach from the mouth of the West Scheldt to the mouth of the Ems. When the two causes co-operate, which sometimes happens, the ruin effected is still more terrible.

In the autumn of 1170, a violent tempest arose, which ruptured the dykes along a large portion of the Dutch coast. A considerable part of Zealand, Friesland, and the Kennemerland, was submerged, and the sea penetrated so far into the country, that fish were caught in nets under the walls of Utrecht. Three years afterwards, another irruption took place, by which Utrecht was again endangered.

More than a century elapsed before the occurrence of a similar event of equal magnitude. But this time, in 1287, the ocean succeeded in making a permanent conquest. It attacked the whole of the Batavian shore,

from the Scheldt to the Ems, and overwhelmed an enormous number of human beings and herds of cattle. It was by this inundation that was formed the gulf called the Dollaert, which is more than four leagues long, and divides Groningen from East Friesland. A wide extent of land, though small in comparison with the whole, has since been recovered and secured by massy dykes. This inroad of the waves was turned to his own advantage by Florence V., Count of Holland, who was at war with the Frisons. The bursting of the barriers on the coast of the Zuyder-Zee had separated the various districts of the province, so as to prevent them from uniting their forces, and the consequence was, that they were reduced to subjection by Brederode, whom the count sent against them with a powerful army. Florence had evidently none of that at once humane and chivalrous spirit which, half-a-century later, was manifested by Duke Albert of Austria, while he was at war with the citizens of Basil. Their city having been suddenly ruined, and their bulwarks thrown down by an earthquake, one of his knights remarked to him, that Nature herself had delivered the city into his hands, and he might enter it unresisted. "God forbid," exclaimed the high-minded prince, "that Albert of Austria should slay those who have been wounded by the arm of the Almighty!" and he immediately despatched four hundred labourers to assist the citizens in rebuilding their city.

An inundation which, in 1334, ravaged Holland, Zealand, and Friesland, though it was terrible, was a slight calamity when compared with that which took place in 1421. On the 18th of November, in that year, on St. Elizabeth's eve, a tremendous storm blew from the north-west, and drove the billows against the dykes with irresistible fury, while, at the same time, it penned up the waters of the rivers, and made them rise to an extraordinary height. The frail barriers gave way, and the

whole insular portion of South Holland, containing seventy-two villages, was buried beneath the waves. The city of Dort is said to have been severed from the main land by this irruption. A multitude of people perished. So complete was the destruction, that numerous rich families were reduced to poverty, and even many nobles were reduced to the alternative of entering into foreign military service, or begging their bread in their native country. The vast expanse of water called the Bies Bosch now covers the territory which formed the island of South Holland.

The years 1530 and 1532 were marked by repetitions of the same calamity; in both cases they happened in the beginning of November, and in both they were produced by the north-west winds. By the first of them the whole of Zealand was laid under water, and that province, and also Flanders, was so much injured, that cultivation was suspended, and famine was with difficulty averted. The second was equally fatal, if not more so; the greatest part of Zealand was again inundated; in Holland the water rose a foot above the dykes, which had not happened for a century before; and the dyke which covered West Friesland was ruptured in several places; and such was the intense severity of the winter, that the breaches remained open, it being impossible to repair them. The misery of the sufferers was aggravated by a contagious malady, which swept off the inhabitants of Holland and Zealand; within three months as many thousand persons sunk under it at Ziriczee alone, and the mortality was equally great at Rotterdam and other cities.

When the next visitation of this kind fell upon the Batavian provinces they were already in a calamitous situation; the tyrant sway of the Duke of Alba was pressing upon them; religious dissensions had spread *hatred* and confusion through all ranks of society; and

war of the most hateful species, a civil war, was imminent, unless one of the parties would submit to hold their franchises, their fortunes, and even their consciences and lives, at the mercy of a malevolent despot. On the 1st of November, 1570, a furious north-wester raised the waves to an extraordinary height, and the dykes in several of the provinces gave way before them. Brabant, Flanders, Zealand, Holland, and Utrecht, suffered greatly, and Amsterdam itself was inundated. But, severe as the disaster was to those provinces, it was far more so to Friesland and East Friesland, in which more than twenty thousand lives are said to have been lost. The mortality would have been greater, but for the vigorous and benevolent exertions of Robles, the governor of Groningen, who was indefatigable in providing for the wants of the wretched inhabitants, and saving those who had fled to the rising ground to avoid the flood, and were in danger of perishing there from cold and famine. The calamity which had befallen the Dutch irritated them still more against each other. It took place on All Saints' day, and this induced the Catholics to consider it as vengeance taken by the saints for the sacrilegious insults offered to their images; while, on the other hand, the Protestants held it to be ominous of impending evils, which were the necessary result of religious and civil tyranny. Had their reason not been clouded by passions and prejudices, the one party would not have seen a punishment, nor the other a presage, in an event which was not confined to their coast, but extended along the whole eastern shore of the North Sea, as far as the extremity of Jutland, and is believed to have caused the death of a hundred thousand persons.

Let us pass over the inundations of 1592, 1633, and some of later date, that we may contemplate two memorable events of the same kind, which occurred in the first quarter of the present century. The first of them

happened in the winter of 1808-9, which was remarkable for the damage done by the rivers in many provinces of Germany, particularly in Austria, Bavaria, and Westphalia. Holland, however, still maintained its melancholy pre-eminence in suffering; and, in this instance, the Rhine alone was the agent by which the suffering was inflicted. A little below Emmerik, at the spot where stood the fort of Schenck, celebrated in the war between the Dutch and the Spaniards, the Rhine branches off into two streams, the northernmost of which retains its original name till it reaches Wyk te Dursteede, where it assumes that of Lek. The southern stream is called the Waal, till its waters and its appellation are lost by its junction with the Maas in the neighbourhood of Gorcum. A few miles above Rotterdam, the Lek unites with the Maas. The space included between these dissevered branches of the Rhine is an island between forty and fifty miles long, and of varying width, but never exceeding ten or eleven miles. A small river, the Lingen, or Linge, intersects three-fourths of it longitudinally, and nearly in the middle. This island bears the general name of the Betuwe; but the western portion of it has various local denominations, among which is that of the Alblasserwaert, known also as the five lordships, which forms its termination in that quarter. The Betuwe is extremely fertile, but is so low, that, even in the heat of summer, it is scarcely on a level with the surrounding rivers, and, consequently, whenever there is even a moderate rise of the water, it is placed in jeopardy. Extraordinary precautions are therefore taken to avert or diminish the danger. As the Lingen itself, though not a large river, often makes considerable havoc, and adds greatly to that which is made by the Lek and the Waal, a strong dyke, called the Diefdyke, has been carried across the island, for the purpose of protecting *the* lower part of the Betuwe, in case of the upper part *becoming* a prey to the floods.

Late in the month of January, 1809, the Rhine, swollen by the German tributary rivers, and the drainage from the Swiss mountains, came down upon the Batavian territory with more than wonted violence. The channel of the Lek being encumbered with ice, the flood rushed with irresistible fury into the Waal, the dykes of which were unable to withstand it, and two enormous breaches were made in them at the villages of Lent and Lœnen, above and below Nimeguen, through which the stream poured in cataracts. The torrents were joined by those which flowed from the Lingen, and no long time elapsed before the whole eastern division of the Betuwe was inundated, and the turbulent waters, which rose higher every moment, were dashing impetuously against the Diefdyke. Gorcum, threatened on one side by this enemy, and on another by the Waal, seemed on the verge of destruction.

Such was the situation of affairs when Louis Bonaparte, who then reigned over Holland, hastened to Gorcum to see what could be done for his afflicted subjects. He has himself described the distressing scene. "It was to the Diefdyke," says he, "that the king immediately bent his way with the officers of the Waterstaat. What a melancholy spectacle was this new sea, the waves of which were incessantly rising, and beat heavily against the feeble rampart of a long and narrow dyke, that trembled at every blow from the waves, which had now almost reached its summit. The peasants assembled in a body, according to the custom of the country, were ranged in a line along the dyke, and were labouring boldly to strengthen it. After having inspected this part and the town of Gorcum, the king, on the 28th of January, crossed, not without difficulty, the mouth of the inundation and of the Linge, under the wall of the town, and found himself on the great dyke of the Waal, at the villages of Wieuren and Dalen. The dyke had

been perforated here to hasten the flowing off of the inundation into the Waal; but as long as the breaches on the same dyke, fifteen leagues higher, were not closed, and continued to feed the flood, no great improvement could be expected. An idea of the rapidity of the water may be formed from the difference of level between the ruptures at Lent and Lœnen, made by the invasion of the Waal, and the cuts which were made at Wieuren and Dalem to let out the flood, since by the first the waters fell in a cascade into the Betuwe, and by the second, which were situated fifteen leagues lower, the same waters equally fell in cascades from the Betuwe into the river.

"The towns, villages, and single houses were completely blocked up. The buildings at the foot of the dyke had only this refuge; and what refuge was a narrow causeway, constantly pressed and threatened by a furious river on the one hand, and on the other by a newly-formed sea which was continually rising! This long and narrow dyke might justly be compared to a path in the midst of the sea, or rather to an islet, for the end of it, by which the king had entered, had so difficult and dangerous an outlet, that it might be considered as about to become quite impassable; at the other end, towards Nimeguen, the ruptures rendered all egress impossible. The situation of a person on this confined spot was a disagreeable one; when he was at the points of the various windings and turnings, he seemed to be entirely insulated in the midst of the inundation; frequently the water on the two sides of the dyke seemed to meet at the spot towards which he was moving. If to this picture we add that of the misery and gloomy despair of a multitude of inhabitants who had fallen almost abruptly from a state of comfort to the want of the common necessaries of life; if we reflect on the rigour of the season, and the difficulty of traversing *a country* covered by a deluge and by masses of ice and

the fragments of the disaster; we may form some conception of this theatre of desolation. The king had the courage and patience to explore it thoroughly for two days and a night. He went to the town of Thiel, and, after having had a few hours' rest, he proceeded to the breach at Lœnen, which he attentively examined, but which it was impossible to pass. He was, therefore, for the present, compelled to desist from attempting to visit the breach at Lent, situated beyond that of Lœnen. He was obliged to cross over all the inundated places a second time; he succeeded in making his way over the outlet of the inundation at Wieuren and Dalem, but with infinite difficulty and loss of time, and at last reached Gorcum on the night of the 30th of January."

After his arrival, he was about to rest for awhile, when information was brought to him that a part of the town was in danger from the inundation, which, along with the waters of the Linge, passed at the foot of the ramparts to discharge itself into the Waal. He went to the spot with some of his officers and the engineers of the Waterstaat, and found that the water had made an opening through an old house, and had already entered several streets. The city guard and the carbineers of the royal guard were immediately employed to unpave the streets, and tear down the adjoining houses, and throw into the gap the materials thus obtained. He himself remained in the streets during the whole of the night giving the necessary orders, and encouraging the troops and townsmen. When the stopping of the breach was completed, additional works were commenced, to secure the vulnerable parts of the place, and the danger which impended over Gorcum was at length averted.

But, though Gorcum was rescued, all efforts to ward off the scourge from the western division of the Betuwe were exerted in vain. About the middle of the following day the Diefdyke gave way at the village of Pedichem,

not far from Gorcum, and the waters rushed forward unrestrained to the farthest extremity of the Alblasserwaert. As the peasants, who were working on the Diefdyke, could no longer be of service there, they were allowed to return to their several districts, or were employed in other quarters to lessen the injury which could not be wholly prevented. The dykes of the Alblasserwaert were cut through near Pendrecht, the lowest point of the island, that the water might be drained off as early as possible. Louis then visited the towns and villages, and many of the lone houses on the new line of devastation, to comfort and encourage the inhabitants, send assistance wherever it was required, and reward those who were most active in their exertions. He also ordered Nieupoert and Vianen to be entrenched and provisioned, to serve as a refuge for the fugitives and their cattle, provided various other places of shelter on the right bank of the Lek, appointed young and intelligent naval officers to open and keep up a communication with such villages as were surrounded by the flood, and, lastly, succeeded in conveying succour to the inhabitants of Buren over two leagues of inundated territory. The exemplary conduct of the ministers of the gospel, throughout this trying period, drew from the Dutch monarch a warm testimony to their merits, and, in some instances, more substantial proofs of the feelings of admiration which they inspired. He says of them, that "there was not one of them who was not at his post, that is to say, amidst his parishioners, heartening up, consoling, and directing them, and fully supplying the place of all the constituted authorities, who were often absent."

The most heart-rending scenes took place during this inundation. In every quarter of the Betuwe was seen the sad spectacle of parents vainly striving to save their children, husbands and wives separated, and expiring under the eyes of each other. An example or two will

suffice to show the direful situation of the victims. At Westerwoord, a miller, whose house was surrounded by the water, had succeeded in extricating his wife and four children, and placing them in a tree. While he was putting a fifth child into a tub, the tree was swept away, and his family was plunged into the torrent. He made repeated efforts to save them, but they were unavailing, and he saw them all perish. He fainted at the sight, and was himself swallowed up. Only the infant in the tub escaped. At Neerrynen, a farmer, named Boestra, witnessed the destruction of his house and five-and-twenty head of cattle, but contrived to convey his wife to a place of safety. He hastily went back to the spot, in order to rescue the four children. Loving the whole of them equally, he could not resolve to carry them away singly, as by so doing the last might be lost, and he therefore clasped them all in his arms. But the burthen was too much for his strength, they dropped from his grasp, and the father and his offspring became a prey to the merciless waves.

By this inundation, several hundred human beings, and several thousand animals of various species, were drowned; more than six hundred houses, besides innumerable barns and other buildings, were destroyed, and above a thousand were damaged in a greater or lesser degree. To relieve the survivors, everything that was possible was done both by the government and the people. "The Dutch nation," says Louis, "distinguished itself by its generosity. There was not an individual who was not desirous to contribute to the relief of his fellow-countrymen; the children were seen offering their pocket money, the soldiers their pay, the mechanics their earnings, and the servants their wages. The single city of Leyden, which had scarcely yet recovered from the disaster of 1807 *, subscribed on this occasion a sum of nearly fifty thousand florins."

* See p. 342.

Destructive as was the inundation of 1809, it was far transcended by another, which occurred in 1825. I shall borrow the description of it, entire, from a writer who traversed the country while the vestiges of the calamity were still painfully apparent. His animated narrative was given to the world in a periodical of sterling merit, which nevertheless has been long extinct, and I will not injure its effect by alteration or abridgement. "The end of the year 1824, and the commencement of 1825," says he, "will be long remembered in other parts of Europe as well as in Holland. About the beginning of the winter months, extraordinary storms prevailed on all parts of the Continent, but particularly in its higher regions and mountain ranges. Water-spouts and torrents of rain descended in Switzerland and the Black Forest, not only sufficient to damage the districts on which they fell, but to overthrow dykes and embankments, to cover whole valleys, and sweep away whole villages with their inhabitants and cattle. Wirtemberg, Baden, and the countries situated near the Alps, first felt this dreadful visitation. The valleys of the Necker and the Rhine towards Heidelberg and Manheim, were entirely overflowed and dreadfully damaged. Similar calamities were experienced in Hanover, Prussia, and other parts of Germany. While all the rivers that discharge themselves into the North Sea and the Baltic were thus carrying to their shores the evidences of their violence, a tempest, which swept along the whole of those seas from west to east, concentrating its fury in the Gulf of Finland, produced the most unheard-of calamities at Cronstadt and St. Petersburg, sweeping away or nearly destroying the harbour, the fortresses, the arsenal, and the imperial magazines of the former place, dashing the shipping in pieces, or throwing it out on the land; and demolishing in the latter, wholly, or in part, about five thousand *houses*, destroying an incalculable amount of private and

public property in warehouses and magazines, and drowning or overwhelming amid the ruins of their dwellings four hundred and eighty individuals.

"The people of Holland heard such accounts with dismay, particularly the intelligence of the ravages committed by the Rhine in the upper part of his course. In his irresistible fury he had overleaped or demolished his embankments, a thousand feet above the level of the sea; and what might not be dreaded from the force of his accumulated waters, descending on the Dutch territory, the highest point of which is only about thirty-two feet above the same level! The height of these dykes and causeways along his banks is not more than twenty-four feet; and if the water exceeded this elevation, their wealthiest towns and most prosperous villages—their homes and harbours—their fields and gardens—the fruits of their industry, and the monuments of their power, must have been overwhelmed in one common ruin. The water in most places had actually ascended to the top of the dykes. In some parts of the country these ramparts threatened to yield, in others, they had even been slightly broken: every stream was covered with wrecks, every canal leaned against a tottering embankment. In a few days the greater rivers must have overflowed the causeways, and Batavia must have returned for a time to the state in which it is described by Tacitus. A wind suddenly springing up, and blowing these accumulated waters into the sea, saved it from the threatened inundation. This blessed wind was aided by the most active exertions of the Waterstaat. Breaks in the dykes were filled up, the windmills aided the discharge, and the threatening danger was for the present averted.

"It was not for nearly six weeks afterwards, and then not from the same quarter, that devastation and misery came. The 3rd, 4th, and 5th of February 1825, were

the fatal days for the coast of Holland, and a tempest occurring at spring tide was the cause. On the 1st and 2nd of that month, the wind blew from the south-west, and the weather was extremely mild. The waters of the canals and rivers were thus discharged into the sea in great abundance, and without danger. On the evening of the 2nd, the wind veered round to the north-west, where it continued till the night of the 5th. The direction of the wind, the violence of the storm, and the state of the tide, caused at Amsterdam, and along the whole sea coast, the greatest alarm on the morning of Wednesday the 3rd. The flood of Wednesday rose higher than any ordinary spring tide. But a greater tide was still to be dreaded, and on the morning of Friday (the 5th) the water rose twenty-six inches higher than on any former day. The wind still continued in the north-west, accompanied with storms of thunder and lightning; so that, from the direction of the gale, the waves did not subside at low water to more than half their usual ebb. The tide of Friday evening (the 5th), was to be the highest, and was looked forward to with proportional alarm. It rose higher by six inches than during the destructive tempests of 1808, and higher than any of which there are authentic records. The cause of this no doubt was the accumulation of waters in the North Sea and Zuider Zee, by the prevalence of south-west winds, and their precipitation on the Dutch coast by the change of their direction from south to north. In the night of the 5th, all was confusion and terror at Amsterdam. In some places the waves had surmounted their barriers, and the cellars of some parts of the lower town were flooded. In other places the water had got up to the doors. The alarm-bells sounded, and the inhabitants were called to provide for their common safety. Some ran to the dykes with all the materials *they could* collect to heighten or strengthen them.

Some took up their carpets, and were preparing to carry the most precious portions of their furniture to the higher quarters of the town, or the upper stories of their houses. The authorities were all at their post to direct the employment of the means of safety, or to preserve the public tranquillity. On every side terror and dismay prevailed. Every one anticipated from the raging waves a destruction, from which he saw no prospect of escape. Half an hour longer of continued storm, or the slightest rise in the tide, must have laid the greatest part of the Dutch capital and of its treasures under water. Nothing could have prevented this catastrophe but the change of wind, which suddenly took place a little after midnight.

"The capital was thus saved; but as soon as the tempest permitted communication from without, the cry was heard from the opposite side of the harbour, that a *doorbraak* of the dykes had taken place, and that the fairest portion of its neighbourhood was inundated. On the 4th, the violence of the waves had burst through the causeway or mole of Durgerdam, a village on the Zuider Zee, about six or seven miles east of Amsterdam, and poured irresistibly upon North Holland, spreading from the dyke which encloses one side of the harbour of Amsterdam, to the beautiful town of Alkmaar on the north-west, to Edam on the east, and to Beverwyk on the west. The inundation thus spread over more than a third part of North Holland, extending upwards of twenty miles from north to south, and about twenty-five miles from east to west, and covering a space of more than twice the size of the sea of Haarlem, which is stated to contain about sixty thousand acres. Within this circuit are the considerable towns of Edam, Monnikendam, and Purmerende, which became a prey to the deluge; the celebrated village of Broek, the manufacturing villages of Wormerveer, Zooddyk, and many others, whose names

are unknown to the general reader, were likewise overflowed. The inundation did not, of course, rise to an equal height, or produce an equal havoc, over the whole of this space. Two or three of its most fertile districts were entirely protected by their own local dykes, propped up, repaired, and defended, by the enterprise and activity of the peasants*. In some other quarters of it the waters did not rise so high as to damage the houses, while over a large portion of its southern and eastern divisions, the waves mounted nearly to the tops of houses and trees, and produced a total devastation. The wretched inhabitants were in general saved by the rapidity of their flight to the nearest little eminences above water, or by the activity of the boatmen of Amsterdam, joined to those of their own neighbourhood. A great portion of the cattle were likewise rescued by the same means. So that, by this part of the inundation, not more than five or six persons were drowned, and about a thousand head of cattle lost. The damage, however, in other respects, was immense. The lands of an extensive country were laid under water, from which they will not be for years entirely cleared. Woods, and ranges of trees, and shrubberies, and nurseries, and pleasure-grounds, and gardens, were entirely destroyed; whole villages were

* The Beemster, a district consisting of ten thousand acres, which was entirely a lake or marsh in 1612, and which, being drained in four years afterwards, constituted one of the most beautiful spots in North Holland, was of the number. It is traversed by high dykes at short intervals, which cross each other at right angles, forming it into regular divisions like the squares of a chessboard. Sir W. Temple was struck with the beauty of this district, in less than a century after it was redeemed from the stagnant waters. He tells us that "The Beemster is so well planted with gardens, orchards, rows of trees, and fertile enclosures, that it makes the most pleasant landscape ever seen." What can withstand the enterprise and industry of such a people! Happily this delightful spot and "pleasant landscape" remained untouched amid the *deluge, owing* to its high dykes and active peasantry.

thrown down or rendered uninhabitable; manufactories and mills were swept away; farm-houses and villas, with their furniture, their stores, their provisions, their carriages, their instruments, and the fruits of last year's industry, and the hopes of this, were all overwhelmed in one common ruin.

"When we saw this scene of devastation, in the beginning of August 1825, a large portion of ground towards the north and west had been partially cleared. To the north of the causeway or dyke, which leads from Amsterdam to the celebrated village of Broek, the higher ridges of the meadows had risen above the water, and were again replenished with cows, which the peasants came in boats to milk. The same appearance was presented by all the country around the populous and manufacturing town of Zaardam, and towards the east and north. But towards the right of the causeway leading to Broek, and as far as the Zuider Zee, all was a raging flood. The sight of this unfortunate district was then as well calculated to impress the spectator with an idea of the frightful calamity by which it had suffered, as on the day after the inundation. The broken and shattered causeway, over which you pass, acted like an embankment to the great remaining lake, and bore evidence of having been under it. The almost uninterrupted range of villas and garden trees, which covered its side for five or six miles, were half immersed in water. The houses had either been undermined, and partially swept away, or were left supporting their roofs by fragments of walls and portions of their frame-work. Sometimes the lower story was washed away, and the ground floor was under water, while the second story and attics rose, like a beaver's retreat, above the flood. The glass, though partially shattered, was still in the upper windows —the cheerful Delft tile chimneys or fire-places were seen through the ruins, and the planks or boarding of

the floors were either lying on the ground, or scattered like sea-wrecks along the dyke. All these things seemed left in the state in which the inundation had placed them —showing either that their unfortunate proprietors, having lost their habitations and their grounds, disdained to pick up the meaner fragments of the ruin, or that they waited with patience till, by the withdrawing of the sea, they could again return to their ancient residence. Even the damaged haystacks, which had been provided for the winter food of the cattle, now destroyed or dispersed, rose, untouched and unpillaged, from the waters. The rows of trees, which shaded the houses on the side of the causeway, or adorned the gardens toward the meadows, came bare and leafless out of the waves; their roots being destroyed by the sea-water, and their branches covered with mud.

" The gates of many of the villas were still standing, and retained inscriptions (such as '*luist en rust*,' pleasure and repose), which contrasted strangely with the frightful and deplorable visitation which interrupted the retirement, and dispersed the families of their terrified inmates. On several of these gates the pride of the little Dutch nimrod of snipes and wild ducks still remained emblazoned, in the seignorial intimation of '*privativ jaght*,' (preserved sporting ground), by which he warned off poachers and intruders from his manor. The distinctions of manorial property had ceased at the bottom of this new sea, and the sportsman required no licence where the waves would pay attention to no notice. Abundance of curlews and other aquatic birds, together with flocks of sea-fowl, then sported over the waters which covered his meadows, or sheltered themselves among the ruins of his habitation.

" As the waters were drawn off, however, the ancient land-marks of property appeared; and towards the east *of Broek*, the verdure of the extensive ranges of meadow

ground, which had been cleared, was variegated with the white gates and stiles, which marked the limits of farms and enclosures.

"It would have been happy for the Dutch if this had been the whole or even the greater part of the damage done to their country at the beginning of February 1825, but this was only a small portion of the calamity. The same high tide, the same violent tempest of wind and rain, and the same irresistible pressure of the water against the dykes, extended round the whole interior of the basin of the Zuider Zee. In many places its sea-bulwarks were driven down, in others the waters rose above them, and poured over them with a full flood, into the devoted country below, for five or six hours, without obstacle or interruption. The consequence was, that a large portion of the extensive provinces of Overyssel, Friesland, and Groningen, was deluged in a single night, and filled as brimful to the level of the sea, as if no barrier had existed to check its fury.

"In East Friesland and Overyssel especially, the inundation was terrific, and the damage immense. Out of the thirty-two lordships of which the former consists, only five escaped the flood. The rest were all partly or entirely overflowed, and more than one hundred thousand acres of the most fertile land converted into a salt water lake. The flood in this quarter rose four feet above the dykes, and poured in upon the country below in a continuous stream. It was impossible to resist, and difficult by the most rapid flight to escape its fury. Men, cattle, and every living thing, fell a sacrifice to its rage. In many of the villages and farm steadings, not a house was left standing, nor was a head of cattle saved. The number of men who perished in the waters, or were crushed to death by their falling houses, amounted to about one hundred. In one lordship only, the number of black cattle drowned amounted to more than a thou-

sand. We have before us a popular little work, published by a native of Friesland, giving an account, partly from official papers, and partly from personal observation and correspondence, of the extent of the inundation in each separate lordship or district of his own province, and of the amount of the loss occasioned by it; mixed with some striking and circumstantial details of the chief *door-craaks* and *over-loops* (ruptures and over-toppings) of the dykes, of the progress of the waters, of the means adopted by the inhabitants to save their lives when they had lost their property, and of the appalling wretchedness which they endured from hunger, thirst, and cold, before they could be finally rescued from their perilous situation. In some places the villages and churches were raised a little above the level of the fields and meadows. Thither the peasants, therefore, ran for safety. In the church of the village of Wolvega, for instance, four hundred of these wretched beings took refuge from the surrounding flood, without being able to carry with them a single article of food, or rag of clothing, and remained benumbed with cold, or perishing with hunger, till the arrival of the means of relief.

"In other cases, four or five hundred of them were found crowded together in the market-place, among falling houses—exposed to the inclemency of a wintry sky, and every sort of physical destruction. In one case, where a multitude had retreated to the shelter of a church, its roof was set on fire by lightning. The miserable victims of the inundation thus saw their lives contested by the two fiercest elements of nature, and were threatened to be burned in the midst of the deluge. These sacred edifices, though often raised on higher ground, and made of more durable materials, than the cottages of the peasant, or the houses of the village, were sometimes, like them, unable to withstand the weight of *the flood*, and, falling down, again exposed the wretched

refugees to the inclemency of the storm. Sometimes, when the houses left standing were sufficient to receive the shivering outcasts of those which had fallen, the churches were converted into cow-houses, or stables for the remnant of the rescued cattle;—for such deep and overpowering calamities confound all conventional distinctions of places and things, and substitute an irresistible necessity for sentiment and feeling. The devouring element, which had swallowed up the dwellings of the living, and even disinterred the coffins of the dead, left neither time, power, nor inclination, to attend to the sacredness of an open asylum. The churches, where found standing, were therefore converted indiscriminately into hospitals, stables, or storehouses. To what other purpose could they now be destined? The dreadful catastrophe happened near the close of the week. In a few hours the Sunday approached, and the village bell would have called the people to the house of prayer. But it had previously sounded the tocsin of alarm, and hastened them to other scenes. Instead of indulging in peaceful worship, they were now called to fly from their homes, or to struggle for their lives—to hear the bellowing of their drowning cattle, or the crash of their falling houses—to escape in crowded boats over their flooded farms, or to attempt a safe standing on the labouring dykes, against which they saw their household furniture, their agricultural implements, their winter stores, their all, dashed like the foam of a surf. In such a scene of suffering, in such an immeasurable desolation, 'waste and wild,' the strong walls of the churches, instead of being profaned, were doubly consecrated by offering a place of refuge. Many of the houseless outcasts of the inundation continued to occupy this kind of retreat till the middle of March, supplied with clothes and food by the charity of their less suffering neighbours.

"As the district called Hestslellengwerf suffered

more than most of the other districts of the province, we may just state the amount of the damage. It lost eight hundred and thirty-six horned cattle, above two years old, and five hundred and forty-nine below that age; or in all, one thousand three hundred and eighty-five; eighteen horses, two hundred and sixty-five sheep, and fifty-four goats; fifteen thousand one hundred and seventy-seven roods of peats, and more than a million of pieces of timber. Besides this, one hundred and sixty-six farm steadings and hamlets were injured, damaged, or entirely swept away. The lordship of Lemsterland sustained nearly as great damage. In one of its minute divisions, out of one hundred and eighty-two houses, only twenty-five remained entire, and fifty were entirely swept away. In two small hamlets four hundred cattle were lost. In two other districts upwards of a thousand of the previously wealthy inhabitants remained, towards the middle of March, deprived of all their property, destitute of everything, and dependent for their daily support on the charity of others. The breaches made in the dykes, the carrying off of farm produce, the loss in provisions, fuel, and furniture, the destruction of trees, whose roots the salt water had withered—and the ruin of more than twenty square miles of excellent land, for a year or two to come, presented an overwhelming mass of damage, in this province, of which it would be difficult to calculate the amount.

"But the devastation of Friesland was small compared with that of Overyssel, though the extent of the inundation was greater. In the latter province, according to official reports, more than two hundred and fifty men were known to be drowned, and others had disappeared who were supposed to be lost; ninety thousand acres of the best land were deluged, one thousand five hundred houses were entirely swept away, and double the number greatly damaged; fourteen thousand

large cattle destroyed, besides sheep and smaller animals; and four thousand families, previously in wealthy or comfortable circumstances, entirely ruined, and left to depend on public charity or national compensation. The loss in manufactories, magazines, tanneries, salt-works, windmills, stores, trees, dykes, and other establishments, was almost incalculable.

"In the higher province of Gelderland, the inundation was likewise frightful and destructive, though not so extensive nor ruinous as in the two bordering states. It drowned about thirty persons, and carried off more than one thousand cattle. It advanced so far as to threaten even the dykes of the province of Utrecht. Groningen, East Friesland, and Emden, likewise suffered severely; all the country at the mouth of the Ems, and for several miles into the interior, being laid under water, both from the sea and the river.

"We have only room further to mention, that a province, with some parts of which Englishmen are better acquainted, namely, that of Zealand, which includes Walcheren and the other islands at the north of the Scheldt, and the Meuse, sustained great damage in the breaches made in its dykes and bulwarks, and in the destruction of inanimate property, though only one life was lost, and no extensive ruin occasioned. The streets of Middleburgh and Flushing were laid under water, and considerable injury was done to the houses. The activity of the burgomaster, and the zealous co-operation of the inhabitants of the latter port, prevented more extensive calamities, by filling up the breaches as soon as they were made. The whole island was in most imminent danger. The islands of Schowen, Tholen, and South Beveland, had likewise to lament the violence of the storm, and the pressure of the water on their bulwarks. But the most extensive inundation which took place on the western side of the United Provinces,

was that which proceeded from the overflowing of the Bieschboch, near Dort, itself an inland sea, proceeding from a similar convulsion, which is said, in 1421, to have occasioned the destruction of seventy-two villages, and the death of one hundred thousand inhabitants. The deluge of February 1825, covered about six thousand acres of fertile land, and threatened with destruction the city and island of Dort. The water rose ten feet in the streets of the suburbs. Considerable damage was done, both here and on the Meuse, at Rotterdam.

"All along the coast of the German Ocean, from Ostend, the ramparts of which were partially damaged, and seriously endangered, to the Helder, in North Holland, and the islands which act like breakwaters at the entrance of the Zuider Zee, the tempest extended, and the sand-banks and dykes were injured. At the Helder, the immense blocks of granite, brought from Norway to compose a durable sea-wall, were unable to withstand the violence of the waters, and were scattered about like pebbles. Most of the cluster of islands which we have mentioned (we mean the Texel, Vlielandt, Der Schelling, and Amelandt) were inundated and greatly damaged.

"Only a wealthy and industrious people could repair the public injury, or enable the sufferers to support their individual losses. And, perhaps, if there has occurred a similar calamity, there has seldom been displayed more generosity or greater munificence to alleviate its pressure. Every boat at Amsterdam was put in requisition, and every hand that could pull an oar was engaged, to save the lives and rescue the property of the inundated districts in the neighbourhood of the capital. Clothes, food, drink, necessaries of all kinds, were liberally supplied for the use of the sufferers. The gratitude of the inhabitants for their own deliverance, seemed to overflow in charity to their less fortunate brethren. In two *days* after the inundation, nine hundred human beings,

and twelve hundred cattle, were received, housed, fed, and protected, by the benevolence of the citizens of the capital. The same feeling of generosity was as universal as the distress which called for its exercise. We find it relieving at the houses of the wealthy, or supporting in the churches and hospitals of Friesland, Overyssel, and Gelderland, hundreds of wretched outcasts whose 'homes were in the deep.' The feeling became general in the nation, extending from the king down to his least affluent subject—from the capital to the most retired village."

PERILS AND SUFFERINGS FROM AVALANCHES AND LANDSLIPS.

AVALANCHES, &c. IN SWITZERLAND, ITALY, AND THE CAUCASUS.

All alpine countries are subject to a formidable scourge, which not only endangers travellers, but also, and not unfrequently, spreads destruction to a wide extent. This scourge consists of accumulations of snow descending from an elevated situation, and known in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, by the names of avalanches, lavanges, volancas, and lauinen. They have a twofold action, which extremely increases their destructive power; for, even when they do not overwhelm or sweep away by their weight, they often destroy by the compression and agitation of the air which they produce. This disturbance of the air is so violent, that it acts like a hurricane, kills men and cattle, and beats down trees and dwellings. Spring is the time when avalanches are most common; as the snow is then softened by the heat of the sun, and has consequently a greater tendency to slide down the slopes on which it has fallen. The natives of Switzerland distinguish them into four classes—powdery avalanches, avalanches in mass, creeping or tardy avalanches, and glacier avalanches. The first class consists of those which break into powder, and which, generally, are less pernicious by their weight, than by the commotion which they cause in the air. These, as they fall, shine like quicksilver or a silvery cloud, and make a noise like distant thun-

der. The avalanches in mass are far more dangerous. During their downward career, they every moment increase in magnitude, till, on reaching the vale, they overthrow or bury villages, human beings, trees, forests, and whatever else stands in the line of their whirlwind march. The creeping avalanches are those which, from their moving along a very slightly inclined plane, are sluggish in their progress. The glacier avalanches are masses of ice which are detached from the glaciers; a circumstance which is not unusual in summer. They are, in general, less injurious than the three other kinds. An avalanche not seldom changes its character before it reaches the ground. If one of the creeping species chances to reach a rapid plane, it becomes a glacier in mass, and if it should subsequently fall abruptly on the angle of a rock, it may be shattered by the collision, and thus transformed into a powdery avalanche. Cases now and then occur, in which these terrific masses, instead of burying the objects which stand in their way, drive them forward, and deposit them at a considerable distance. In 1806, one of them, which fell in the Val Calanca, transported a whole forest to the other side of the valley, and planted a fir-tree on the roof of the rector's house.

The following instance of the effects of a powdery avalanche occurred in 1808 in the Oberland, a part of the canton of Berne. About six o'clock in the evening, on the 12th of December, an avalanche of this kind descended on the hamlet of Schärmatt, and swept away three houses; one of which was hurried along for three hundred yards, and some of its fragments were wafted more than thrice as far. In one of the houses two persons were smothered, and five in the other. In the third house, which was removed to the greatest distance, were six children with their uncle. Part of the children were in bed, the rest were sitting at a table learning their catechism. All at once the light was extinguished

by the hurricane, deep darkness surrounded them, and they felt themselves enveloped in snow, and whirled away. A deep ditch ultimately stopped the progress of the building. Happily the inmates were not crushed by the shattered fabric. The uncle soon recovered his presence of mind, and began to grope among the snow for the children; some he seized by the legs, and some by the arms, and, after a long search, he found them all, and not seriously injured. He took them to a neighbouring barn, where, almost naked, they were obliged to spend the rest of a dismal and inclement night. At the time when the avalanche fell, the father was absent at a distant cow-house, and was detained there by the storm. In the morning he returned to where his home had been, and was horror-struck on finding that it was gone, and with it, as he supposed, the whole of his family. His fears with respect to his children and brother were, however, speedily removed, and his meeting with them was so affecting, as to draw tears even from the most rugged of the by-standers. On the same evening a second avalanche fell, which was fatal to all the inhabitants of another house. The only living thing that survived was a little dog, which had taken refuge in the cellar, and jumped out of it barking as soon as the ruins were removed. Here, again, the hurricane manifested its terrific power. Several cow-houses with all the cattle in them were torn from the ground, and driven like chaff before the wind. But it gave a still more extraordinary proof of its might. A barn, full of hay, was impelled five hundred paces through the air, to the opposite side of the river, where it descended in its usual position, and without its contents being in the least disarranged.

When the fallen snow is not of too great a thickness, and the buildings are not crushed, the victims who are under it have a chance of being saved, as its porous

nature allows sufficient air to pass through to keep up respiration. In 1749, almost the whole village of Tauetsch, in the Grisons, was one night overwhelmed by an avalanche, which, probably from its force being nearly spent, descended so noiselessly, that the inhabitants were not aware of their misfortune, and, when they awoke in the morning, wondered why the day did not break. Of a hundred persons who were enveloped in the snow, sixty were extricated unhurt.

A remarkable instance is on record of three persons surviving an imprisonment of five weeks under an avalanche. In the valley of the Upper Stura at the foot of the Alps, not far from the fortress of Demonte in Piedmont, is the little hamlet of Bergoletto. In the winter of 1755, the falls of snow had been so uncommonly heavy, that the inhabitants of the hamlet began to fear that the weight would break through the roofs of their houses. On the 19th of March, therefore, they thought it prudent to get upon the roofs to remove the superincumbent mass which endangered them. Among those who were employed in this manner were Joseph Roccia and his son, a youth of fifteen; while they were thus engaged, the clergyman, who was leaving his home to proceed to the church, heard a noise from the mountains, and, casting up his eyes, he saw two avalanches descending towards the village. He called to Joseph and his son to come down, and then retreated into his own dwelling. Roccia obeyed the call, and fled towards the church. He had not, however, run more than forty yards, when his son fell down close behind him. On turning round to assist him, he was struck with horror to see that his own abode, and the habitations of several of his neighbours, were covered by an enormous pile of snow; not a vestige of a house was visible in that part of the hamlet. His wife, his sister, his family, and all that he possessed on earth, was gone. The shock was

too much for him, and he swooned away. His son, however, partially recovered him, and they took shelter in a friend's house at a short distance from the scene of destruction. But for five days the unfortunate Roccia was unable to make any exertion for ascertaining the full extent of his loss.

When the peasants had shaken off the terror and depression which such an event must necessarily occasion, they set about inquiring into the amount of mischief that was done, and trying whether it was possible to save anything of life or property from the wreck. They found that thirty houses were destroyed, and that twenty-two persons were missing, among whom was the parish priest who had given the alarm, and who had been their pastor for forty years. The mount of snow which lay over the ruined dwellings was about forty-two feet high, two hundred and seventy long, and sixty wide. Assistance was poured in from the neighbouring valleys, whence more than three hundred peasants came forward to join in the labours of the villagers. But their help was at first unavailing. They sounded the snowy pile with iron rods, to discover the roofs of the buried houses, and they attempted to commence the removal of the avalanche, but the thickness of the mass was so great, and the snow continued to fall from the clouds in such abundance, that they could make no discovery, nor diminish the heap; and, after having toiled for several days, they were obliged to discontinue their fruitless exertions, and wait till the setting in of the warm winds, which takes place at the beginning of April, should have partly melted down the gigantic mass.

On the 18th of April the villagers returned to their melancholy task. Roccia was among the most active of them, though he had no hope whatever that he should behold any of his family alive. All that he expected was the mournful satisfaction of committing their remains

to consecrated earth. Assisted by his son and a brother-in-law, he laboured diligently, made new openings, and scattered earth on the snow, to accelerate the melting of the latter by the absorption of heat. By the 24th of April he had advanced so far, that, after breaking through six feet of ice, he could touch the ground with a long pole. On the following day he was joined by a second brother-in-law from Demonte, who, the preceding night had dreamed that his sister was still alive, and begged of him to assist her. The four set to work vigorously, and made their way into the house, but no one, dead or living, was there. As it was probable that, at the fatal moment, the victims had sought for shelter in the stable, which was about a hundred feet from the house, Roccia and his companions directed their efforts towards that quarter. After they had burrowed for some time, one of them thrust a pole through an aperture, and, on withdrawing it, heard a hoarse faint voice, which said, "Help, dear husband! help, dear brother!" They now plied their implements with redoubled activity, and soon made a considerable opening. Into this the brother-in-law from Demonte was the first to descend. As the spot on which he alighted was in total darkness, he inquired who was there. His sister knew his voice, and replied in tremulous and broken accents, while tears of joy gushed from her eyes; "'Tis I, dear brother; and my sister-in-law and daughter are alive too, and close at my elbow. I have always trusted in God, that he would send you to my relief, and he has been graciously pleased to preserve my existence." While she was speaking, they were joined by her husband and other brother. Language would strive in vain to express their feelings on this unexpected meeting, this resurrection from the grave. The three sufferers were incapable of moving, and were shrunk almost to skeletons. They were carefully raised from their dreary

abode, and conveyed to the house of a friend, where they were put to bed, and proper measures adopted to restore their strength. The daughter, who was thirteen, recovered the soonest; the sister-in-law was able to walk, though with some difficulty, in the course of a few days; but the mother, who was the oldest (she was forty-five), and had been in a more cramped position than the rest, was still longer before she could use her limbs, and her eyes were permanently affected with dimness, occasioned, probably, by their having been abruptly exposed to the light of day.

The manner in which their existence was preserved is thus described by the wife. When the calamity took place, she was in the stable with her sister, her daughter, and her little boy of six years old. In the stable were an ass, five or six fowls, and six goats. The women had gone thither to carry some rye-flour gruel to one of the goats, which had brought forth two dead kids on the previous evening. The sister and daughter were standing in a corner for warmth among the animals, waiting till the church-bell should ring, when they meant to go to mass. The wife was about to return to the house to light a fire for the purpose of airing a shirt for her husband to put on after he had cleared the roof. She had reached the stable door when she heard the priest's warning voice; and, looking up, she saw the descending avalanche, and also heard the sound of a second from another quarter. Retreating hastily into the stable, she shut the door, and told her family what had happened. In less than three minutes the snow fell upon the stable, and they heard the crash of the roof and a part of the ceiling. To save themselves they got into the rack and manger; and the latter being strong, and under the main prop of the building, it sustained the pressure. The posture in which they were obliged to remain, was, however, extremely uncomfort-

able; for they sat crouching against the wall, and the breadth of the manger was only three feet four inches.

Instant death they had avoided, but the worse doom of a lingering death by famine seemed to await them. Their first thought, as soon as they had rallied their senses, was how they were to subsist. The poor children said that they had breakfasted, and could do without anything more until to-morrow. The sister had fifteen chesnuts in her pocket; she gave two to the wife, and ate two herself, and they quenched their thirst with snow water. They then remembered that, in an outhouse near the stable there were thirty or forty loaves, and they strove to make their way to them, but could not penetrate through the snow. But they had still one resource left, which, in this situation, was invaluable. This resource was the goat which had recently borne young. On the second day they were hungry, and they ate all the remaining chesnuts, and drank the goat's milk, which was two pints. The third day they tried once more to get at the loaves, but they could not succeed, and were obliged to give up all hopes of obtaining them. To feed the goats now became an important object. Two of them were near the manger, and, fortunately, they were those which were calculated to be the most serviceable, as the one already yielded milk, and the other, being with young, might soon be expected to do so. It chanced that immediately over the manger there was a hole into the hayloft; through this hole the sister pulled down the fodder into the rack, and, when she could no longer reach it, the sagacious animals climbed upon her shoulders, and helped themselves.

On the sixth day the little boy began to sink; he complained of intolerable pains in the stomach. The poor child lived in this miserable state for six days, all of which time he was in his mother's lap. On the last day he begged her to lay him at his length in the manger.

When she had done so, she felt his hand—it was cold; she put her fingers to his lips, and found that they too were cold. She put a little milk to his mouth, but the child was unable to touch it. He exclaimed, "O my father in the snow! O father! father!" and immediately expired.

Through the whole of their imprisonment they were in utter darkness. For nearly three weeks the crowing fowls enabled them to distinguish night from day; but at last the fowls died, and thenceforth the sufferers had no means of reckoning the time. The ass and the goats which were covered by the snow were for some days very restless and noisy, but hunger at length overcame them.

The milk of the first goat gradually diminished in quantity; but the loss was opportunely made up by the kidding of the second, towards the middle of April. To secure this additional supply, which amounted to a quart daily, they were under the necessity of killing the kid. They did this with much reluctance; as the mother-goat was so fond of them that, when it was called, it would come and lick their faces and hands. This timely succour supported them till the day of their deliverance. It is therefore not surprising that the goat was ever afterwards an object of much affection.

It appears that, throughout their five weeks' incarceration, except for the first five or six days, they experienced comparatively little uneasiness from hunger. They suffered far more from the effluvia emitted by the dead animals and fowls, the vermin which they caught from them, the excessive coldness of the melted snow-water that trickled over them, and especially from the constrained posture into which they were forced. The sister and daughter slept as usual, but the mother asserted that she was sleepless during the whole of her confinement.

Such is the mobility of the snow that, in passing over some parts of the Alps, travellers are warned by their guides to make no noise, lest the concussion of the air should loosen the dangerous mass. Instances have also occurred, in which avalanches have been produced merely by the feet of persons travelling the snowy expanse. The snow being cut through by successive footsteps, the upper part has given way, and fatal consequences have ensued. A melancholy example of this happened in August 1820, on Mont Blanc, in an attempt to reach the summit of that mountain. Dr. Hamel, Mr. Dornford, and Mr. Henderson, accompanied by twelve guides, had nearly accomplished their arduous task, when they were suddenly carried away by the descent of the snow, and three of the guides perished by being swept into a deep crevice, and covered with the avalanche. The rest escaped. Following each other in a line, the party had divided the snow; and the upper stratum of that which was above them chancing to rest on a frozen surface, and having no longer any support, it immediately slipped, and hurried along with it the unfortunate explorers. The part which slipped was about two hundred yards broad, and between eighty and ninety yards high.

In that enormous labyrinth of mountains which form the Caucasian chain, avalanches are of frequent occurrence, and terrific effect. The natives who live in the vicinity of the lofty Elborus have a tradition, that on its summit lie the bones of an enormous giant, exposed there by Divine wrath. Desirous of penetrating into the country, for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, to establish good military posts, a Russian general officer, about thirty years of age, availed himself of the tradition as a pretext for proceeding towards the Elborus, in search of the giant's relics. He marched with a party of two hundred men, and a piece of field-artillery. But

he had not gone far before his progress was stopped. A vast avalanche swept down from the rocks, and buried the whole of the detachment, with the exception of the commander and two or three soldiers.—In the vale through which the Terek works its difficult passage, many instances of destruction have occurred. In June, 1776, the heat of the sun having melted a vast mass of ice, so as to separate it from the summit of one of the rocks, it rolled into the river, the channel of which it completely blocked up. The stream rose to the height of 258 feet, when its pressure became so irresistible that the barrier suddenly gave way, and the whole mass of water rushed down the valley, scattering death and devastation on each side, for a distance of many miles.—A similar catastrophe occurred in the same valley, in November, 1817. On the frontier, between Georgia and Circassia, and overlooking the pass which leads from one country into the other, stands the mountain of Kasbeck, which towers considerably above the neighbouring eminences. All at once, on the day in question, a part of its snowy top, between the villages of Kasbeck and Damiel, was seen to be in motion. It descended rapidly, and with a noise more tremendous than the loudest thunder. In its headlong progress, it tore huge masses of rock from the mountain's side, and was also swelled by the accumulated snow and ice of centuries. Preceded by the hurricane which always is caused by such a phenomenon, the mighty ruin fell upon the vale, and villages, people, and cattle, were instantly involved in destruction. All around was silence and desolation. This enormous avalanche extended in length to four miles, and had a thickness of a hundred and seventy feet. A part of it fell into the Terek, the course of which it dammed up. An extensive lake was rapidly formed, by which all communication was cut off between Circassia and Georgia. For eleven days the floo-

raged in vain against the snowy mound; but, on the twelfth, the mound gave way, and the imprisoned waters shot forward with a velocity which nothing could withstand; trees, houses, bridges, forts, were carried off by them, and the ravage they caused was not inferior to that which had been produced by the avalanche itself.

There is another calamity of a similar nature, to which mountainous countries are exposed; it is that which in England is known by the name of a landslip. A landslip may, in fact, be considered as a kind of avalanche, composed of rock, or other solid materials of hills. When, as is often the case, the strata of a mountain deviate from a horizontal position, and especially when clay or any other easily softened substance forms the lowest of them, landslips are apt to take place. In process of time, the rain and melted snow penetrate and saturate the lower stratum, and the upper strata then slide down, with a velocity proportionate to the slope over which they descend, but always with appalling effect. Sometimes even the liquefied clay and earth falls down in such torrents as to prove extremely destructive. But, wherever the rocky avalanches pass, the land is defaced and strewn with ruins, and for a long period solitude and sterility usurp the place of society and cultivation. Other causes, such as the breaking off of overhanging crags, and the undermining of a rock by water, may also bring about the disruption of a mountain.

The annals of Switzerland afford numerous instances of these destructive visitations. In 1512, the fall of a mountain, in the Val Blegno, stopped up the river of the same name, and formed a lake, covering several villages, of which only the tops of the steeples remained visible. Three years afterwards the collected water broke down

the barrier, spread ruin throughout the lower part of the valley, and narrowly missed destroying the town of Bellinzona.—A similar calamity took place in 1815, near Tirano, in the Valteline; the Adda was dammed up by a fallen rock, many villages were submerged, a lake was formed, the rocky mound ultimately gave way, and the torrent scattered desolation over the vale.—Still more terrible was an event which happened, in the district of Chiavenna, on the 14th of September, 1618. An enormous portion of the mountain of Conti overwhelmed the town of Piuri, or Pleurs, and the village of Schilano. So rapidly was the destruction accomplished, that the only inhabitants of the two places who did not lose their lives were three persons, who were absent upon their affairs; all the rest, to the frightful number of 2450 individuals, were instantaneously deprived of existence.

In the lower Valais, the lofty mountain which (probably from the mischief it causes) bears the name of les Diablerets, is notorious for the frequency with which it has been dilapidated by atmospheric influence. It consists of strata of calcareous matter, argillaceous schistus, and sandstone. A torrent, which flows from the glaciers, dissolves the clay, and the superior strata then glide down. The two most formidable of the avalanches thus produced descended in 1714 and 1749; they included some of the peaks of the mountain, and ravaged the country to a wide extent. From the fall which occurred in 1714 an individual had an almost miraculous escape. Several gigantic masses of rock fell over and round his cottage, without crushing it, but so closely wedged together as to preclude his egress. Happily, he had in the cottage a large stock of cheese intended for sale, and a spring of water; and on these he contrived to subsist for three months, during all which time he was occupied in mining his way through the stony barrier *that* surrounded him.

Since the commencement of the present century, though numerous landslips have occurred in Switzerland, only two are recorded to have been productive of extensively fatal effects. The destruction caused by one of them far exceeded that which resulted from the other.—In that corner of the canton of Schwitz which is almost insulated by the lakes of Wallenstadt, Zug, and Lowertz, and very near to the mountain called the Rigi, stands a mountain of inferior dimensions, which bears the name of the Ruffiberg, or Rossberg. It is composed of strata of freestone, pudding-stone, and clay, with frequent blocks of granite on the lower part of the declivity. On the 2d of September, 1806, a considerable portion of it separated from the rest, and spread death and desolation far and near. It was not merely the summit, or a projecting piece, which fell, but an entire bed of layers extending from the top to the bottom; this bed was a hundred feet thick, a thousand feet wide, and nearly a league in length. Long-continued rains had softened one or more of the clay strata, and the incumbent mass—a chaos of stones, clay, and earth, accompanied by a deluge of argillaceous mud—slipped over into the vale.

For many hours previous to the catastrophe, there were signs of some great convulsion being at hand. In the morning, and at intervals afterwards, the mountain emitted noises, which were attended by a tremendous motion of the ground, that shook the furniture in the villages of Arth and St. Anne. Crevices also began to open in the turf, from which, in some instances, stones were ejected. About two o'clock, a farmer, who dwelt two-thirds up the Rossberg, heard a strange kind of cracking; and, imagining in his rustic ignorance that it was supernatural, he ran down to Arth, for the purpose of fetching the clergyman, to exorcise the supposed demon. At Unter Rothen, a hamlet at the foot of the

hill, a man who was digging up some roots in his garden, found the spade repelled out of the soil, and saw the earth spirt up with a kind of explosion. As the day advanced, the symptoms grew more violent. The cracks became wider, small portions of rock fell, succeeded by a piece of greater magnitude, the springs ceased to flow, and the birds took wing in confusion, and manifested their terror by discordant streams.

It was towards five o'clock in the afternoon when the dissevered portion of the mountain began obviously to move. At first, the apparent motion was extremely slow, and now and then it was, or appeared to be, suspended. An old man, who was smoking his pipe in his house, was told by a neighbour that the Rossberg was falling. He went out to look at it, was deceived by its seeming slowness, and went in doors again, coolly observing that he should have plenty of time to fill a second pipe. His wiser neighbour hastened down to the valley; and, though his pace was quickened by fear, he was repeatedly thrown down, and with difficulty escaped. When he looked back, the old man's house had disappeared.

The separated mass soon rushed downward with a frightful and almost inconceivable rapidity. In the space of only between three and four minutes, it proceeded more than a league, in two directions, sweeping everything before it. On the one side, a portion of it, which was far the smallest, took its course in the direction of the Rigi, destroying in its passage the hamlets of Spitsbuhl and Ober and Unter Rothen; and such was its velocity that enormous fragments were carried to a considerable height up the slope of that mountain. The scene is thus described by a peasant, who was cutting wood near his house, and within a few paces of the spot over which this section of the landslip made its way. "He heard on a sudden a noise like a thunder-storm, and at the same time felt under his feet a kind of trem-

bling. He instantly quitted the place, but had scarce proceeded four or five paces before he was thrown down by a current of air. He got up immediately. The devastation was begun; the tree which he had cut down, the house he had inhabited, everything had disappeared, and he saw, according to his own expression, a new creation. An immense cloud of dust, that immediately succeeded, threw a veil over the whole country."

Much more extensive was the ruin effected by the other and larger division of the landslip which moved in the direction of the lake of Lowertz. Among its first victims were nine persons, three of whom were females, forming part of a company which had come from Berne, for the purpose of making an excursion to the summit of the Rigiberg. Seven of them, with two guides, had gone forward about two hundred yards, into the village of Goldau. They were seen by their companions, pointing to the top of the Rossberg, where a singular commotion was visible, though at a league's distance. The latter had stopped to examine the phenomenon with a telescope, when, all at once, stones began to fly like cannon-shot over their heads, a tremendous sound was heard, and a thick dust filled the valley, and concealed every object. They, nevertheless, escaped. As soon as they could approach without peril, the four returned towards Goldau; it had ceased to exist; it was covered by a pile of fragments, of more than a hundred feet in thickness. All its inhabitants had perished, except a few, who, endeavouring to fly, had met death in another way; these, of both sexes, and of all ages, were horribly mutilated, the legs, or arms, or heads, of some were torn off, and of others the bodies were cut asunder.

With the village of Goldau was overwhelmed also the villages of Bussingen and Husslock, and three-fourths of Lowertz. Nor did the devastation end here. By the rolling of a large part of the mass into the lake of

Lowertz, nearly one-fourth of which it filled up, a mountainous wave was raised, which swept over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the surface of the water, and did incalculable mischief along the shores of the lake, particularly to the village of Seewen.

By this diesaster narly five hundred persons lost their lives, and damage was done to the amount of a hundred and twenty thousand pounds. Less than twenty persons were extricated alive from the ruins. Two individuals, belonging to one of the destroyed villages, escaped by miracle. At the moment when the awful event occurred, an inhabitant was standing at the door of his own house, with his wife and three children. Seeing the avalanche rolling towards them, he snatched up two of the children, and called to his wife to follow him with the third. But, instead of obeying the call, the mother turned back, with the intention of fetching out Marianne, another of her children, who was in doors, with Frances Ulrick, the servant-maid. Frances, meanwhile, had seized the little girl by the hand and was leading her out, when, all at once (as she subsequently described it) the house, which was of timber, "seemed to be rent from its foundation, and to turn round upon itself like a reel, so that at one time she was on her head, and then again on her feet, and the day became as dark as night." By the violence of the shock she was separated from the child, and suspended with her head downward. Every part of her body was squeezed, and her face was lacerated and extremely painful. At last, she released her right hand, and wiped her eyes, over which the blood was streaming. She now heard Marianne groaning, and called to her. The child told her that she was on her back, amidst stones and bushes, and unable to rise, but that her hands were at liberty, and she could see the daylight, and even the green fields. Till she heard this, Frances had *imagined* that they were buried at an immense depth

under ground; and she was even yet of opinion that the last day was come. The child having asked, whether any one would come to help them, the servant replied, "It is the day of judgment; there are none but ourselves in the world; we too shall soon die, and after that we shall be happy in heaven." The sufferers then prayed together.

After a lapse of some hours, Frances was undeceived as to the whole human race having perished. She heard a bell, which she knew to be that of the village church of Steinen, announcing the Angelus, or prayers to the Virgin, and subsequently she heard the striking of a clock. The child was crying bitterly, from pain and hunger, and Frances tried in vain to comfort her; but the cry gradually became weaker, and at length ceased altogether. She herself was in the most painful situation, and the coldness of her legs, which were uppermost, and enveloped in the melted clay of the avalanche, was almost insupportable. By dint of continued struggling, she finally succeeded in disengaging them, and this was a great relief to her. A silence of some hours now ensued, at the expiration of which she had the satisfaction to find that the child was not dead; it had fallen asleep, was now awake, and began to cry and complain.

Morning came, and again the church bell sounded the Angelus. Not long after this, an exclamation of horror, and the voice of lamenting, were heard by Marianne. The voice was that of her father. On the preceding evening he had, with much difficulty, saved himself and two of the children, one of whom was for a moment actually involved among the fragments of the fallen mountain. At day-break he had come to seek for the remainder of his family, and, at the distance of five hundred yards from where his house had stood, he had just discovered the lifeless body of his wife, who had been smothered, with the child which she was carrying in her

arms; all of her that was at first visible above the ground was one of her feet. While he was employed in digging out his wife and infant, the repeated calls from Marianne met his ear. Assistance was immediately procured, and the child was disinterred. Though one of the legs of this amiable girl was broken, she was so anxious to hasten the liberation of the servant that she scarcely thought of her own condition. Frances was at last drawn from under the ruins. She was bruised and wounded in a frightful manner; for a great while her recovery was doubtful; and, even after she was out of danger, she was for a considerable time unable to bear the light, and was subject to convulsions and fits of terror.

Another instance of marvellous escape was that of an infant, only two years old. It was found upon the surface of a muddy pool, lying unhurt upon its mattress. No vestige was remaining of the dwelling from which it had been swept away.

The following description of the devastated district is given by a traveller, who visited it about a week after the catastrophe. "Picture to yourself a rude and mingled mass of earth and stone, bristled with the shattered part of wooden cottages, and with thousands of heavy trees torn up by the roots, and projecting in every direction. In one part you might see a range of peasants' huts, which the torrent of earth had reached with just force enough to overthrow and break in pieces, but without bringing soil enough to cover them. In another were mills broken in pieces by huge rocks, separated from the top of the mountain, which were even carried high up the opposite side of the Rigi. Large pools of water were formed in different parts of the ruins, and many little streams, whose usual channels had been filled up, were bursting out in various places. Birds of *prey*, attracted by the smell of dead bodies, were hover-

ing all over the valley. But the general impression made on us by the sight of such an extent of desolation, connected too with the idea that hundreds of wretched creatures were at that moment alive buried under a mass of earth, and inaccessible to the cries and labours of their friends, was too horrible to be described or understood. As we travelled along the borders of this chaos of ruined buildings, a poor peasant, bearing a countenance ghastly with woe, came up to us to beg a piece of money. He had three children buried under the ruins of a cottage, which he was endeavouring to clear away.

"A little further on we came to an elevated spot, which overlooked the whole scene. Here we found a painter seated on a rock, and busy in sketching its horrors. He had chosen a most favourable point. Before him, at the distance of more than a league, rose the Ruffiberg, from whose bare side had rushed the destroyer of all this life and beauty. On his right was the lake of Lowertz, partly filled with the earth of the mountain. On the banks of this lake was all that remained of the town of Lowertz. Its church was demolished, but the tower yet stood, and the ruins shattered but not thrown down. The figures which animated this part of the drawing were a few miserable peasants, left to grope among the wrecks of their village. The foreground of the picture was a wide desolate sweep of earth and stones, relieved by the shattered roof of a neighbouring cottage. On the left hand spread the blue and tranquil surface of the lake of Zug, on the margin of which stands the pleasant village of Orth, almost in contact with the ruins, and trembling even in its preservation.

"We proceeded, in our descent, along the side of the Rigi, towards the half-buried village of Lowertz. Here we saw the poor curate, who was a spectator of the fall of the mountain. He saw the torrent of earth rushing

towards his village, overwhelming half his people, and stopping just before his door. What a situation! He appeared, as we passed, to be superintending the labours of some of the survivors, who were exploring the ruins of the place. A number of new-made graves, marked with the plain pine cross, showed where a few of the wretched victims of the catastrophe had just been interred.

"Our course lay along the borders of the enchanting lake of Lowertz. The appearance of the slopes on the eastern and southern sides told us what the valley of Goldau was a few days since; smiling with varied vegetation; gay with villages and cottages; and bright with promises of autumnal plenty. The shores of this lake were covered with ruins of huts, with furniture and clothes, which the vast swell of the waters had lodged upon the banks. As we were walking mournfully along towards Schwitz, we met with the dead body of a woman which had been just found. It was stretched out on a board and barely covered with a white cloth. Two men, preceded by a priest, were carrying it to a more decent burial. We hoped that this sight would have concluded the horrors of this day's scenery, and that we should soon escape from every painful vestige of the calamity of Schwitz. But we continued to find relics of ruined buildings for a league along the whole extent of the lake; and a little above the two islands before mentioned, we saw lying on the shore the stiff body of a peasant, which had been washed up by the waves, and which two men were examining, to ascertain the place he belonged to. Our guide instantly knew it to be the body of one of the inhabitants of Goldau."

In the valley of St. Nicholas, in the Valais, at no great distance from the Piedmontese frontier, is the village of

Randa. It stands on the steep declivity of a hill, about eight hundred yards from the right bank of the river Visp, which is one of the principal tributaries of the Rhone. In its neighbourhood, and towering above it to the altitude of nine thousand feet, is the mountain called the Weisshorn. Randa has more than once suffered by the avalanches from this lofty eminence. In 1638, it was destroyed, and thirty-nine persons were killed, and it sustained serious injury in 1736 and 1786. The last visitation of the kind took place on the 27th of December 1819. It was about six in the morning of that day, that a part of the glacier broke off from the extremely steep eastern side of the highest peak of the Weisshorn, and fell, with a thundering crash, on the mass of ice below. At the moment of the collision, a very remarkable phenomenon was witnessed by the clergyman of the place, and by some others. A strong light flashed forth, which, however, vanished in a moment, and left the scene in total darkness. Sweeping along with it in its course additional portions of ice, snow, and stones, the avalanche speedily reached the vale. The village remained untouched by the avalanche itself, but did not escape its direful influence. "The frightful hurricane which it occasioned was so powerful that it threw millstones several fathoms up the mountain, tore up by the roots distant larch-trees of the largest size, and threw blocks of ice of four cubic feet over the village, a distance of half a league; it tore off the top of the belfry, levelled several houses with the ground, and carried the timbers of others more than a quarter of a league beyond the village into the forest. Eight goats were whirled from a stable to a distance exceeding a hundred fathoms, and it is remarkable that one of them was found alive. For more than a quarter of a league above the valley the barns opposite the glacier were stripped of their roofs."

The mischief thus done was immense. The village

contained but twenty-two houses; nine were prostrated, and all the remainder were more or less damaged. Besides these, eighteen granaries, eight small dwellings, two mills, and seventy-two barns, were either destroyed or irreparably shattered by the combined operations of the hurricane and the avalanche. Twelve persons were buried by them; but, though some of them were carried away with their houses, and overwhelmed in snow, ten of the number were extricated without having suffered any fatal injury. The mass which fell covered a space of two thousand four hundred feet by one thousand, was on an average one hundred and fifty feet high, and contained no less than three hundred and sixty millions of cubic feet.

PERILOUS ENCOUNTER WITH A WOLF.

An instance is on record, in which the chase of a wolf was, from peculiar circumstances, a service of not less danger than hunting the lion or the tiger. The person by whom the peril was encountered was Mr. Putnam, who afterwards displayed considerable talent and activity, as one of the republican generals, in the contest between Great Britain and her transatlantic colonies. At the time of which we are speaking, Putnam resided in Connecticut, at a short distance from the town of Pomfret. The country was then thinly settled, and wolves were numerous. Putnam was a severe sufferer from their ravages. On one occasion, they killed no fewer than seventy of his finest sheep and goats, besides wounding others. The principal offenders were a cunning she-wolf and her annual litter. Her cubs generally fell beneath the rifles of the farmers, but the wily dam would never come within reach of gunshot; pursuit only drove her into the western woods, whence she was sure to return, at the proper season, with a new train of destroyers. Putnam and four of his neighbours at length agreed to hunt her down; and, that they might be sure of effecting their purpose, two of them were to be constantly on horseback. The mischievous beast had lost the toes of one foot in a steel trap, and it was therefore easy to distinguish her footsteps in the snow. At last there seemed to be a chance that their labours would be brought to a favourable termination. Having fallen upon her footmarks, they followed her all the way to the Connecticut river, where, to their great disappointment, they discovered that she had made a directly retrograde movement.

They were, however, repaid for their trouble, as on the following morning, the bloodhounds drove her into a den near Pomfret. Crowds were speedily collected round the spot, with every means that could be thought of to drive the spoiler from her refuge. But all attempts to stir her were fruitless. The dogs came out wounded and cowed, and neither the flames of burning straw nor the fumes of brimstone had the slightest effect. After twelve hours had been wasted in these useless efforts, Putnam, who feared that she might escape through some fissure, resolved to descend into the cave. His neighbours remonstrated against his trying the perilous experiment, but his resolution was not to be shaken. Having first provided himself with a torch, formed of several strips of birch bark, to explore the cave, and also, as he hoped, to intimidate the animal by the blaze, he threw off his coat and waistcoat, took the torch in his hand, and was let down head foremost by a long rope, his kicking which was to be the signal for drawing him out.

The cavern into which he was venturing is on the side of a high hill; its entrance is only two feet square, and in winter is exceedingly slippery from its being covered with ice. For about fifteen feet the passage descends; it then runs horizontally for ten feet; and then has a gradual rise of sixteen feet till it terminates. It is nowhere wider than three feet, or high enough for a man to stand upright, and the top, bottom, and sides, are of smooth and solid rock.

The flame of his torch being scarcely sufficient to break the deep darkness, Putnam groped his way along the horizontal part till he reached the ascent, up which he cautiously proceeded on his hands and knees. He now looked into the den, and the object of his search became visible; she was sitting at the extremity of the cave, and was aware of his presence; her fiery eyes glared upon him, she gnashed her teeth, and uttered a savage growl.

Having ascertained her situation, Putnam kicked the rope. His companions, who could hear the growling of the wolf, concluded that he was in danger, and, with rather more haste than good speed, they pulled so vigorously, that he came out with his shirt stripped over his head, and his skin severely torn. But Putnam had too much courage, and was too intent on his purpose, to mind a trifling inconvenience. Having loaded his gun with nine buckshot, he again descended, his gun in one hand, the torch in the other. It was obvious to him, as he approached her, that the wolf was disposed to give battle. She howled and snapped her teeth, her eyes rolled, and she dropped her head between her legs, preparatory to darting forward. At this critical instant, when the delay of a moment would have been fatal, Putnam fired at her head. The explosion and the smoke stunned and suffocated him, and before the dizzy feel had gone off he found himself again withdrawn from the cave by his friends. Having taken some refreshment, and given time for the smoke to be dissipated, he was once more let down. His aim had been true; the wolf was dead; he then seized her by the ears, kicked the rope, and was quickly in the midst of his applauding and delighted companions.

THE SHIPWRECK OF THE MEDUSA FRIGATE*.

In all the history of peril and suffering encountered at sea, fertile as it is in terrific events, there is assuredly no darker page than that which contains the narrative of the shipwreck of the Medusa frigate. It may, indeed, justly be doubted whether any similar occurrence was ever marked by such circumstances of extreme horror. In many instances of shipwreck, the mind is somewhat relieved and solaced by the contemplation of the patience, the fortitude, and the mutual kindness, displayed by the individuals who are the theme of the story; but, in this instance, no such consolation is afforded. All the bad passions seem to have conspired with natural dangers, to render the condition of the crew of the Medusa as terrible as imagination itself can possibly conceive.

The Medusa, of forty-four guns, in company with three other vessels, sailed from Rochefort, on the 17th of June 1816, to take possession of the French settlements on the Gambia, which had been restored to France by the treaties of 1814 and 1815. As it was intended that the governor of Senegal, who was on board, should send out a party to ascertain the possibility of establishing a settlement near Cape Verd, this expedition was accompanied by a number of scientific men, agriculturists, and

* This article appeared, more than twenty years ago, in a little monthly work, called the Pocket Magazine. It was seized upon at the time ("*convey*, the wise it call") by several minor periodicals, some of whom printed it as an original contribution. I take this opportunity of asserting my own right, which, however, I would *not do*, did I not hope that the reader will not be displeased with *the* narrative.

miners. The Medusa, on board of which were embarked about four hundred persons, was commanded by M. de Chaumareys, who appears to have been wholly unworthy of his station. In the course of the voyage the smaller ships parted company, and the Medusa was left alone.

In consequence of a most disgraceful obstinacy and want of seamanship on the part of the captain, the vessel ran upon the bank of Arguin, which lies off the northern part of the Senegambian coast. The crew was immediately thrown into the most dreadful consternation. "Here," says one of them in his narrative, "you might see features shrunk and hideous; there a countenance which had assumed a yellow and even a greenish hue; some men seemed thunderstruck and chained to their place, without strength to move. When they had recovered from the stupefaction with which they were at first seized, numbers gave themselves up to an excess of despair; while others uttered imprecations on those whose ignorance had been so fatal to us."

When the men had partly shaken off the effects of the first shock, they began to make efforts for getting the vessel off the reef. Their exertions, however, were awkward, ill-directed, and consequently ineffectual. They were continued for two days, and were then relinquished in despair. On the night of the third day, a heavy gale arose, the sea ran high, and the ship bulged. The keel broke in two, the rudder was unshipped, and, as it still held to the stern by the chains, every wave made it act as a battering-ram against the vessel, to the destruction of which it materially contributed. At this critical period, when order and union were so needful, a mutiny broke out, excited by some of the soldiers, who persuaded their comrades that it was intended to leave them in the frigate, while the crew escaped in the boats. The governor and the officers, however, succeeded in bringing back the soldiers to their duty.

As the boats were not sufficiently capacious to contain the sailors and troops, a raft was hastily and unskilfully constructed, while attempts were making to liberate the frigate. When, by the bulging of the frigate, all hope was at an end, it became necessary to resort to this clumsy contrivance. The same carelessness and want of foresight, which had marked all the past proceedings, still prevailed at this important moment. No arrangements for embarking were made; no care was taken to secure a proper supply of provisions. All was confusion and fear. Some boats had not above twenty-four pounds of biscuit, a small cask of water, and very little wine. The raft, which was designed to carry a hundred and fifty persons, had a pretty large quantity of wine, and some water, but not a single barrel of biscuit. A bag, containing twenty-five pounds of biscuit, which was thrown from the vessel at the instant of departure, and the contents of which were converted into paste by the sea-water, was the sole resource of the unfortunate navigators on the raft.

On board the six boats were two hundred and thirty persons. On the raft were a hundred and twenty soldiers and officers, twenty-nine sailors and passengers, and one woman. Seventeen were abandoned on the wreck: some too intoxicated to be moved, some despairing of the safety of the boats. The embarkation was effected in the utmost disorder, but no lives were lost. M. Correard, who was to have gone in one of the boats, but who nobly refused, because his men were on the raft, and who was one of the very few who retained any presence of mind, suggested to the captain the necessity of providing proper instruments and charts on board the raft, and was told that everything which could possibly be wanted there had been provided, and that a naval officer would be sent to assume the command. This, *however*, was a falsehood, there being neither chart, *compass*, nor naval officer.

The ship was quitted on the morning of the 5th of July, the coast being then distant not more than twelve or fifteen leagues. It was settled that the raft should be taken in tow by the boats; and it seems certain that, with proper exertion, the whole might have reached the shore within six-and-thirty hours. But those who navigated the boats were now guilty of an act of the most atrocious cruelty and baseness towards their wretched comrades. Scarcely had they rowed two leagues from the wreck before, one by one, they cast off the tow-lines, abandoned the raft to its fate, and made the best of their way to the shore. It was some time before the victims could believe that they were really deserted; but they were, at length, too well convinced of the melancholy truth.

Nothing can be imagined more appalling than the situation in which they were now placed: drifting at the mercy of the waves in the open sea, without provisions, crowded so closely together that it was impossible for them to move, and the raft sunk so low in the water, that those who were fore and aft were submerged to the middle of their bodies. Rage, and the desire of vengeance, now for awhile took entire possession of their minds; and, being convinced that they had been deliberately deserted, they swore to gratify their revenge to the utmost, whenever they arrived on shore. Then, again, sinking into despondency, the sailors and soldiers forebode everything that was horrible, and gave vent to their feelings by groans and lamentations. At last, the remonstrances and soothings of the officers restored to them some degree of calmness. Search was made for the compass and charts, but they were not to be found. This circumstance, particularly the want of a compass, almost plunged the officers themselves into despair. M. Correard, however, recollected that he had seen a pocket compass in the possession of one of his men. The

finding of this inspired them with fresh hopes, which were too speedily destroyed. After the lapse of a few hours the compass was lost, by falling through one of the numerous interstices of the raft, and the rising and setting of the sun became thenceforth the only guide whereby to direct their course.

Having left the frigate without taking any food, they now began to feel severely the effects of hunger. They, therefore, mixed up their biscuit-paste, which had been wetted by the salt water, with a little wine; and, humble as it was, this was the best meal which they had during the whole time that they were on the raft. After this refreshment, their minds were somewhat tranquil. The stimulus, however, by which they principally supported their spirits, was the hope of being soon enabled to revenge themselves on those who had so treacherously deserted them, against whom they incessantly burst forth into the most violent imprecations. In the course of the day they got up a mast, and hoisted a sail, which, from the faulty construction of the raft, proved to be of little utility.

The night closed on them, and brought with it additional horrors. The darkness was extreme, the wind began to rise, and the sea to swell. Most of the men, unused to the motion of a vessel, were incapable of standing, and were violently thrown against each other; they could barely resist the waves by holding ropes, which were fastened to the spars, or by lashing themselves to the timbers. At midnight the gale increased, and the sea ran more high. The roaring of the billows, and the howling of the wind, were mingled with the cries, prayers, groans, and curses of the devoted sufferers on the raft. "This whole night," say MM. Correard and Savigny, "we struggled against death, holding firmly by the ropes, which were strongly fastened. *Tossed by* the waves from the back to the front, and

from the front to the back, and sometimes precipitated into the sea; suspended between life and death; mourning our misfortunes, certain to perish, yet contending for a fragment of existence with that cruel element which threatened to swallow us up. Such was our situation till day-break. Dreadful situation! How is it possible to form of it an idea, which does not fall infinitely short of the reality!"

The morning dawned upon a sight which was truly deplorable. Ten or twelve unhappy men, mangled and mutilated, had lost their lives by their lower extremities getting entangled in the openings between the pieces of the raft. Several had been carried away by the waves. Twenty men were missing at the hour when the survivors took their slender repast. Many laboured under delirium, and some, in despair, voluntarily plunged into the ocean.

The day, however, was fine, and Hope, "that lingers long and latest dies," once more exerted her influence, and cheered the sufferers with the idea that they should soon see the boats approaching to their relief. But, as the light declined, their fears and horrors returned with tenfold force. Cries of despondency and rage burst forth anew, and the voice of the officers was wholly disregarded. The elements now seemed again to conspire to aggravate their distress. Dense clouds entirely obscured the heavens, the wind swelled to a storm, the waves rose in mountains, and dashed on the men with such impetuous fury, that they were compelled to crowd to the centre of the raft; all those who could not reach it being swept off by the billows. In the centre another danger awaited them, the pressure being so intolerable, that some of the men were stifled or crushed to death.

To complete their miseries there was yet one thing wanting, which was, that they should shed each other's blood, and this dreadful completion was now at hand.

Giving themselves up as doomed to inevitable death, and untaught to look for consolation where alone, under such circumstances, it can be found, "the soldiers and sailors resolved to soothe their last moments by drinking till they lost their reason." They accordingly broke a large hole in a cask of wine, and continued to drink till the sea-water, mixing with it, rendered it too nauseous for them to swallow.

The result of this may easily be imagined. The want of food, the agitated state of their minds, and the fumes of the wine, combined to produce the most dreadful intoxication, or rather insanity. They determined to murder their officers, and destroy the raft by cutting asunder the ropes which united it. At the head of them was "an Asiatic, a soldier in a colonial regiment, a man of colossal stature, whose short curled hair, extremely large mouth, and sallow complexion, gave him a hideous air." With an axe he began to cut the cords, and even menaced an officer, but a blow with a sabre put an end to his existence. The contest soon became general, sabres, knives, bayonets, but-ends of carbines, were used; every weapon that rage could find was employed on both sides. Nothing was to be seen but cruelty, wounds, and slaughter. The most horrible ferocity was displayed by the mutineers, who, among many other instances of the same kind, endeavoured to tear out with a penknife the eyes of an officer whom they had ineffectually tried to drown. It was in vain that kindness was shown to them. M. Correard, who displayed great courage during the contest, having plunged into the waves to save the life of one of the mutineers, named Dominique, the miscreant rejoined them, renewed the combat, and was finally slain.

A short pause ensued, in which the soldiers manifested a momentary repentance. Many of them threw themselves at the feet of those whom they had first attacked,

and requested pardon. The moon, too, broke through the clouds, and rendered the scene less horrible. At midnight, however, the brief tranquillity on the raft was at an end. With tenfold fury the mutineers returned to the combat, and nothing was to be heard but cries of frenzied rage, nothing seen but the most appalling and disgusting sights. The raft was covered with the dying and the dead. The gloomy pencil of Dante never painted a more sickening and terrific scene than this narrow space presented to the view. Those of the soldiers who had no weapons, attempted, like wild beasts, to tear their enemies with their teeth. Many were cruelly mangled in this manner. One of the mutineers, says the narrator, seized a workman by the right leg, and was biting him savagely in the sinew above the heel, while others were beating him severely with their sabres and the but-end of their carbines. Amidst the combat they perpetually called for the head of one of their officers who was left in the frigate, but whom, deprived as they now were of all sanity, they persisted in believing to be present. At length the officers and those who were on their side, succeeded in conquering their assailants; and a gloomy quiet was once more restored, broken only at intervals by the cries and lamentations of some, and the delirious exclamations of others, who fancied themselves on board of the Medusa, or travelling at their ease over the fertile plains of Italy.

The return of the day, as was always the case, restored them in some degree to reason, but disclosed to them a melancholy scene. Between sixty and sixty-five men had perished during the night; at least a fourth of whom had drowned themselves in despair. In every face was the deepest despondency. Tears and lamentations again burst forth. They now, also, discovered another source of grief: the mutineers had thrown into the sea two casks of wine, and the only two casks of

water which were on the raft. There were but two casks of wine left, and the persons among whom it was to be divided were above sixty in number. To accelerate their course, the sail was spread, but this failed in its object, for the sail being spread indifferently to every breeze that blew, they were sometimes wafted towards the coast, and at other times into the open sea. At one moment they flattered themselves that they caught a glimpse of the land, and they even believed that they felt the burning air of the desert. But either this was an illusion, or they were driven back from the coast by a change in the direction of the wind. The latter was probably the case, as, at the outset, the gales for some time blew violently towards the shore. To satisfy the cravings of hunger, which were excessive, they having had no food for forty-eight hours, they endeavoured to procure some fish. Tags were collected from the soldiers to make small hooks of them; and they bent a bayonet into the form of a hook, in the hope of catching a shark. This plan entirely failed: the hooks were drawn under the raft by the current, and became entangled; and the bayonet was found too weak for its purpose. There now remained only one horrible resource—the dead.

Driven almost to madness by the gnawings of hunger, many of the crew rushed upon the dead bodies, and satisfied their voracious appetites with this loathsome food. Some, who could not yet submit to avail themselves of this terrible resource, endeavoured to allay the cravings of their stomach with leather, linen, pieces of hat, or whatever else they could find. All were, however, at length compelled to yield to irresistible necessity. The day was spent in alternations of momentary hope and silent despair. Prayers were, at times, addressed to the Supreme Being. Half the men were exceedingly *weak*, and bore in all their features the signs of approach*ing dissolution*. The night was dark, but, fortunately,

calm. Slumber sometimes visited the sufferers, but their sleep was tormented by frightful dreams; and, though so many had perished, they were still up to their knees in the water, and could repose only standing, and pressed against each other into a solid mass.

The dawn of day discovered to them ten or twelve of their companions stretched lifeless at their feet. The bodies were committed to the sea, with the exception of one. The day was fine, and a circumstance occurred which afforded a transient succour. A shoal of flying-fish passed under the raft, and about two hundred of them became entangled in the interstices of the timbers. With a little gunpowder they contrived to procure a fire, and to make a scanty repast upon the fish which they had caught. It seemed, however, as if sustenance gave them strength for no other purpose than to display their ferocity. A plot was formed by one part of them to throw the other into the sea. A desperate conflict was once more the result, and the raft was soon stained with torrents of blood, and strewed with the dying and the dead. After a long struggle the mutineers were subdued.

When the fifth morning broke upon them, not more than thirty remained, and those were in the most deplorable state. The sea-water had almost entirely excoriated their lower extremities, and they were covered with contusions or wounds, the smart of which occasioned by the saline element that beat upon them was almost insupportable. Thus they lingered on till the seventh day, when the number was further diminished. Two soldiers were punished with death for stealing a part of the small remaining portion of wine. An interesting child, named Leon, only twelve years old, also expired on this day. Young as he was, he had already made a campaign in the East Indies, and been remarked for his courage. The manner in which he was treated, is the sole trait of humanity which appears in the conduct of

those who were contained on the raft. Everything was done for him which could prolong his existence; as much nutriment as possible being given to him, without a single murmur. Nay, savage as the sufferers were to each other, they bore without resentment even his trampling upon their wounded limbs. "As long as the strength of this young marine allowed him," says M. Correard, "he ran continually from one side to the other, calling, with loud cries, for his unhappy mother, water, and food. He walked, without discrimination, over the feet and legs of his companions in misfortune, who, in their turn, uttered cries of anguish, which were every moment repeated. But their complaints were very seldom accompanied by menaces; they pardoned everything in the poor youth who had caused them, and who was, in fact; in a state of mental derangement."

Of the twenty-seven who were left, not more than fifteen had strength enough to have a chance of surviving even for a few days. The other twelve were covered with large wounds, and were almost wholly bereft of their reason. The stock of wine was rapidly decreasing. In this emergency, a council was held, and, "after a debate, at which the most dreadful despair presided, it was resolved to throw the sick into the sea," as to put them on short allowance would only be killing them by inches, and would certainly consume sufficient to prevent the remainder from holding out till succour could arrive. "Three sailors and a soldier," says the narrator, "took on themselves this cruel execution: we turned our faces aside, and wept tears of blood over these unhappy men." There was now barely enough sustenance on the raft to last for eight days, at the expiration of which period death was inevitable. After this melancholy catastrophe, all the arms were wisely thrown into the ocean, only one sabre being reserved, in case it should be necessary to cut a rope or a piece of wood.

An event, trifling in itself, but which naturally inspired them with hope and joy, now occurred. A small white butterfly was seen hovering round the raft, and, at length, it settled on the sail. This was greeted as an omen of their approach to the land. Yet, so terrible was the hunger which the sufferers felt, that some were anxious to catch the butterfly, that they might devour it; but, others, considering it as a messenger from Heaven, would not allow it to be injured. Shortly after, more butterflies appeared, and a bird, which latter they fruitlessly endeavoured to ensnare. More birds came in sight on the following days. The time was now spent by the crew in reciting their past adventures, and regretting the state of dependence to which their country was compelled to submit.

To their other torments was added that of raging thirst, which was redoubled, in the day-time, by the burning heat of the sun. To allay this thirst, the most disgusting fluids were eagerly drunk, and were contended for with a bitterness and violence which, more than once, were on the point of terminating in blows. Some put pieces of pewter into their mouths, to cool them; and others wetted their faces and hair with the salt water. Delirium again spread its influence among them, and a combat was on the eve of being commenced, when their attention was luckily called off by the appearance of a number of sharks, which surrounded them, and seemed to claim their prey. Though repeatedly beaten off with the sabre, these voracious monsters still persisted in keeping near the raft. So desperate, however, were the crew, that some of them, in hopes of allaying their thirst, did not hesitate to bathe in sight of their formidable enemies, while others placed themselves naked on the part of the raft which was covered by the sea. But here another misery was to be endured. A kind of polypus was driven in great numbers on the raft, and

when their long arms clung to the naked body, they caused the most cruel sufferings.

On the eleventh day, believing themselves to be not far from land, eight of them resolved to construct a smaller raft, and try to reach the coast. A little mast and a sail were fixed up, and barrel staves were converted into oars. On trial, however, their new machine was found to be utterly unfit for its purpose, and the idea of using it was, of course, abandoned. Night came, and with it the gloomiest thoughts. The wine was almost exhausted, and they began to feel an invincible dislike, and a sort of terror, of the flesh which had hitherto supported them. It appeared probable that, in a very short period, their struggles and their woes would be ended by death.

The sun broke upon them, in unclouded splendour, on the twelfth day. They had just offered up prayers, and divided a portion of their wine, when the tops of the masts of a brig were faintly descried on the horizon. In an instant, every heart was filled with gladness, not unmingled with fear; and handkerchiefs of different colours were hastily tied together, and waved as a signal from the summit of the mast. Half an hour was spent in all the agony of suspense. At times, the brig was supposed to be near them; at times, it seemed to recede. At length it became but too certain that it had disappeared. "From the delirium of joy," says M. Correard, "we fell into profound despondency and grief; we envied the fate of those whom we had seen perish at our side, and we said to ourselves, when we shall be destitute of everything, and our strength begins to forsake us, we will wrap ourselves up as well as we can, we will lay ourselves down on this platform, the scene of so many sufferings, and there we will await death with resignation. At last, to calm our despair, we wished to seek some consolation in the arms of sleep.

The day before, we had been consumed by the fire of a burning sun; this day, to avoid the fierceness of his beams, we made a tent with the sails of the frigate: as soon as it was put up we all lay down under it, so that we could not perceive what was passing around us. We then proposed to inscribe upon a board an account of our adventures, to write all our names at the bottom of the narrative, and fasten it to the upper part of the mast, in the hope that it would reach the government and our families."

Two hours had been passed in this state of hopeless supineness, when one of the crew quitted the tent, to go to the front of the raft. He had scarcely put his head out of the tent when he uttered a loud cry, looked back on his companions, and, stretching out his hands to the sea, almost inarticulately exclaimed, "We are saved! See! the brig is close upon us!" All rushed out with beating hearts, to enjoy this delightful sight; and, when they were convinced of the truth of the fact, they embraced each other with the wildest transports, and shed tears of joy. It was, indeed, the Argus brig, which was not more than half a league distant, and was bearing down upon them with a press of sail. She soon came alongside, and, "her crew, ranged on the deck, or in the shrouds, showed, by waving their hats and handkerchiefs, the pleasure they felt at coming to the assistance of their unhappy countrymen." In a few minutes the shipwrecked sufferers were conveyed on board the vessel, where they met with that kindness and assistance which were necessary to men in their exhausted state. Of the fifteen, however, who were taken from the raft, the sad remnant of one hundred and fifty persons, only eleven survived.

It is now necessary to show what was the fate of that part of the crew of the Medusa which was embarked in the boats. Two of the boats reached the Senegal, with

comparatively small difficulty. The other four were not equally fortunate. By the winds and currents they were carried to a considerable distance from the point which was their destined port. They were driven on various parts of the coast, some at not less than eighty or ninety leagues from the Isle of St. Louis, and the men who were on board of them were exposed to dreadful fatigues and privations, in crossing the burning desert of Sahara, a journey which one of the party was sixteen days in performing. Their sufferings, however, great as they were, were not to be compared with those of the wretched victims whom they had abandoned, on the raft, to the mercy of the waves.

It has been already mentioned, that seventeen persons were left on board of the Medusa. The vessel had, it is true, struck on the shoal, and nearly filled with water; but, as she was lying on a bank, she did not sink, and, consequently, while she held together, those who were on board of her were safe. As soon as the boats and the raft had quitted the Medusa, these seventeen men exerted themselves in collecting whatever articles of provision they could find; and they thus obtained a sufficient quantity of brandy, wine, biscuit, and bacon, to subsist them for a length of time. For forty-two days they remained peaceably on the wreck, hoping that assistance would arrive. Twelve of them then committed themselves to the winds and waves, on a small raft, and were unfortunately lost. The fragments of their frail conveyance were found on the coast of the desert of Sahara. A single sailor, shortly after, madly attempted to reach the shore on a chicken coop, and perished within half a cable's length of the wreck. Of the four who remained, one died in a few days. The three who were left, instead of clinging closer to each other, seemed to be inspired by the same fatal spirit that produced such horrible effects on the first of the

rafts. "These unhappy men occupied each a separate place, and never quitted it but to fetch provisions, which, in the last days, only consisted of a little brandy, tallow, and salt pork. When they met, they ran upon each other, brandishing their knives. As long as the wine had lasted, with the other provisions, they had kept up their strength perfectly well; but as soon as they had only brandy to drink, they grew weaker every day." Their increased ferocity may, also, in a great measure, be attributed to the malignant influence of the spirits. At length, when they had been fifty-two days upon the wreck, and when it was impossible to live more than forty-eight hours longer, they were rescued by a vessel from Senegal, which had been despatched to endeavour to recover from the Medusa some money and valuable effects, and which had been twice driven back, by contrary winds, after having performed a part of her voyage.

THE END.

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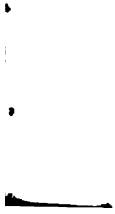

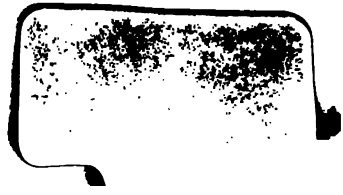

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